

abhráin grádh chúige connacht

OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

(BEING THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE "SONGS OF CONNACHT"), NOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED

BY

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(an chraoibín doibinn).

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Τῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ πόλλ' ἔνεστι ποικίλα,
Τέρπει τε γὰρ μάλιστα καὶ λυπεῖ βροτούς
Τύχοιμι δ' αὐτῆς ἡνικ' ἐστὶν εὐμενής.

EURIPIDES.

Ἀν ἴσ' ἡμεῖς ὄρευσαιμ
ὅταν το ὄρευσᾷ
ἢ ἴ' ἂν βάιμε ἡμεῖς.

BÁRD ÉIGIN.

Τις δὲ βίος τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης,
Τεθναιὴν ὅτε μοι μηκέτι τσῶτα μέλοι.

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OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

AN CEATRAMHAD CAIBIUIL

ABHRÁIN GRÁD.

Tar éir na h-abhráin-óil riadúine mi-éiríamaca rporéada déradá ro vo leugad, ir ceart caibiuil éoncráda dúbú air fad vo beir 'gá leanaíaint. Ní mi-éiríamac agus euteiom aínáin atá an náuir Ġaodálad. Bíonn mar an Ġ-ceutna, innceinn dób-rónac faoi an ngréann ir áirve, agus má leigean riad orra beir gan ruim i ruo air bié áct i rporé agus i bpléradá, ní 'l ann áct leigean orra. An fear ceutna béréar ag iunge agus ag rporé, ag ól agus ag Ġladáac anóú béré ré ag macnain amárac go tinn tiom cuiréac ann a buáinín boct donránac leir féin ag veunain crónáin air dódéar iméigé, air faogal cailte, air ófómaoinear an traogail réd, agus air ceacé an báir. Ag rin suir an náuir Ġaodálad; agus an uine rin vo rmuáiréad nac iad an cineál ceutna ve dáoimib vo rinne na h-abhráin áro-Ġlóradá rporéamla ir-cuma-liom-an-riabáladá rin vo léigeamar ann ran Ġ-caibiuil béréannais, agus vo rinne na vánta ríor-éaoine mine mairéadá Ġrádamla féciréar ré ann ran Ġ-cuir réd i lácair, tá ré go móir amúga. Tá beada na nĠaodálad éom truaigé, éom suib doilig dób-rónac rin, agus tá riad éom bhirte búrígte buailte-ríor ann a vécir agus a vcalam féin, nac brafáann a n-innleacé agus a ngeur-innecinn don áit vóib féin, ná don trlige le iad féin vo leigean amac, áct i nĠáiré agus i ngréann iomarcac amavánta, no i Ġ-caoincib agus i Ġ-cúma. fécirrimo ann rna vántaib réo leana, níor mó ve bión agus ve buáiréad, níor mó ve cúma agus ve éroide-búrígteacé, 'ná ve Ġreannamlaacé agus ve dódéar. Áct 'nn a aínvéoin rin ir cor-múil Ġur b'iad na vaoine ceudna, no an cineál ceutna ve dáoimib, vo rinne na vánta ro leana, agus na h-abhráin rin vo léigeamar. Ní éis linn rin érocuĠad, agus ní feucramaoir a érocuĠad, áct cá bfuil an uine a bfuil ríor aige air Ġaodáladé na h-éiréann deuirfar 'nn áir n'-agáir ann ro.

Ir rir vo rinne na h-abhráin uile ann ran Ġ-caibiuil béréann-nais, áct ir miná vo rinne cuir ináic ve na h-abhránais Ġráda agus ir go binn biónac rinneavár iad. Cao é an ceangla ann a bfuirrimo ríor-dóradé éroide biónais buó míllre agus buó mío cúma 'ná ann ran abhrán ro, vo rinne mairéacé éisín vo

FUAGRADH.

1 Cháirde,

Ní'l ann san leabhairín seo acht aon chaibidil amháin de'n leabhar mór atá mé ag cur le chéile ar "Abhránaibh Chuige Connacht." Tá caibidil le bheith agam ann ar abhránaibh Uí Chearbhalláin nach raibh ariamh i gcló, caibidil eile ar Mhac Cúda agus ar Chom-armsireachaibh an Chearbhallánaigh, caibidil eile ar abhránaibh óil, caibidil ar chaointib agus ar abhránaibh bróin, caibidil ar dhántaibh Mhic Shuibhne agus an Bhaireudaigh, caibidil ar dhántaibh an Reachtair, caibidil ar abhránaibh eug-samhla, agus b'éidir tuilleadh. Agus i n-éinfheacht leis sin tá mé ag cur rómham cúntas iomlán do thabhairt ar bhárdaigheacht agus ar rannaigheacht na h-Eireann, le somplachaibh ar níos mó ná leith-cheud de na míosúraibh no módháibh-rannaigheachta do bhi aca, i nGaedheilg.

Acht mar atá clóbhualadh na Gaédheilge an-chostasach, agus mar cailltear mórán airgid le gach leabhar, d'iarrfainn ar gach uile dhuine léigheas an leabhar so agus ata sásta leis an geaoi ann a bhfuil sé deunta—agus go deimhin do rinneas mo dhithchioll leis—líne do chur chugam-sa go tigh Gill, Sráid Uí Chonail, Baile-ath- cliath, le rádh an nglacfaidh sé na coda eile nuair tiucfaidh siad amach, no and-tiubhraidh sé aon chongnamh dham leis na leabhracha so do sgapadh i n-aisge gan luach ameach na sgol ann a bhfuil an Ghaedheilg d'a múnadh-anois i n-Eirinn, mar do sgap an duine-uasal an Cliabharach mo "Leabhar Sgeulwigheachta," agus a "Dhuanaire" féin, agus mar do sgap mé féin mo "Chois na Teineadh,"—rud do rinne, mar cluinim, mórán leis na teanga do chongbháil suas ann sna h-áiteachaibh sin. Do thug mo charad agus mo chomh-Chonnachtach féin an t-Athair Mártain Labhrás O Murchadh ó Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., fiche punt dam, mar chongnamh ann san gcúis mhaith seo, agus is mian liom m'fhíor-bhuidheachas do chur i n-ámhail dó ann so.

Go raibh buaidh agus beannacht ar mhuinntir na Gaedheilge!
agus go saoraidh Dia Éire!

AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR DR. SIGERSON,

Allow me to offer you this slight attempt on my part to do for Connacht what you yourself and the late John O'Daly, following in the footsteps of Edward Walsh, to some extent accomplished for Munster, more than thirty years ago. Since that attempt of yours, down to the present day, scarcely an effort has been made to preserve what you then felt to be one of the most valuable heritages of the Irish race—its Folk Songs. I have, in the following little volume, collected a few of these, the Love-Songs of a single province merely, which I either took down in each county of Connacht from the lips of the Irish-speaking peasantry—a class which is disappearing with most alarming rapidity—or extracted from MSS. in my own possession, or from some lent to me, made by different scribes during this century, or which I came upon while examining the piles of modern manuscript Gaelic literature that have found their last resting-place on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy. The little work of mine, of which this is the fourth chapter—the preceding three having been printed in the now extinct *Nation*—was originally all written in Irish, but the exigencies of publication in a weekly newspaper necessitated the translation of it into English. This I do not now wholly regret; for the literal translation of these songs will, I hope, be of some advantage to that at present increasing class of Irishmen who take a just pride in their native language, and to those foreigners who, great philologists and etymologists as they are, find themselves hampered in their pursuits through their unavoidable ignorance of the modern Irish idiom, an idiom which can only be correctly interpreted by native speakers, who are, alas! becoming fewer and fewer every day. It has also given me the opportunity of throwing some of these songs into English verse—such as it is—in doing which I have differed somewhat from yourself, Mangan, Ferguson, and other translators, in endeavouring to reproduce the vowel-rhymes as well as the exact metres of the original poems. This may give English readers, if the book ever fall into the hands of

PREFACE.

any such, some idea of the more ordinary and less intricate metres of the people, and of the system of Irish interlineal rhyming, though I fear that the unaccustomed ear will miss most of it. My English prose translation only aims at being literal, and has courageously, though no doubt ruggedly, reproduced the Irish idioms of the original.

I have, as you will see, carefully abstained from trenching upon anything ever before published, my object merely being to preserve what was in danger of speedy extinction. It is, however, more than time that the best of those gems of lyric song, published by Hardiman, over sixty years ago, in two expensive and now rare volumes, were given to the public in a cheap and accessible form. It is to them the student should first look for the very highest expression of the lyric genius of our race.

I have compiled this selection out of many hundreds of songs of the same kind which I have either heard or read, for, indeed, the productiveness of the Irish Muse, as long as we spoke Irish, was unbounded. It is needless to say that I have taken no liberties with my originals, and, though I have inserted conjectural emendations of many passages and words which to me appeared unintelligible, I have, of course, in every case honestly preserved in foot-notes the reading of the original MSS., or the words of the *vivâ-voce* reciter, no matter how corrupt they may have appeared, and I have spared no trouble in collating manuscripts wherever I could, so as to give the best text possible.

In conclusion, I beg of you to accept this little *óseódn*, not for its intrinsic worth, if it has any, but as a slight token of gratitude from one who has derived the greatest pleasure from your own early and patriotic labours in the same direction, for, as the poet says:—

'S í an teanga *Ó*aoibéilge ír gneannta cló,
 So blaíra léigceap í map éeól,
 'S í éanaí briaíra binn-íuá beóil.
 'S ír ííor íur mór a h-áille.

ír mé, le meap mór,

an chraoibhín aoibhinn



FUAGRADH.

4 Cháirde,

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agus go saoraidh Dia Éire!

AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

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FOURTH CHAPTER.

LOVE SONGS.

AFTER reading these wild, careless, sporting, airy drinking-songs, it is right that a chapter entirely contrary to them should follow. Not careless and light-hearted alone is the Gaelic nature, there is also beneath the loudest mirth a melancholy spirit, and if they let on (pretend) to be without heed for anything but sport and revelry, there is nothing in it but letting on (pretence). The same man who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking and shouting, will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his poor lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death. There is for you the Gaelic nature, and that person who would think that they are not the same sort of people who made those loud-tongued, sporting, devil-may-care songs that we have been reading in the last chapter, and who made the truly gentle, smooth, fair, loving poems which he will see in this part, is very much astray. The life of the Gaels is so pitiable, so dark and sad and sorrowful, and they are so broken, bruised, and beaten down in their own land and country that their talents and ingenuity find no place for themselves, and no way to let themselves out but in excessive foolish mirth, or in keening and lamentation. We shall see in these poems that follow, more grief, and trouble, more melancholy and contrition of heart, than of gaiety or hope. But despite that, it is probably the same men, or the same class of men who composed the poems which follow and the songs which we have read. We cannot prove that, and we shall not try to prove it, but where is the person who knows the Gaeldom of Erin and will say against (i.e. contradict) us in this.

They were men who composed all the songs in the last chapter, but it is women who made many of the love songs, and melodious and sorrowful they made them. In what language will we find the real out-pouring of a sorrowful heart, sweeter and more melancholy than this song, which some maiden composed who gave her love to a man

éus ghráb o'fear nár éuis é. Tá ainm an éailín cailíte, agus ní l
fíor air an ocáio air a n-vearthaib rí an ván ro, na ar don ruo
eile o'á éaoib, áct aithín go bfuil an ván féin ann rin. Sin í
an éaoi le trí ceathrathnaib agus níor mó ve na vántaib ann ran
leabair ro; ní mhairéann ve na daoineib vo cum iao faoi bhrón agus
faoi gheir-ghráb áct na h-abháin,

Ír buaine poirt na glór na n-eun
Ír buaine focal na toice an tréagail.

Ag ro an ván vo rinne rí, agus ír pollaíac gur cailín-cuaité
bí inni.

ÓÁ UTÉIÖINN-SE SIAR.

ÓÁ utéiöinn-re riar ír amair ní tiucrainn,
Air an g-cnoc vo b'áirve ír air a fearrainn,
'S í an éraob émháirca ír túirge* baifinn
'Sur ír é mo ghráb féin ar luaité leanrainn.

Tá mo éroibe éom vub le áirne,
Ná le gual vub óigiríbe i g-cearthaib,
Le bonn bróige air hálalraib bána,
'S tá lionnvub móir or cionn mo gáirne

Tá mo éroibe-re brúigte bhirte,
Mar leac-oirbe air uáctar uirge,
Mar beir' cnuairc onó léir† a mbirte,
Ná maigívean óg léir a póirta.

Ta mo ghráb-ra air vác na rméara,
'S air vác na rúg-craob, lá breáí ghréine,
Air vác na bhráoóóg buó vuibe an trléirbe,
'Sur ír minic bí ceann vub air éollainn gléigil.

Ír miéio vaim-ra an baile reó fágbáil,
Ír geir an éloc 'sur ír fuair an láib ann,
Ír ann a fuairéar gué gan éadóil,
Agus focal tnom ó luét an bioáin.

* Aliter, "ír caoirge" = ír luaité.

† .1. 'í éir, no, tar éir. Labairéar é i g-conrad Rorcomáin agus
i n-áitesaib eile mar "léir."

who did not understand it. The girl's name, and the occasion on which she made this poem, and everything else about it, is unknown, except that the poem is here. That is the way with three-fourths and more of the poems in this book; there remains nothing of the people who composed them in grief and tribulation, except the songs.

A tune is more lasting than the voice of the birds,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.

This is the poem she made, and it is evident that she was a country girl.

IF I WERE TO GO WEST.

If I were to go west, it is from the west I would not come,
On the hill that was highest, 't is on it I would stand,
It is the fragrant branch I would soonest pluck,
And it is my own love I would quickest follow.

My heart is as black as a sloe,
Or as a black coal that would be burnt in a forge,
As the sole of a shoe upon white halls,
And there is great melancholy over my laugh.

My heart is bruised, broken,
Like ice upon the top of water,
As it were a cluster of nuts after their breaking,
Or a young maiden after her marrying.

My love is of the colour of the blackberries,
And the colour of the raspberry on a fine sunny day.
Of the colour of the darkest heath-berries of the mountain,
And often has there been a black head upon a bright body

Time it is for me to leave this town,
The stone is sharp in it, and the mould is cold;
It was in it I got a voice (blame), without riches
And a heavy word from the hand who back-bite.

(An éireo inígean ag labhairt fóir.)

(An b'ar a inġenan aġ cup na h-aġġaib.)

[illegible]

I
I denounce love ; woe is she who gave it
To the son of yon woman, who never understood it.
My heart in my middle, sure he has left it black,
And I do not see him on the street or in any place.

That is a song that cannot be surpassed for simplicity, softness, gentleness, and deep sorrow. That is how I found it ; but there are two other verses that were, without doubt, composed by some one else, though they have found a place in this poem. The daughter is speaking to her mother in the first verse, and the second daughter is speaking to the mother in the second verse.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER SPEAKS.

Oh ! dear little mother, give him myself ;
Give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
Go yourself a-begging alms,
And go not west or east to look for me.

THE SECOND DAUGHTER (OPPOSING).

Oh ! dear little mother, give him herself ;
Do not give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
Do not go yourself begging for alms
For any son of churl who is alive in Erin.

I give these two verses, but I separate them from the rest of the poem, for it is evident that it was some other person who added them to the mother-song.

There is the woman seeking satisfaction for her broken heart by putting her thoughts into words. Here, now, is the man trying to do the same thing in deep, mournful sorrow, and hard and ruined (i.e., ruinous) melancholy upon him. The name of this song is the "Brow of Nephin." I heard part of it from a woman in Roscommon, and there is one verse of it given in Hardiman's book ; but I never got a complete copy of it until I found it in my old manuscript, out of which I have already taken so many songs. I was unable to find any copy of it in the MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy. It is likely that this poem is older than anything of Carolan's. Nephin is a mountain far west in the county Mayo, and the mountain gave its name to the song. No doubt it was a peasant who was neither poet or bard who com-

Չ'ա մերօրնոյ-դէ ար ոմա լիւրն
 'Տ մօ ճար-հրած Լե մօ ճար,*
 Ի լիցած ճորճութեամբս և ն-խիթած
 Եր առ է-մին ար առ հ-գրած.
 'Տ'ս ոմ իւրն բոլոր իրաւունք
 Սօ մարտիկ ար մօ թան,
 Այս օրովս շին ոմ թուում,
 Զօ ն-ընթաց, բարձր !

ՄԱ ԹԵՐԻՈՒՆՆ-ՐԵ ԱՐ ԴԱ ՇԱՆԵԱԾ
 ՄԱՐ ԵՍԺ ՍԱԼ ՍԱՄ, ՃԵՑԻԱՆՈՒ ՐԴՐԵ,
 ՄՈ ՇԱՐՈՒ ՍԻԼ ԲԱՐԻ ԵՍԺԻՐԵԱԾ
 ԱՇՐ ՇՐԱՍԻ ՕՐԻԱ ՃԱԸ ԼԸ.
 ԲՐՈՐ-ՐՃԱԸ ԴԱ ՆՇՐԱՃԱԸ
 ԲԱՐԻ ԵՍԺ Ա՛Ր ՇԼԻ ԱՆՆՐ ՃԱԸ ՃԵԸ,
 ՚Տ ՇՐ Ե՛Ը ՄՈ ՇՐՈՒԵ-ՐԵՅԻ ՇԱ ՚ՆՆԱ ՃԱԼ ՍԺ,
 ԱՇՐ ԵԵԱՆ ՄՈ ՇՐԱՅԵ Ո՛ՒԼ ԵԸ.

Դձ ձօրինո՞ւ ըստ իմ հօգուտի
 Եւ իմ հօգուտի իմ հօգուտի,
 Եւ իմ հօգուտի իմ հօգուտի
 Եւ իմ հօգուտի իմ հօգուտի.
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 Եւ իմ հօգուտի իմ հօգուտի
 Եւ իմ հօգուտի իմ հօգուտի

• “Beit̃ ḏḡam,” ı n-ḏı̄t “le mo ḡḏoı̄b,” ʾraḡ mıs.

† Aliter.

ní hé rin fém oam-ra
 ná oo m' deuo mile gráo,
 ir fada fánac ó na céile
 bíor air n-éirige gad lá.

posed it, but there are few songs of the great bards themselves that are in my opinion as sweet as it.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.*

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.
 But were I on the fields of the ocean,
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plough through the billow's commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.
 How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

* LITERAL TRANSLATION.

If I were to be on the Brow of Nefin and my hundred loves by my side, it is pleasantly we would sleep together like the little bird upon the bough. It is your melodious wordy little mouth that increased my pain, and a quiet sleep I cannot (get) until I shall die, alas !

If I were to be on the harbours as I ought to be, I would get sport, my friends all under trouble and gloom upon them every day.

O thou flower (?) of enchanters who got victory and fame in every strife, sure it is my heart within that is a black coal and a woman of my pity (*i.e.*, to pity me) lives not.

Is it not delightful for the little birds who rise up high and who sleep together upon one little bough ? Not so is it for me myself and my hundred thousand loves, it is far from each other each day rises on us.

What is your opinion of the sky when there comes a heat upon the day, or on the full tide rising in the face of the high ditch ? Even so does he be who gives excessive desire to love, like a tree on the brow of a mountain which its blossoms would forsake.

Καθ' οὗτο βρεσθησάτω αἱρὴ καὶ ἡρέσεται
 Τρατ' (τίς) τσαρ' αἱρὴ ἀν' ἐλ',
 καὶ αἱρὴ ἀν' ἐλάν-μαρκα δὲ εἰρήσῃ
 ἡ ἐ-εὐοδῇ ἀν' ἐλθοῦν ἀίρῳ;
 μαρ' ἴσοι βίωσι ἀν' ἐλ' ὅσοι
 ἡ βίωσι ἀν-τοῦτο τοῦ 'ν' ἡν' ἐλ' δὲ
 μαρ' ἐρῶσι αἱρὴ καὶ ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ'
 ὅσοι* ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ' ἐλ'

Եւր էր ան յձ ձերան մի-միքեամիւլ բեծ ո՞ ձաձար, Լեռնա-
մաճօր լաճ Լե յձ ձերան եւլե յե ձեւձլ Կոնքարձօ, ձերան ո՞քեւ-
բաւոն ձար արեւձ ամեարջ ձերան-մօլեւ-նա-մբան ձեծ ցար բեան
ձերան ցրձծ լաճ ձար բեծ երբեան ձար բաճ, ձցար Երբոյն ան բօ
ձօր Կոննաձեւձ ո՞ բաձար մե ան բան քեան քցրիւնն ձար ար Լաձար
մե ձօն մոյնի բեճ, ձցար ձօր միւնիւնեձ ո՞ բաձար մե Լաւն-քցրիւնն
ո՞ բոնն ան բաձ-քցօլաւր Զաձեւիլք բոն Ծօննալլ մաճ Կոնքարձօն
ո՞ նոյր Ե ց-Կոնաձ ան Կնձար. Իր է ան Ե-ձերան բօ “միւրնն ո՞
ցրաւք Եւնե.” Եձ ան ձեւօ ձօր Կօրմիւլ Լեյր ան Եձ բոն Եձ ձց
ան Խ-Արջաձնաձ, ձեծ ու՞լ բոն Կօրմիւլ Լեյրե նաձ բիւ Ե բաձալ.
ձց բօ է.

múirkín na sruaige báine.

'S i mbaille-na-hinnre jiar
 acá mo gráib le bliadain,
 ir áille í 'nó grian an fógmair,
 's go b'fáran mil 'nna diais
 air lois a cor 'ran t'liab
 Dá fuair an uair 'béir na Samna.
 Dá b'fáinn féin mo mian
 go n'gáinn í ann mo líon

* "Ann do éirígeadh," 'ran mS., ádt ní feicim b'fí ann do.
"Ann" ro.

† “Օձ երգչաւոնն ար լտւծ մօ ճալլ,” Դան մՏ. Եւծւր = “Օձ երգչաւոնն ար լտւծ [եան] մօ ճալլ” .i. մօ ընոն ու մօ լուծ.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

After giving these two dispirited songs we will follow them with two other songs of a contrary kind, songs which I might have included amongst those in praise of women, except that they are old love songs throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and I give here a Connacht copy which I found in the old manuscript about which I have spoken so often, and a Munster copy which I found in a manuscript of mine which that fine Irish scholar, Donal MacCossa-dine, from Ennis, in the county Clare, made. This song is the "Moorneen (darling) of the fair hair." This first version is like that which the Hargadaunuch (Hardiman) has, but it is not so like it that it is not worth while to save it. Here it is—

THE MOORNEEN, OR DARLING, OF THE FAIR HAIR.

In Ballinahinch in the West
 My love is for a year,
 She is more exquisite than the sun of the autumn,
 And, sure, honey grows after her,
 On the track of her foot on the mountains,
 No matter how cold the time after November.

Δ'ῖρ ὅο ὕ-κυρρυνν-ρε ἀν βρόν πο ὅτομ ὀ'η λά ρη†
 Δ'ῖρ αἷρ ἐόηαιρλε Δ ρυζαὸ ριαῖ
 ἡί ρόρραιὸ μέ ἀετ μο ἡῖαν
 ἱρ ἱ μύρηνν na ὕρμαῖζε βάιηε.

τά μο ἐευέτα le ρῥυρ
 Δ'ῖρ μο βρῆνρη le κυρ
 Δῥυρ ἀν μέατο ὕο ὠλε le ρευνάη,
 μέ το βειτ ἀμυῖζ
 αἷρ ρεαρῆαιρ Δ'ῖρ αἷρ ριοσ
 αἷρ ρύλ ὅο ρτιύβρῶ ρρέιρ ὅαμ.

ἱρ comΔ leat é
 Δ ἐαρῶο ο μο ἐλέιβ,
 ἡί ορτ ἀτά ἀν ρῖαν ἐρῶρτε,
 Δῥυρ ὠύεε ρλαῖτεαρ ὀέ
 ἡῖρ ρειρῆὸ τυ ὅο ἡ-έυς
 μῦνα ρυζαὸ το ἐρῶρτε-ρτῖς ὕρῶὸ ὅαμ.

ὀά βρῶζαιρρ-ρε μο ροζα
 ὀε ἡῖνῶιβ ρεαρ ἀν ὀοῖαιρ,
 Δῥυρ ρῶζαιρ ορρη ροζαιρ ρῶρτα,
 Δῥυρ ρέιρ μαρ ρειρ na leαβαιρ
 ὀο ἐυς ρί βυαὸ ὀ'η ὀοῖαιρ
 ἱρ ἱ μύρηνν na ὕρμαῖζε βάιηε.

Seó ἀνοῖρ ἀν κόρρ μῦρῖηεαὸ μαρ ὀ'ῶζ μασ comρῶοῖν 'ἡηα
 ὀαιζ ἱ, Δῥυρ ἀοῖμυῖζμ ὅο ροιρτεανναὸ ὕρρ ρεαρρ ἱ 'ἡῖ ἀν ἐεαν
 ρῦαρ.

μαῖρη βηεαζ na ὕρμαῖζε βάιηε.

Coῖρ na βρῖζοε ρῖαρ ἀτά μο ὕρῶὸ le βλῖαὸαιρ
 Δ ραῖμυλ ρύο μαρ ὕρῖαν ἀν ἐρῶρραιὸ,
 ρῶρῖαν μῖλ 'ἡηα ὀαιζ αἷρ λορῖς Δ cor ραν ἐρῖαβ
 Seαετ ρεαετῖμυηε ταρ ἐιρ ἡῖ Saῖηηα.
 ὀά βρῶζαιρρ-ρε ρέιν Δ τυαρῶρζ 'ῖρ ἱ βεαν ἀν ἐύλῖν ὀυαλαῖζ
 ἀν αἷνῶιρ ὕο ὀο λυαῖβεαὸ αἷρ βρῶζαετ,
 'S ὕρρ Δζ ὕεαταῖοιβ ὀῖλ-ὀά-λυαὸ ὀο ρῥαρρ-ρα le μ'υαν
 ἱρ ἱ μαῖρη na ὕρμαῖζε βάιηε.

† “ὕαν βυαὸρρεαὸ” ῖραν mB, ὀά ρocal ὕρῖοεαρ ὀρῶδ-ῥυαῖμ.

If I were myself to get my desire,
Sure I would take her in my net,

And I would put away from me this grief without trouble,
And for the counsel of all ever were born
I shall only marry my desire,

She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

My plough is to cease,

And my lea-land to sow,

And all that is to be done;

Me to be out

In rain and in frost

In hope that you would give me liking.

It is all one to you

Oh ! friend of my boam ;

Not on you is the ruinous pain (*but on me*),

And the country of the heavens of God

That you may never see till death,

Unless the inner heart give me love.

If I were to get my choice

Of the pretty women of the world,

And let me get of them a satisfactory choice (*I would take you*).

And as the books say

She took the victory from the world,

She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Here, now, is the Munster version as Considine left it after him, and
I willingly admit that it is better than the one just given.

LITTLE MARY OF THE FAIR HAIR.

Beside the Bred in the West, my love is for a year.

Her likeness is as the sun of the summer.

Honey grows behind her on the track of her feet in the mountain

Seven weeks after November day (i.e., *even in the heart of winter*)

If I were myself to get her description she is the woman of the
tressy cooleen,

Yonder maiden who was spoken of (or betrothed) for loveliness,

And sure at the gates of Killaloe I parted with my lamb,

She is Maurya (Mary) of the fair hair.

nár tigeao-ra féin vo'n éas no real pé bárr an féir
 ir cúmhá ar vo déig ní náir liom,
 áct couladó air nóir na n-éun i mbárr bog na gcradó
 no an bfuil don fear a bpéin mar cáim-re.
 Oá fao i an oide 'féir níor éodail mo fúile neul,
 áct as macénaí air gníomharéadib mairé,
 ár go brád nár éasaidó an t-eug i mbárr fuar mo ghéas
 go breicreao-ra i oirgear mo ghrád geal.

Coir na bpiúoe móire atá mo míle ríor-ra
 's i an amóir cá módamuil beurdó,
 's gur millre blar a póg 'nád rúicra beacó air bóro,
 's a beir o'á ól air bpannua cradóas.*
 Oá éic breagá deara bána míne geala
 mar eala beiréadó air an linn 'nna h-donar,
 ár go labarann an euaó air lár an gheimhíó fúair
 's an mbailé mbeas 'nna mbionn rí pléireadé.

nacó uoile uobacó an cáir vo óuine mar atáim
 nacó g-cuiríó na mná ro ruim ann,
 's gur b'é éluinim-re oá ráó go otabarfaioir rúo ghrád
 vo'n fear ir meara cáil i n-éirinn.
 nacó rabao* ann air go oirgeao mo linn
 ár go mbaimpinn-re o'á gceiríde rúo ráraí,
 tar a mairéann beó ve mndáib, ir í rúo mo ghrád,
 máire beas na gnuaise báine.

Oá rgríobairinn an t-adhrán 'ran pannaigeadé asur 'ran miorur
 ceuona leir an g-ceann veirionnacó o'feicríte é go roríar cóm cor-
 míul le céile atá ríao. áct atá cóir eile, cóir muimneacó ar
 rgríbinn vo pinne an Conraidin ceuona, asur rgríobair mé é 'ran
 pannaigeadé ceuona 'nn ar rgríobar an oán Connacéacó, go
 ramlócamaoir le céile níor fearr íao. áct ní mar rin fuair mé
 é rgríobéa leir an g-Conraioin áct le líntib fada, mar an "máire
 beas na gnuaise báine," fuar.

*=Caoir-dearí, cóm deari le caoir.

*=nád raib mé (?)

That I may never come to the death or a while beneath the earth's
top

And melancholy after thee I think no shame,
But sleep like the birds in the soft top of the boughs,

Or is any man in pain as I am !

No matter how long last night was, my eyes never slept a wink

But musing on the deeds of Maurya,
And that the Death may never come in the cold top of my branches
Until I see my white love in a household.

Beside the great Breed my thousand treasures is,

She is the maiden who is mannerly, courteous,
And sure the taste of her'kisses is sweeter than the honey of the
bees on the table

And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.
Two breasts—fine, handsome, white, smooth, bright,
Like a swan that would be alone upon the linn ;
And sure the cuckoo speaks in the middle of the cold winter
In the little village in which she is sporting.

Is it not sorrowful, mournful, the case to a person as I am
That these women pay him no attention ?

And sure what I hear said is that they would give their love

To the man of the worst character in Erin.

That I may not be in it again until I lift up my net

And until I take satisfaction out of their hearts,

Over all that live of women she yonder is my love,

Little Maurya of the fair hair.

If I were to write this song in the same metre and measure as the
last one it would easily be seen how like they are to one-another.
But there exists another version, a Munster one from a manuscript of
mine which the same Considine made, and I shall write it in the same
measure as I wrote the Connacht song, that we may the better com-
pare them with one another, but it was not thus I found it written by
the Considine but in long lines like the " Mary of the Fair Hair,"
above,

múirín na sruaige báine.

mo léun gan mé 'sur tu
 a thaisgean ós gan éim'
 i n-oileánaidh duba loé' éirne,
 no faoi éoillicibh dub' na ríac
 mar a nveunaidh na h-éanlaic nead
 a sur fáradh go bárra geugha.
 no i ngleannadánín coir cuain
 mar a labhrann an éad,
 a' an fáirge o éuaidh beic taobh linn,
 mife péin 'r mo rún
 gan coislaó ann nó ruan
 aet ag rúgradh i g-clúio a éile.

mo leun! gan mé 'ra' g-cill
 i bpoéar mo éairve gaoil
 no i mullac chruic ag veunadh áruir
 sul rá r' éarla tu am' líon
 ag súbailc cnead am' éroide
 a sur o'iompuig tu mo élaois mar áirne.
 Cumann gear[rh]* o rinnad
 ní thairneann ré aet mí
 aet mar riolla ve gaoit mára,
 a rtoir nioir éoir mé éiol
 mar geall air beagán maoin'
 a' r gearra liom bíodh o'innicinn rára.

nioir fág mé baile cuain
 o Corcaig anuar
 no ar rin go cruac-páorais
 éar ó dear anuar
 go béul an eara ruaidh
 náir éaircear, air mo éairce ann, ráitce,
 mar fúil go brághainn tuarraig
 péurla an éuil sualaig
 's i an aingir vo eug buaidh éar mháibh i,
 's sur i veórainn éill-od-lua
 vo r gearra le mo rún
 i r i múirín na sruaige báine.

* ní'l fíor aham an é réo "gearr," no "gearr."

THE MOORNEEN OF THE FAIR HAIR,

[MUNSTER VERSION].

My grief that I and thou
 Oh young maiden without melancholy
 Are not in the dark island of Lough Erue,
 Or beneath the dark woods of the rods,
 Where the birds make their nests
 And (there is) growth to the top of the boughs.
 Or in a little valley beside a bay
 Where the cuckoo speaks,
 And the sea from the north to be beside us,
 Myself and my secret
 Without sleep or slumber
 But playing in a corner together.

My grief that I am not in the church-yard
 Along with my kindred friends,
 Or on the top of a hill making a dwelling,
 Before you chanced into my net
 Doubling the wound in my heart,
 And you turned my locks like a sloe-berry.
 Short affection from a woman
 It only lasts a month,
 But it is like a whiff of the March wind
 Oh treasure, it were not right to sell me
 On account of a little riches
 And in future let your mind be satisfied with me

I never left a harbour town
 From Cork down
 Nor from that to Croagh Patrick (in Mayo),
 Round from the south, and down
 To the mouth of the Red Waterfall (i.e., Ballyshannon).
 That I did not spend a quarter-of-a-year on my visit in it,
 In hopes that I might get an account
 Of the pearl of the tressy cool;
 She is the maiden who gained the victory over women.
 And sure at the mearn of Killaloe
 I parted with my secret,
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Coir na h-aibne móire
 atá mo mhíle ródraic
 'S í an mairghean mairgheac nio[th]m[Δ]raic fáirta i,
 'S go mbeo míllre liom a póg
 'Ná míl na mbeac ari bóro,
 Agus í vo beic 'gá h-ól le briannua.
 A d'á éic éruinne breáda
 Cumta deara bláitmar'
 Mar beiread rneáda 'gá ádao ari fíleibic,
 'S go labriann an éuaic le ronn
 Ari lári an gheimhíó áall
 'San mbaile 'nna mbionn mo ghráic le pléiríur.

Tá don beirra eile ann ran abrián, áet ir uóig liom naic mbain-
 eann ré leir, agus gur uine éigin eile vo rinne é, áet béarrao ann
 ro é.

Tá cuio aca dá ráic
 Gur móri mo ghean ari mhnáib
 Níor éugara mo ghean áet vo éuigea,
 A' r i g-conaobairic mo bádao*
 Go leanaínn tu 'ra' tinnáin
 U' ronn beic ann vo ráirt a éuil-fionn.
 Vo deunraínn ráirt de luig
 'S vo ríuródaínn í tar tuinn
 Vo rinnaínn gao 'r vo deunraínn céuáda,
 Mo leanaibán beag ríonn
 Vo breugraínn í ari mo glúin,
 A' r go náeraínn réal raoi beinn a léine.

Carramaoir anoir ari abrián uobrínaic eile, vo rinne mairghean
 óg ag deunnaínn cúmá agus lionuob anoiráig a ghráic-ra. Chualaid
 mé cuio ué ó fean-mhnaoi i g-conaobáil éigic, áet bí ré ruaitte agus
 meargáda le uob-béirraib eile, agus ari an áobari rin beirim cuio
 ué ar an láimh-ríurínn agus cuio eile naic bfuil 'ran láimh-ríurínn
 mar ruair mé ó'n tfean-mhnaoi é. Tá an ceuo beirra agus an
 ceann uoiríonnaic ó'n tfean mhnaoi, agus na tri cinn eile ó'n mS.

* b'fearra "mo báitce,"

Beside the great river
 Is my thousand treasures,
 She is the maiden—handsome, mannerly, satisfying ;
 And sure her kiss was sweeter to me
 Than the honey of the bees at table,
 And it to be drunk with brandy.
 Her two breasts—round, fine,
 Shapen, handsome, blossomy—
 As it were snow that would be thrown on mountains;
 And sure the cuckoo speaks with delight
 In the middle of the winter over there
 In the village in which my love doth be with pleasure.

There is one other verse in the song, but I am sure it does not belong to it, and that it was somebody else who made it, but I shall give it here :—

There are some of them saying
 That my love for women is great
 But I never gave it but to five ;
 And, in danger of being drowned,
 Sure I would follow you in the ocean
 With desire to be in your part (i.e., dear to you), oh fair
 haired one !
 I would make portion of a ship,
 And I would steer it across the waves ;
 I would spin a gad (withy), and I would make a plough,
 My little fair child
 I would coax her on my knee,
 And sure I would go awhile beneath the corner of her mantle.

We shall now meet another mournful song which a young maiden composed lamenting and grieving after her love. I heard part of it from an old woman in the county Sligo, but it was mixed up and mingled with other bad verses, and for that reason I give part of it out of my manuscript and part that is not in the manuscript, as I got it from the old woman. The first verse and the last are from her and the other three from the manuscript ;—

malá an tsleíbe ruaid.

Tá mé ann mo fuidhe
 O u'éirigh an gheallac áréir,
 Agus cur teinead ríor
 Agus go ríor 'gá faodógad go deir,
 Tá muinntir an tigh
 'nna luíde agus mire liom féin,
 Tá na coilltigh agus glaothac
 Agus an t-ir 'nna coollad áct mé.

Níl'n fágbuigh mé an raogal ro
 Go rgaolrú mé ólom an mí-áó,
 Go raib baé agus agus caoirigh
 A' mo mian ve buadaille aitháin,
 Níor bfaod liom an oíche
 Beiríonn rinte le na brollac mán bán
 'S go uairíbháinn ceao vo fíol éada
 'nna diaig rin a roga ruo a ráó.

Poluigeanh ghrád ghráin
 Ann gac áit a m bíonn mairé 'ran mnaoi
 Air leabaid caol áro
 Le ráitche níor bfaod mo luíde,
 Nuair éirínnigh mé air mo ghrád
 O'rág mé air mhála an tsleíbe ruaid
 Soilim mo ráit
 'Sur ir ránaé éirínnighar mo ghruid.

An lionuub a ghróim féin
 Ní feudaím uadaid óé ól,
 Ir meara mar tálam
 Ní feudaím coollad go fíol,*
 Mallacé míc óé vo'n té rin
 Vo báin ólom mo ghrád,
 Agus o'rágbuigh liom féin mé
 Gac aon oíche fada rá éráó†

* "An coollad a fágaíl," 'ran ms.

† "rá bhón," 'ran ms.

THE BROW OF THE RED MOUNTAIN.

I am sitting up
 Since the moon rose last night,
 And putting down a fire,
 And ever kindling it diligently;
 The people of the house
 Are lying down, and I by myself.
 The cocks are crowing,
 And the land is asleep but me.

That I may never leave the world
 Till I loose from me the ill-luck,
 Till I have cows and sheep
 And my one desire of a boy.
 I would not think the night long
 That I would be stretched by his smooth white breast
 And sure I would allow the race of Eve
 After that to say their choice thing (*of me*).

Love covers up hate
 In every place in which there is beauty in a woman
 On a couch narrow, high,
 For a quarter-of-a-year great and long (*was I*) lying,
 When I remembered my love
 That I left on the Brow of the Red Mountain,
 I weep my enough
 And it is scarcely (?) my countenance dries.

The grief (*or black ale, a play on words*) I myself make
 I cannot drink any of it ;
 It is worse as I am
 I cannot get the sleep;
 The curse of the Son of God upon that one
 Who took from me my love
 And left me by myself
 Each single long night in misery.

'S a buacailín óig
 ní áobhar air b'ic magaid' duit mé,
 ní'l aghao le ráð
 áct aithin go bfuil mé gan rpre,
 ní cura mo ghrád
 aghur mo érad m'á' m'roie liom é,
 'S má tá mé gan bólaéct
 i' leórí d'am lárde* liom féin.

Tá an t-ábrán ro an-voobrónae, mar an cuio i' mó ve na h-ábránaib' ghrád tá veunta le mnáib', aghur tá an fonn n'for voobró-naige 'ná na focail féin. Tá ré an-éorúil le h-ábrán ar an b'ronn ceunta do fuaire mé i lárí'g'ribinn muihniú le Dóinnall Mac Conraioin. I' uóig go bfuair feisean an dán o'fean-veine éigin aghur gur r'griob ré r'for é. Cio gur i' r'gribinn muihniú do fuaire mé é, ní i' g-cúige muihnan aithin atá ré le rágaib', mar éalair cuio o' é i' g-Connaétaib', mé féin. I' ve na h-ábránaib' rin é atá coit'c'ionn do'n o'á' éúige. I' cailin atá ann ro arí' agh veunnaib' b'róin bí féin rá naé u'cig léite a roga-ghrád féin beic aicí atá ré an-éorúil leir an ábrán air a nglaothann o'óalag Cairleán ui néill, áct tá beurrat' ann ro naé bfuil aige-rea' aghur ar an áobhar rin cretoim gur r'ú a éabhair ann ro.†

AN TUIRSE A'S AN BRÓN SO.

Tá an tuirre a' ar an brón ro
 agh gabail go móir móir timéioill mo éroide,
 a' r' lán mo óá b'róga óé
 'S na veóira agh r'leat' liom r'for.
 'S é i' r'ada liom uaim an Dóinnac
 a m'ile r'c'oirín no go nglabann tu an t'rlige
 aghur m' annaéct rá óó éu,
 slán beó leat no go b'illir' mé arí'.

a cumainn a' ar a annaéct
 i' u'cúir an t'raí'rat' an ngluair'ead liom féin,
 amac' r'aoi na g'leannat'ib'
 mar a mberómí' agh ual r'aoi do'n ghréin.
 ba, caoirige, ná g'éana
 ní i'ar'raim leat i'ao mar r'pre,
 áct mo lán r'aoi do éom g'eal
 a' r' ceao cómh'ad no go mbuail'ead an uó-veug.

* = lárde

† feuc L. 82 ve "fíl'beáct na cúige muihnan," ii. cuio.

And oh, young *bohaleen*,

I am no material for mockery for you,

You have nothing to say

Except only that I am without a fortune.

You are not my love,

And my destruction if I am sorry for it ;

And if I am without cattle

It is enough for me (i.e., *I am able*) to lie alone.

This song is very sorrowful, like most of the love songs that are composed by women, and the air is more mournful than the words themselves. It is very like a song to the same air which I got in a Munster manuscript of mine by Doual Mac Consaidin. He probably got the poem from some old person and wrote it down. Although I found it in a Munster manuscript, it is not in Munster alone it is, for I heard some of it myself in Connacht. It is one of those songs that are common to the two provinces. It is again a girl who is here making lament for herself because she cannot have her choice love. It is very like the song that O'Daly calls "Castle O'Neill," but there are verses here which he has not got, and for this reason I think it worth giving them here.

THIS WEARINESS AND GRIEF.

This weariness and grief

Are going greatly, greatly, round my heart,

And the full of my two shoes of it,

And the tears dropping down with me.

It is what I think the Sunday long from me,

Oh, thousand treasures till you pass the way.

And my darling twice over you are,

Giving farewell to you, until I return again.

Oh, affection, and oh, darling,

In the beginning of the summer would you move with
me yourself

Out under (i.e., among) the valleys,

Where we might be at the going-under of the sun (?)

Cows, sheep, or calves

I would not ask them for fortune with thee,

But my hand beneath your white form,

And leave to converse until twelve would strike.

A hundred farewells to last night ;

It is my grief that it was not to-night that was first.

A sprightly *bohaleen*

That would coax me awhile on his knee,

I would tell you a tale myself

If it were possible you could keep a secret for me,

That my love is forsaking me,

Oh ! bright God, and oh, Mary, is it not the pity !

A man can be sorrowful as well as a woman. Here is a little simple song I got from an old man named O'Fallon in Ballintubber.

LONG AM I GOING.

Long am I a-going

Inquiring for a *ban-a-t'ye* (Hausfrau)

Information of her I did not get

In town or in country.

Till I saw my darling

On the side of the Fairy's Hill,

Her hair of the three tresses

A-sweeping with wind.

'Tis a pity without me to be (*i.e.* that I am not) married.

With the bright treasure of my heart,

On the brink by the great river

Or at the nearer ditch by its side.

Company of young women,

It is they who would raise my heart,

And I would be a year younger

If I were married to my desire.

Until two wings grow

Out of my two breasts,

And till I rise up on high

Amongst the birds of the bay,

Till a coffin of boards is made for me

And till the nails go closely into it,

Your love will never part me

Until I shall be a quarter of a year in the tomb.

Διρ h-allaioibh an tige móir-re
 Cóinnuigeann a' r bíonn mo ghráb bán,
 Διρ fao mo reult-eólaí
 'S é ir uóig liom nac mbfonn* ré le fágáil.
 Duó millre liom a róigín
 'Ná an beóir 'r'ná an riúcpa bán
 'S muna b'fág' mé tu le pópaó
 'S é ir uóig liom nac mbéir mo éiríde r'lán.

Δτά an gáirvín reó 'nna fárac,
 Δ ghráb géal, no an miorce leat é?
 Faoi na corraioibh b'fág' bána
 Τά ας fár mar builleabhar na g-craéb.
 níor binne liom glór céirrig
 Δς gádaíl an crráio reo ná sué binn na n-eun,
 'S gur eulrig mo ghráb uaim
 Cúl fáinneac go cairleán uí néill.

Ir a m'rgéic i mbeul bearnan
 Uo fágbaó mé aip mairvín Ué luaim,
 Gan don vuine beó i nuáil liom
 Δct mo ghráb bán a' r é imtígce† a b'fao uaim
 ni b'ruil gile ná b'reágaet
 Ná áilleaet o'á raibh ann ran ríogaet
 naé b'ruil ann mo ghráb bán
 Δ' r gur fág ré rúo orna ann mo éliab.

Náir fágáir mé an faogal ro
 no go leirvín mé úiom an mi-áb,
 Go mbéir baé a' gam a' gur caoirige
 a' gur m'annraet aip leabair go ráim.
 Urofgab na h-aoine
 Ná lá faoiré ni b'uirvinn go bráct,
 'S níor b'faoa liom an oiréce
 Uo beirvinn rínce le o' b'pollac géal bán.

* "na bídeann ré," ran MS.

† "faoi r na corraioibh," 'ran MS.—mar doirvín na muirínig.

‡ "míce," 'ran MS.

On the halls of this great house
 Resides and does be my white love,
 Altogether (?) (*he is*) my knowledge-star ;
 What I am sure of is that he is not to be got ;
 I would think his kiss sweeter
 Than the b'yore (*kind of beer*) and the sugar white ;
 And, unless I get you to marry,
 What I think certain is that my heart will not be whole

This garden is a wilderness,
 Oh ! white love ; or, are you sorry for it ?—
 Under the fine white fruits
 That are growing like the foliage of the branches.
 I would not think the voice of a thrush more sweet
 Going this street, or the melodious voice of the birds ;
 And sure my love has eloped from me,
 The ringletted *cool*, to the *caule* of O'Neill.

Like a (discarded) bush in the mouth of a gap
 I was left on Monday morning,
 Without one person alive near me,
 But my white love—and he gone far from me.
 There is no brightness nor fineness,
 Nor loveliness of all that were in the kingdom
 That is not in my white love ;
 And sure that left a sigh in my breast.

That I may nevsr leave this world
 Till I let from me the ill-luck ;
 That I may have cows and sheep,
 And my affection on a couch pleasantly ;
 Fasting on Friday
 Or holiday I never would break ;
 And I would not think the night long
 That I would be near by your white bright heart.

Ե՛կ Լուսին օգար՝ Կ՛ծարժա՝ աջամ
 Ըրի՛ն Ը՛կ ան ընօճին,
 Լե՛ մօ Ը՛կխօնն ոօ Երեւջած
 Ը՛ր մօ շեւօ միլե ջրած.
 Մար լին ձ Երեւար մօ ըրօւծե-րե
 Շեւնա՛ն քօրարծ՝ անն մօ Լճի,
 Մար Երեւած շրանն ի Լճի լիւծե
 'Տ է ջան քրեմնաւծ՝ յա ըրօւծե լիւն.

Մար Երեւած* ջրան օր շօնն օւրեւածճին
 Երօնն մ'նոնտոն, քարաօր!
 ջան օօղած ջան քսաւմնեար
 Լե քսաւեւծ՝ աջար Երեւծան,
 Իր մար լին ձ Երեւար մօ ըրօւծե-րե
 Շեւնա՛ն քօրարծ՝ անն մօ Լճի,
 Մար յա՛ յօցեանն քս ոօ մ' յարարծ
 Տեալ՝ Ըօն օւրծե՛ Ըրեւին.

Այլ լօ մար ձօւնեար Եան Ընծարճ ձ Երած-րա ջօ քօր-քիմքիւծե
 աջար ջօ Կ-ան-Երին. քսար մե՛ ան քօրա լօ օ՛ քեան իննօս յար
 Ե՛ Ըրինն Երիջի ու Ըօրքսարծ՝ Եի՛ 'նն Ըօրնուրե՛ ի մօծն ի Լճի քօր-
 քարճ ի Ե-օնօճե՛ Ըօրքօման աջար ի Եաջ-նա՛ շեւօ Երեւծան յ'օր.

մօ Երօն Ըրն ան Երարքե.

մօ Երօն Ըրն ան Երարքե՝

Իր է՛ Ե՛ մօր,

Իր է՛ ջաԵալ յօր՝ մե՛

'Տ մօ միլե լօր.

Ս'քաջած՝ լան մԵալե մե՛

Շեւնա՛ն Երօն,

ջան Ըօն քիւլ քար լճիլե Ըրն

Շօրծե՛ յա ջօ յեօ.

* ԼաԵարքեար ան քօճալ լօ մար "Երեւ," ի յ-Ըօն քօլեա Ըրեւին, ի Ե-
 Ըօննաճեւծ.

† "Երօս Ըրմմեյ," ի մ Եարլա, Ե՛ լի մարԵ Ընօր աջար ձ քսօ
 ԸԵրն Լեւե.

‡ ԼաԵարքեար "յօր" մար "ԸաԵար" ի Ե-Ըօննաճեւծ աջար ի յ-
 ԸԵւանն.

I have a nice fragrant little corner (!)
 At the back of the hillock,
 To entice my fair one
 And my hundred thousand loves.
 Even so does my heart be,
 Making bits (of itself) in my middle,
 As it were tree in the midst of a mountain
 And it without roots or heart sound.

As it were a sun over an abyss
 My mind, alas, does be
 Without sleep, without rest,
 For more than a year.
 Even so my heart does be,
 Making pieces (of itself) in my middle,
 Since thou comest not to seek me
 For a while of only one night.

This is how a woman keenes after her love, exceedingly simply, and melodiously. I got this piece from an old woman named Biddy Cussrooe (or Crummey in English), who was living in a hut in the midst of a bog in the County Roscommon.

* MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

* Literally. My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever or aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorreen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth.

mo léun nac bfuil mi re
 'Sur mo múirín bán
 1 gcúige laigean
 no i gc-onnóe an chlár.

mo brón nac bfuil mi re
 'Sur mo míle grád
 air boru loinge
 truaill go 'meicá.

leabuió luácha
 bí fúm aréir,
 agus éad mé amad é
 le tear an laé.

Cáinig mo grád-ra
 le mo éad
 suala air suala
 agus beul air beul.

Deurfaid mé ann go abrán grád eile, an t-abrán an-éilúad ainm-
 neamhail rin, an Uroigheán Donn, mar fadgar é dá bliadain deug
 ó foim o fíean-fear, báitear Sgarplóg, i gc-onnóe Rorcomáin,
 fear do fadair bár o foim. Beirim ann go é, mar tá ré ruo-beag
 eugraimhail ó'n gcóir do eug miir bhuic agus ó'n gcóir do eug O
 h Arghadain ná O Dálaidh dúinn; agus má éirígeann ríoláirne fad
 araid le cur i gc-ló ríolm-abrán na h-Éireann (agus ir ríob-ran
 an Uroigheán Donn) i gcuma ceart le ríuóeapadé éiríamais
 orra, ní fúláir* dó an oiréas cóir eugraimhail do beic aige agus
 ir féoir leir fágail. Níl an cóir reó nó éorimhail le don éann
 eile air a bfuil ríor agam-ra, agus tá ríoir mór ríoir i agus an
 t-abrán i leabair an h-Arghadain.

AN UROIGHEÁN DONN.

Saoileann ceo fear gur leó réin mé nuair ólaim lionn,
 'S téideann dá rírian ríor ríom nuair ríamoiníim air do éoríad
 liom.

Do cum ir míne 'ná an ríosa air síláb uí fíolinn,
 S go bfuil mo grád-ra mar bláé an áirne air an uroigheán donn.

* Deir ríao i gc-onnóeapadé "ní mór dó," i. ir éirí do,

My grief, and my trouble !
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster,
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound !—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South ;
 His breast to my bosom,
 His mouth to my mouth.

I shall here give another love song, that very renowned and famous one, "The Drinaun Dunn" (Brown Blackthorn), as I got it twelve years ago from an old man, one Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, a man who is since dead. I give it here as it is slightly different from the copies which Miss Brooke, Hardiman, and O'Daly give, and if any scholar ever rises up to print the prime songs of Erin—and "The Drinaun Dunn" is one of them—in right form, and making a careful study of them, he would want to have as many different versions as he can get. This copy is not very like any other one that I know, and there is great difference between it and the song as given in Hardiman's Book.

THE DRINAUN DUNN (BROWN BLACKTHORN).

A hundred men think that I am their own, when I drink ale (with them),
 But two-thirds of them go down (i.e. retire) from me, when I think
 of your conversation with me ;
 Your form smoother than the silk that is on the mountain of O'Flynn,
 And sure my love is like the blossom of the sloe on the brown
 blackthorn.

Աջսր բլան քարտա ոօ'ն ծաւե նոճից, * քիտի ամբարց նա զ-քրան
 Իր ան քոն աճա մօ ծարրանց զօ Լաճ 'ջսր զօ մալլ,
 'Տ Իօմծա անճ բլուճ քալճ ճսր Բօլիքն Եամ.
 Տճաճ Խոր մե 'ր ան Բալե Եքսլ մօ քոճիքն անն.

Եճ քիճն Օ մօ ճսւ-քարց անն մօ քօճա քօր,
 Աջսր քի Եիքանն մօ Լեիգարքաւօր մօ Երօն, քարաօր!
 Եճ մե քիճ Լատ զօ յօւնտար Եամ ճօնիա ճաւ
 'Տ զօ Եքարքաւ ան քար 'նն ճ Եճից քոն Երօ մօ Լճր անօր.

'Տ ճ քաւօր ան միքօ Լատ մե Եիճ Եոն
 մօ ճ քաւօր ան միքօ Լատ մե Եւլ 'ր ճ Եւլլ?
 ճ քաւօր ան ճւլ ճանցալտ 'ր է ոօ Եւլ աճա Եոն,
 'Տ զօ Եճիճ:մ 'ր ան Եալան Եիճ մօ ճան օրք քաւ ոօ ճօնիաճ Լիօմ.

Իր քար ճան ճիլլ ճ քաճքաճ ճ' Երէմ Լար ան ճլօրճ Եիճ: Գրօ
 'Տ ճլօրճ քիլլ Լե նա ճաւճ Լար ճ Լաճքաճ քէ ճ Լճն.
 Եւճ ճսր Գրօ է ան քրան ճաւքճանն Եիօն քէ քարճ Գր ճ Եճր
 'Տ քարան քմէրքճ 'ջսր քսճ-քրաճա Լար ան ճ-քրան Իր քրլե Ելճճ.

'Տ ճ միւրք Եիլք քրէճ յօւնքար մե մճ մեճիգանն Ես Եամ,
 մի'լ Եօլար ճսմ ոօ ճից Գճան, ճսմ Ե'ճճար ոճ ոօ ճրաճ,
 ճօնիալե Եիլար ոօ ճս մօ միւննքի Եամ ճան Եւլօց Լատ,
 'Տ զօ քաւճ ճսւ քօր անն ոօ ճրօրճ-քից 'ջսր նա միլտ ճլար.

Իր քօր-ճաւն միլք ան Եճն քօ, ճսր մի'լ Լիտ Լար Եիճ Եե 'ն Եիք նճ
 Եքսլ քէ Լե քճճիլ քօր, ճսր Եճ քէ ճօն քօլճիօնն 1 մ Եսրլճ ճ'ր
 աճա քէ 1 ճճաճիլ, ճճտ մօ Եքճիմաւօր 1 ճ-ճօննիւճ նա Եճարքաւ
 ճսւոն անն. Եի քան-Եան անն ոօ ճճաճ Եամ է ճ քրաճ օ քօն, ճսր
 միօր ճճից քի Լրան ոօ'ն ճաճաիմաւ քոն

“Եւճ ճսր Գրօ է ան քրան ճաւքճանն,” նճ քրլաճ նա Եօլք Գր
 ճ քիլ. Աճ քօ Լքրն Եաճ քիլքիւճ Եիլե ոօ քաւք մե օ քան քիօ-
 Եարք Եար Ե' Լոնն ճրն 1 ճ-քօնճ Երք-քօման.

*—“նո,” 1 ճ քօննճճաւճ,

And farewell henceforth to yon town, westward amongst the trees,
It is there that my drawing is, early and late;
Many is the wet dirty morass and crooked road
Going between me and the town in which my treasure is.

There is a ribbon from my first love in my pocket below,
And the men of Erin, they could not cure my grief, alas!
I am done with you, until a narrow coffin be made for me,
And till the grass shall grow, after that, up through my middle.

And, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it (are you sorry), me to
be ill?

Or, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it, me to go into the
churchyard?

Oh, Paddy of the bound back hair, it is your mouth is sweet,
And until I go into the ground my affection will be on you for your
conversation with me.

He is a man without sense would go contend with a ditch that
would be high,

And a low ditch by his side on which he might lay his hand (to
vault across);

Although it is high, the rowan-berry tree, it bees* bitter out of the
top,

While blackberries and raspberries grow on the tree that is lowest of
blossom.

And, Oh, dear Mary (Virgin), what ehall I if you go from me?
I have no knowledge (of how to go) to your house, your haggard, or
your stacks;

A faithful counsel my people gave me not to elope with you,
For that there were a hundred twists in your heart, and the thousands
of tricks.

This poem is truly gentle and sweet, and there is no spot in the
country where it is not to be still found, and it is as common in
English as it is in Irish, but we do not always find in it the same
verses. There was an old woman in it, long ago, who used to sing it
to me, and she never came to this verse—

Although the rowan-berry tree is high, etc.,
that she used not to shed tears from her eye. Here is another little
simple song that I got from an old piper, named Green, in the county
Roscommon.

* Usual Anglo-Irish for "it always is," or "it does be."

IS TRUAÐS ʒAN MISE I SACRANA.

1ʀ ʒpuaðs ʒan miʀe i Sacrana
 i bʃpʀaɪnc nά 'pa' Spáin
 nά éalll annʀna ʀiaʀ-iɪnʀeaáaib
 maʀ a ʒ-cóɪɪnɪuʒeann mo ʒnáo bán.
 aʒuʀ mάiʀe an éúil oualaiz
 'ɪna ʀuiðe ioiʀ mo óá láɪɪ,
 a'ʀ ʒo mbéiúinn-ʀe 'ʒá bʀeuʒaó
 ʒo h-éiʀuʒe an lá* báin.

nuaiʀ luúɪm aiʀ mo leabaíð
 nɪ'l ʀócaɪɪuɪl le ʀáʒail,
 'S ʒo bʀuɪl aʀpʀaɪɪʒ ann mo éaóib óeap
 aʒuʀ loit ʀi mo láʀ.
 ʀoóúɪʀuðe na ʀpʀuɪnne
 'S ɪaó uile le ʀáʒail,
 nɪ'l mo leiʒeap aʒ an méaó ʀɪn
 aóé aʒ mάiʀe an éúil báin.

1ʀ ʀaóa mé aʒ iméaéé
 aiʀ éuaʀaʒ mɪnά ʀiʒe,
 a maópaɪɪuɪl nɪ ʀacaíð miʀe
 i mbaile no i oúʀ.
 ʀá bʀeicʀea-ʀa an ʀuaíð-bean
 aiʀ éaóib Ónuic-na-ʀiðe,
 ʀuaɪl o'á ʒpuaiz báin
 'S é 'oá ʀuaóac le ʒaóit.

nɪ'l don aʀpán 1ʀ ʀɪmʀliðe ann ʀan leabaʀ ʀo 'nά an ceann ʀo.
 nɪ'l ʀé coʀmúil le h-obaʀi ʀiʀ ʀo éleaééaó oáɪta ʀo óeunaɪɪ, aʒuʀ
 1ʀ coʀmúile le h-aʀpán beuʀla é 'nά le h-aʀpán ʒaeóeilʒ, óiʀ nɪ'l
 an éom-ʀuaɪm éaóona i ʀoó no i oúʀ ʀoalalaib annʀ ʒac líne,
 maʀ aóá annʀna ʀeaɪ-aʀpánalaib eile; nɪ'l coɪɪ-ʀuaɪm ann ʀan
 aʀpán ʀo aóé aɪáɪn i ʀuóie an oápa líne aʒuʀ an éeaépaɪaó
 líne,—ʀuó éʀoóuʒeap naé bʀuɪl ʀé an ʀeaɪ, aʒuʀ naé obaʀi
 báíʀð aóé obaʀi ouine-ʀiʀe éiʒɪn é.

* "lá"="láé," ann ʀo.

I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND.

Pity I am not (*i.e.*, I wish I were) in England,
 In France, or in Spain,
 Or over in the West Indies,
 Where my white love lives,
 And Mary of the tressy *cool*
 Sitting between my two hands,
 And sure I would be coaxing her,
 Until the rise of the white day.

When I lie upon my bed,
 There is no relief to be got,
 And sure there is a stitch in my right side,
 And she has wounded my middle.
 The doctors of the universe,
 And they all to be got—
 My curing is not with all that number,
 But with Mary of the fair *cool*.

It is long I am going
 In search of a woman-of-the-house,
 And image of her I never *saw*
 In town or in country.
 If you were to see the lovely lady
 On the side of the Fairy's Hill,
 A tress of her fair hair,
 And it being violently-forced with the wind.

There is no song in this book more simple than this. It is not like the work of a man who used to practise making poems, and it is more like an English song than an Irish one, for there is not the same co-sound (vowel rhyme) in two or three words in each line as there is in the other old songs; there is no vowel rhyme in this song except at the end of the second and fourth lines, a thing which proves that it cannot be very old, and, that it is not the work of a bard, but of some peasant.

Ἐὶ ρεὸ ἀν δῖτ ὅαν ἀβράνιν βεᾶς νε'η ἐγόρε γευθνα ὅο ἐρη ρίορ.
 βεαν εἰζιν ὅο ἐυξ γράδ ὅο ἐάλλιύρ ὅο ριννε ἑ. ρυαίρ μίρε ὁ
 ῥεαν-ρεαρ, Ὀδιτέαρ στυρηλόξ, ἰ γ-conoαέ ρορcomάιν ἑ, ἀέτ τὰ ἀν
 ρεαρ ο ἁ βρυαίρ μέ οέτ mβλιδῶνα ὁ ροιν ἑ μαρβ ἀνοιρ. Τὰ ρε ἀν-
 τριμπλιθε, ἀγυρζαδ uile ρocal ὁ'ά νουβαιρε μέ ἰ σταοιβ ἀν ἀβράιν
 νειρηονηαιξ ἰρ ρίορ ἑ ἰ σταοιβ ἀν ἀβράιν ρεὸ μαρ ἀν γ-γευθνα.

τὰλλιύρῖν ἀν ευοαιξ.

ράγφαρὸ μέ ἀν βαίλε ρεὸ
 μαρ τὰ ρε γράννα,
 ἀγυρ ραέφαρὸ μέ μο ἐόημυιθε
 ῥο clαῖρ-υι-ῥεαῶρα.
 ἀν δῖτ ἁ βρυιξρεαο ρόξα
 'Ὅμ' ρτόρῖν ἀγυρ γευο ράιλε,
 'Ὅμ' βοξ ἐλαμάινιν (?) βό (?)
 ἀγυρ ρόρφαο λειρ ἀν τὰλλιύρ.

Δ ἐάλλιύρ, ἁ ἐάλλιύρ
 'S ἁ ἐάλλιύρῖν ἀν ευοαιξ,
 νί νειρε λιom μαρ ῥεαρραρ τυ
 'ηά μαρ ἐυμαρ τυ na βρευζα,
 νι τρυιμε λιom βρό ἡμυλιν
 'S ἰ τυιτιμ ἰ loc εἶρη,
 'ηά γράδ βυαν ἀν τὰλλιύρ
 τὰ ἰ mβρολλαδ μο λεινε.

σῆαοιλ μίρε ρέιν
 μαρ ὅο βί μέ γαν εόλαρ
 ῥο mβαιρηινν λιom ὅο λάη
 ἡο ράιννε ἀν ρόρτα,
 ἀγυρ ῥαοιλ μέ 'ηνα ὅιαιξ
 ῥο mβυθ τυ ἀν ρεulte-εόλαρ,
 ἡο βλάτ na ρυξ-εραοῖ
 Διρ ζαδ ταοιβ νε na βόιερῖν'.

* ὁ 'έιοιρ=ὀμ' βοξ ἐλαμάινιν (=colum ὀιξ).

This is the place to put down another little song of the same sort. It was some woman who gave love to a tailor who made it. I got it from an old man, Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, but the man from whom I got it eight years ago is now dead. It is very simple, and every word I said about the last song is true of this one also.

THE TAILOREEN OF THE CLOTH.

I will leave this village
 Because it is ugly,
 And I go to live
 At Cly-O'Gara?
 The place where I will get kisses
 From my treasureen, and a *Céad fáilt*
 From my soft, young little dove,
 And I shall marry the tailor.

Oh, tailor, oh, tailor,
 Oh, tailoreen of the cloth,
 I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)
 Than how you shape the lies;
 Not heavier would I think the quern of a mill,
 And it falling into Loch Erne,
 Than the lasting love of the tailor
 That is in the breast of my shirt.

I thought, myself,
 As I was without knowledge,
 That I would seize your hand with me
 Or the marriage ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge
 Or the blossom of the raspberries
 On each side of the *boreen* (little road)

Τά ceann oe na beupraib reó le págail i n-abhrán eile, aghallam
no cómhád roir buacáill óg oo bí ag págbáil na h-Éireann aghur
mnaoi óis tá ag labairt leir. Deir ré léiti ann ran g-ceo rann
naé bfuil uadain aige áct a flláinte amáin, aghur deir rérin le
gheann óir ir pollaasé go mb'feair leir i v'imteáct uaid. ni
éireveann ríre é aghur coruigeann rí ag clámrán. ag ro é.

τά cailín ós 'sa 'mbaile seó.

(An buacáill).

τά cailín ann ran mbaile reo
'S ir ainm bí-re máire,
Do eus mé ghrád 'ghur taitneadh oi
Tar cailínib na h-áite,
ní'l ór agham, ní 'l aighéao
ná don nio áct mo flláinte,
'S m'á' roga leat fear polam
bíðim aghao aghur páilte.

(An cailín).

Α όγάναις όις
Α bfuil ór-burde ann a pócaib
Go bfeicib mé oo h-allaide
Seala, 'ghur oo cóiride,
Go bfeicib mé do gáirsin
lán oe gac tórad,*
Aghur na ceuocta ag págail báir
le ghrád oo pópta.

ῥαοιλ me réin
mar bí mé gan eólar
Go mbeuprá ðam oo lám
no páinne an pópta,
Aghur íaοιλ mé 'nna déis rin
Go mbuð tu an reult eólar
no bláé na rúg-éradb
air gac taoib oe'n bóirín.

* Recté "τοράδ," ni "τόραδ."

One of these verses is to be found in another song, a dialogue or conversation between a younglad who was leaving Erin and a young woman who is speaking with him. He says to her in the first verse that he has nothing but his health, and he says that in sport, for it is evident that he would prefer her not to go away from him. She does not believe him, and begins to complain. Here it is :—

THERE'S A GIRL IN THIS TOWN.

(THE BOY).

There's a girl in this town,
 And her name it is Maurya,
 I gave her love and liking
 Beyond all the girls of the place.
 I have no gold, I have no silver,
 Nor anything but my health,
 And if an empty man is your choice
 You may have me and welcome.

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 In whose pockets is the yellow gold,
 That I may see your halls
 Bright, and your coaches,
 That I may see your garden
 Full of every fruit,
 And the hundreds dying
 For love of your marrying.

I thought, myself,
 For I was without knowledge,
 That you would give me your hand
 Or the wedding-ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge,
 Or the blossom of the strawberry
 On each side of the boreen.

(An Buaðail).

17 buaðailín boét mé
 Ag fágáil na h-Éireann
 Ag iméadé cum na ffraince
 1 n-airm riú Seumair,
 Óiol mé mo óuíté
 Air éarta oíge géire,
 'S a bean an tige na páirce
 Tabair flucad mo béil dam.

(An Cailín).

A ógánaig óig
 Ófuil an t-ór buíde ann a pólalaid
 Agus an iomaircuid ban óg
 Ag pógaó vo béilín,
 Ná fágad míre an raogal ro
 Tá biotánac breugac
 So n-oilfid mé vo leanabán
 Air bhollac geal mo léine.

Tá píopa binn eile ann a brághmaoio an ráó ceoioa, "neult an eólaio" agus 17 doibinn an ráó é. 17 ag cur 1 g-céill atá ré go mbionn eólaio súbalta agus géir-inntinn meoiaigé go móir, ag an té atá 1 ngráó. Tá an ghráó mar neult, agus tá ré mar neult-eólaio mar geall ar an g-caoi ann a n-oglaio ré ár g-ceoio-íacá, go mbíomio súbalta níor eioioime níor beóda agus géire 'ná biamaio ioime rin. Tuigimio ann rin glóio agus áilleacé an troagail 1 rioce náir tuigeamario ariam go oí rin é. Ag ró an píopa ari ar labraio, adrian nac réioio a íarugad 1 oieangá ar bíe ar a millreacé agus ar a fioir-éaoime.

A ógánaig an cúil éeangailte.

A ógánaig an cúil éeangailte
 Le a raib mé real 1 n-éioeacé
 Cuaio tu 'ríeio, an bealac ro
 'S m'áioig tu vo m'feucáioe.
 Sáoil mé nac noeioiaioe oóeio oioe
 Tá oioeíacá, ár mé o' íarriaio,
 'S gur bí vo póigín éadarioeacé rólaio
 Tá mbeioio 1 lári an íarriaio.

(THE BOY).

I am a poor bohaleen
 A-leaving Ireland,
 Going into France
 In the army of King James.
 I sold my estate
 For a quart of sour drink,
 And, O woman of the house, of the part (*i.e.*, of my love)
 Give me the wetting of my mouth (*i.e.*, a drink).

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 Who has the yellow gold in his pearls,
 And too many young women
 Kissing your small mouth,
 That I may never leave this world
 Which is slanderous and lying
 Until I rear your children
 On the white bosom of my shirt.

There is another melodious piece in which we find the same expression, "star of knowledge," and a lovely expression it is. It is making us understand it is, that there be's double knowledge and greatly increased sharp-sightedness to him who is in love. The love is like a star, and it is like a star of knowledge on account of the way in which it opens our senses, so that we be double more light, more lively and more sharp than we were before. We understand then the glory and the beauty of the world in a way we never understood it until that. Here is the piece of which I spoke, a song which cannot be surpassed in any language for its sweetness and true gentleness.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me,
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy

Dá mbeidéal maoin agham-ra
 Aghur aitheas ann mo póca
 Ueanfainn bóirín aic-ghoiriá
 So uoray tige mo róiín,
 mar fúil le Dia go g-cluinnfinn-ge
 Torann binn a bóiige,
 'S i' r'ao an lá ann a' coisil mé
 ácc agh fúil le bla' ro póige.

A' r'aoil me a róiín
 So mbuð gealac aghur ghian tu,
 A' r'aoil mé 'nna óiaí' rín
 So mbuð rneacca a' an t'riab tu,
 A' r'aoil mé 'nn a óiaí' rín
 So mbuð lóirann o Dia tu,
 no gur ab tu an neult-eólaí' r
 agh uil nóiam a' r' mo óiaí' tu.

Géall tu ríosa 'r raitin dam
 callaíde* 'r b'róga ársa,
 a' r' géall tu tar éir rín
 So leanra' t'ro an t'rián mé.
 ni mar rín atá mé
 ácc mo rgeac i mbeul beanna,
 sac nóim a' r' sac maiuin
 agh feúcaint tige m' átar.

Agh ro abrán rí-ríilí' eile tá coirín le píora a' Óiaíge murhan
 tá r' coirín binn rín, ácc c'riuin gur abrán connacac é. Tá an
 ráó rín "neult an eólaí' r" ann r' an b'píora ro mar an g-ceudna.
 i' r' ollarac go b'fúil r' b'ripte ruar go mói aghur nac b'fúil an t-
 iomlán ann.

* r'óte r'gáile no cáir, c'riuin.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that, you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.*

Here is another truly sweet song, which is like a piece out of Munster, it is so melodious, but I believe it is a Connacht song. The expression "star of knowledge" is in this piece also. It is evidently greatly broken up, and the whole not in it.

*Literally. O youth of the bound back hair, With whom I was once together
 You went by this way last night, And you did not come to see me. I thought
 no harm would be done you If you were to come and to ask for me, And sure it
 is your little kiss would give comfort. If I were in the midst of a fever.

If I had wealth And silver in my pocket, I would make a handy boreen To
 the door of the house of my storeen ; Hoping to God that I might hear The melo-
 quious sound of his shoe, And long (since) is the day on which I slept, But (ever),
 hoping for the taste of his kiss.

And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought
 after that, That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That
 you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going be-
 fore me and after me.

an mair̃vean óg.

oá mbeib' áicneab̃ aḡam f̃éin
no ḡabálcar a' r̃éim
caoiriḡ b̃neág' b̃ána
ar̃ áro-énoc no r̃léib,
sláinte aḡur méin
aḡur ḡráb̃ ceap̃e o'á r̃éim
beib̃inn-re 'r̃ mo ḡráb̃ ḡeal
ḡo r̃áiñ ann ran t̃raḡḡal.

tá mair̃vean óg 'ran t̃r̃
's ir̃ r̃éalc̃an eólar̃ í,
ḡriañ b̃neág' ar̃ bóro f̃
a' r̃ t̃oḡa ve na mñáib̃*
a cum f̃aosa b̃neág'
's a cúilín c̃raḡaḡ b̃án
s ḡaḡ al̃c léi ar̃ lúḡ-éir̃é
o búcla ḡo b̃raḡaro.

oá mbeib̃inn-re 'r̃ mo r̃án
ar̃ éoil̃l aḡ buaiñ c̃nó
no ar̃ [ḡaoib̃] lir̃ín aoib̃inn
's ḡan oíoianñ oír̃ainñ aḡḡ ceó,
beib̃eab̃ mo éroib̃e-re o'á b̃neág̃ab̃
le oíog̃nar̃ o'á r̃óig̃
's ḡur̃ b'ḡ ḡráb̃ ceap̃e oo élaib̃ m̃a
's oo f̃íor̃-r̃ḡair̃ mo f̃nóḡ.

oá mbeib̃inn-re 'r̃ mo ḡráb̃
ar̃ éaoib̃ énuic no b̃áiñ
's ḡan f̃eóir̃l̃inḡ anñ ar̃ b̃p̃óca
ñá lón cum na r̃l̃iḡe,
beib̃' mo f̃úil-re le (r̃f̃or̃c
le ar̃ noḡḡaiñt̃ ḡan moíll̃
a' r̃ ḡo ooḡḡar̃ mo r̃t̃óir̃ ḡeal
an b̃r̃ón ro ve m' éroib̃e.

* "t̃oḡa ḡaḡ oíḡf̃ir̃ í," ran m̃s., aḡḡ tá ruo éir̃iñ am̃úḡa 'ran beup̃ra ro.

† "ḡo b̃raḡmaoir̃ ar̃ noḡḡaiñ ḡan moíll̃" ran m̃s.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

If I had a dwelling to myself,
 Or a holding and position,
 Fine white sheep
 On high hill or mountain,
 Health and beauty,
 And right love accordingly,
 I and my bright love would be
 Quietly off in the world.

There is a young maiden in the land,
 And she is a star of knowledge,
 A splendid sun at table she is,
 And a choice one of women ;
 Her form long and fine,
 Her cooleen shaking, fair,
 And every joint with her in an agile-quivering,
 From her huckles to her neck.

If I and my secret love were to be
 At the wood gathering nuts,
 Or on the side of a pleasant lis (rath or moat),
 With no shelter over us but mist,
 My heart would be pining
 With affection for her kiss,
 And sure it was right love destroyed me,
 And truly-scattered my complexion.

If I and my love were
 On the side of a hill or a waste (?),
 Without a farthing in our pocket
 Or provisions for the way,
 My hope would be with Christ
 That we would get plenty without delay,
 And that my bright treasure would lift
 This grief off my heart.

ՍՃ մեծօրնն-բե 'ր մօ չիսծ

Շօր տօրօե ու շիւղ

'Տ չան ձօն ռեւծ եւծ 'նն ձր օւմեւօլլ

Ձն օւծե քաւս, 'ր լձ ;

Սօ եւծօրնն-բե ձչ օմիքսծ

Լե ռեւիւծ ան ճիւլ եւան

Իր Լիւմ-քա 'բսծ հ-ձօրօրնն

Եւեծ ձչ օմեւօւեւծ մօ չիսծ.

Ձեւ ու մեքսիւմ չօ քիւլ ձօն ձերան չիսծ ուօր Լեւեւիւցե ար
քսօ նա շիւք ձչօր ուօր օւմեւօրնն Ի մեւս նա քեւն ձօրնե 'նձ ան
ձն ձօ քիւնն Եօմար Լիւօրի Եօրօեւա (նօ Եօրօեւա եւծ մար ձեւ
ան Ե-ձիւմ քիւօրեւ չօ միւն) օր օրնն ան ճիւլն մի-ձգիւմիւլ քիւ-
միւլ . Դ. Մնա ու Եօրօեւա ձ'ձ օւք թե չիսծ. Ու քիւլ ձօն քար Ի
ն-ճիւմն Լե նա Լիւն քսծ մօ ռեւս ձչօր Լիւ 'նձ ան Եօմար քօ,
ձչօր քիւն է ան քեւ քօ Ի քիւլս քեւ Ի Լեւ-ձիւմ, Եօմար Լիւօրի. Ու
քիւլեւծ նա քեւսքիւլե քիւլս քիւլքեւծ ձչ իւնքիւլ քիւլս քիւլքեւծ
ձ'ձ ճօր. միւլ քեւ Ի ն-ձիւմն ան Եօրօ Եօրօլս, քօլս, ձչօր
քիւ Ի Լն քեւմն ձչ Ի միւնքիւլ, ձեւ քար էր Երօմիւլ ձօ ճեւծ չօ
հ-ճիւմն ճիւլ քեւ ան ճիւլ քսծ մօ ճիւլ, ձչօր ճիւլ քիւ Ի քիւլն նա
նՅօլն Ի ք-օնօւլ Տիւլ ձչօր Ի ք-օնօւլ միւլ-եւծ. Սօ քիւ ան
Եօմար Լիւօրի ճօմ քեւ քիւն չօ մեւքքսծ քեւ քիւ քօմաւ քիւ քիւ-
քսն, նաւ քիւլ քիւլս քիւ քիւլս, ձչօր քիւ քեւ ճօմ Լիւօրի քիւն չօ ք-
օնքիւլեւծ քեւ է չան Լեւքան ձօ իւլեւծ ճօմ միւն ձչօր քեւքսծ
քեւ քիւլս քիւ Ի միւլս. Սօ քիւ քսծ քիւ քեւ քեւ ան ճիւլ քիւլս մօր
քօ քիւնն քեւ. Ուսքիւլ քիւ քեւ 'նն քեւքսծ ձչ քիւլ, քիւլս քեւ
քիւլսն ձչօր քեւ ձօր, ճիւլս քիւլքեւծ չօ քիւ ան քիւլ-մօր
Տիւլքեւծ, ձչօր ճիւլ քեւ քիւլսն քօ ան քիւ քիւ քսծ, ձչ քիւլսն քիւ
Ի քեւքսծ ձչ քիւլքեւծ ու ձչ քիւլսն քիւլ. 'Տ է ան չիսծ քօ քիւ
քօ ան Ե-ձիւմ քիւ, քիւ քեւքիւլս ձօն ճեւքսծ քիւլքեւծ ձչ քիւլքեւծ
քեւն քիւլս քիւ ան քիւլքեւծ քիւն ճօքքսծ ձչօր ճօքքսծ ու չօ
քիւլքեւծ քիւ քար էլ Ի քիւլքեւծ է ձչ քիւլքեւծ.

Տիւլս ան Լձ ան քիւ ճիւլսն ան օնօւլս քիւ չօ Տիւլքեւծ Լե քիւ-
քիւլս ան քիւլս ձօն քիւ Ի քեւքսծ ձչ քիւլքեւծ քիւլսն քիւլքեւծ,
ձչօր քիւ քեւքիւլքեւծ քիւլս ան Եօրօեւա ձչ քիւլս ան քիւ ան ք-
քսն. Ս' քիւլս Եօմար քիւ Լեւքան ձօ քիւլս քիւլս, ձչօր քար էր
քիւլքեւծ քօն քիւլս քեւ քօ. Ուսքիւլ ճիւլքսծ չօ Տիւլքեւծ քիւ նա
քիւլքեւծ ան քիւլս, ձչօր ճիւլս քիւլս քիւլս ան քիւլքեւծ ու քիւ ան
քիւլքեւծ 'նձ Ի քիւլս ան քիւլքեւծ. Տեւ քիւլս ձօնն քօ քիւլս ձչ
քիւլքեւծ քիւլս, քիւլքեւծ քեւ ձ'ձ Լեւքսծ, ձչօր ձ'ձ ճեւքսծ քիւ ան
քեւմն, ձչօր ու քիւլս քար քիւ քիւ իւնքսն քարսն 'նն ձչօր.
Յօնքսն քօլքեւքսն ան Եօրօեւա ձչ Եօմար ձչ քիւլքեւծ ձչօր

If I and my love were
 Beside the tide or the shore
 Without anyone alive around us,
 And the long night and the day
 I would be conversing
 With Nelly of the fair cool,
 It's I who would think it pleasant
 To be accompanying my love.

But I do not think that there is any love song more widely spread throughout the country and more common in the mouth of the people than the poem which Tumaus Loidher (strong Thomas) Costello, or Coisdealbhach (foot-shaped ?), as the name is often written, composed over the unfortunate and handsome girl Una MacDermott, to whom he had given love. There was no man in Ireland in his time of greater strength and activity than this Tumaus, and that was why he got his nick-name of Tumaus Loidher. The Shanachies used never to be tired of telling wonderful stories about him. He lived in the time of Charles II, I think, and his people had much land, but after Cromwell's coming to Ireland they lost the greater portion of it, and it came into the possession of the Dillons in the counties Sligo and Mayo. This Tumaus Loidher was that quick that he would overtake a three-year-old colt that never had been bridled, and he was that strong that as often as ever he got a hold of his mane he would hold him, without allowing him to get away. They say that this was the first great deed that he performed : When he was a boy growing up, about seventeen years of age, there came a champion or bully to the town of Sligo, and he put a challenge under (*i.e.* challenged) the whole county, looking for a man who would go to wrestle or contend with him. The custom which they had at that time was, that the city into which a champion of this sort would come, was obliged to support and maintain the champion until they could find another man who would beat him at wrestling.

The day came when the whole county gathered together to Sligo to see was there any man who would go wrestling with the champion, and Costello's father's brother was going there likewise. Tumaus asked him to allow him to go with him, and after long entreaty he gave him leave. When they came to Sligo there were multitudes there before them, and they went out on the lawn or meadow where the champion was. Everyone who was going wrestling with him he used to be throwing him and hurling him on the ground, and there was no man able to stand before him. Young Costello's uncle saw

αι η βρωτε. “Εαο τά ορε;” αη ρε. “Όηα,” αη ρε, “Λεγ οαη, Λεγ οαη, ουλ ας κορυγδεατ Λερεαη.” “Ααηαοάηη ηόηη,” αηη αη αολαεαταη Λεη, “εαο έ ρηη τά αη ηάο? αη ηαηε Λεαα ζο ηαηηβόεαο αη ηαηηγνδεατ εα.” “ηη ηαηηβόεαη ρε ηε,” αηη αη ηαεαηηλ, “ηη λάηηηη ηηηε ηά εηηεαη.” “Λεγ οαη οο ηηγεαεα λάηηηηηεαο,” αηη αη ηεαη-ηεαη. Σηη αοηάη αηαε ιαο αςηη βη ηα ηεηεαεα ηη ιοηηηα εοηη ηεαηη αςηη εοηη εηαηο Λε ιαηηαηη. Οηη αη ηαεαηηλ ας εηη ηηηηδε αηη αη α-ηεαη-ηεαη αςηη ας ηοηη-ιαηηηαηο εαο αηη, ζο ηαηη ηε ηάηηηε ηαοη ηεηηε αςηη εηη ρε εαο οό ουλ ας εηοηο Λεη αη ηαηηγνδεατ. ηη ηαηη αοη ηεαη εηη ας ηεαετ αη α-αη ηηη, όηη βη ηαο ηηηε ηαηητε ας αη ηαηηγνδεαο αη ηεαο οο εαηο ας κορυγδεατ Λεη, αςηη βη ηαηεαηο αηη ηα ηαοηηηο ηηηε. Σεαη αηαε αη αοηηαεαηε αηη ηηη αςηη οαηαηηε ρε, “ηαεαηο ηηηε ας ηηάηηηη Λεατ.” ηηηη αη ηαηηγνδεατ ηάηηη ηαηη εοηηαηηε ρε αη ηαηηηη ός ουλ αηαε Λεη αςηη οαηαηηε ρε, “ηά τά αη εηοηα α ηάηηηη ηη,” αη ρε, “ηαηηαηο αη ηαηη α ηηηη αη; αςηη ηη εηηαηηο αη ας εηοηο ηηοη-ηα.” “Οεηηαηο ηε ηο ηηεαηοηη Λεατ, αη ηόο αη ηηε,” αη αοηάη.

ηη αηηαηο ηαο ηηαε Λεό κορυγδεατ οο ηεηηαηη αη εηαε ηηη, εηοηη ηο ηεηε Λεαταηη οο εεαηηαηε αηοαηοηη εηηη αη οά ηεαη, αςηη ηηηηηη οο εαηαηηε οο ηαε ηεαη αη εηοηη αη ηηη εηη, αςηη ηαηηη ηεηεαο ηαο ηεηο αςηη ηαηηη ηεαηηαηε αη ηααλ οόηη, εοηόεαο ηαο ας κορυγδεατ. ηαηη εοηηαηηε αη ηηας ηόηη οο βη εηηηηηηε αηη ηηη αη εηοηη ας ουλ αηη αοηάη ός οο ηηαοο ηαο αηαε ηαη Λεηγεαη οό ουλ ας εηοηο, όηη βη ηαηεαηο οηηα ζο ηαηηηαηε ε, ηαηη οο ηαηη αη ηαηηγνδεατ ηο εηηη ηαηε ηαοηηη ηηηη ηηη, αςηη ηάοηη ηαο ηηηε ηαε ηαηη κοηηηηηεατ αη ηηε ζο ηαηηηαο ηαεαηηλ ηος ός ηαηη αοηάη α αηαη ηαηο. αετ ηηοη ηαηε Λε αοηάη εηηηεατ Λεό, ηαηη ηοεηηε ρε ηεηη ζο ηαηη ρε ηηοη λάηηηη ηά ηαοηη ηα ηαοηη. Όη αη ηεαη-αολαεαταη ας ηεητε ηεόηη ηαηηη εοηηαηηε ρε ηαε ηαηη αοη ηαηε οό ηεηε ας εαηηε Λεη.

Εαηο αη εηοηη Λεαταηη αηη αηη ηηη, αςηη ηαηηη αη ηαηηγνδεατ ηηηηη ηαηηγεαη αηη, αςηη ηαηηη ηεηηεαη ηηηηη ηαηε αηη εηοηη α ηάηηαηο. ηεαο οηηηεαο ηόηη αηη ηηη οο εοηηεαο αη α εεηηε. ηαηηη ηαηηη ρε αη ηααλ εαηηαηηε αοηάη α οά λάηηηη οο βη ηηηεαηηηε ηηηηηη α ηάηηαηο, αηηεαε εηηγε ηεηη ζο η-οβαηη, αετ ηηοη εηηη αη ηαηηγνδεατ εοηη αη ηεηη. ηαηηη αοηάη ηάηηηός αηη αςηη εηη ηε αη ηαηη ηάηηεαο οό αετ ηηοη εοηηηηε αη ηάηηαηο. “Α εολαεαταη οήηη,” αη αοηάη, “εαο τά αη αη ηηεαη ηο ηαε ηηηηη ρε ας κορυγδεατ ηηοη, ηηαοηη οήοη ε ζο ηηεαηηηο.”

Tumaus quivering and boiling. "What's on you?" (What's the matter with you?) says he. "Ora," says he, "let me go to wrestle with him." "You great fool," says the uncle to him, "what's that you're saying? Do you want the champion to kill you?" "He won't kill me," says the lad; "I am stronger than he." "Let me feel your arms," says the old man. Tumaus stretched them out, and the muscles that were in them were as firm and hard as iron. The lad was beseeching the old man, and asking permission of him until he was tired at last, and gave him permission to go fight with the champion. There was no other man coming forward at this time, for the champion had beaten them all, as many as went wrestling with him, and the other people were afraid. Costello stood out then and said, "I'll go wrestling with you." The champion laughed when he saw the young gossoon going out against him, and he said, "If you're wise, little gossoon, you will stay where you are, and you won't come fighting with me." "I'll do my best with you, anyhow," says Tumaus.

Now this was the way it was customary with them to make a wrestling at this time; that was, to bind a girdle or belt of leather round about the body of the two men, and to give each man of them a hold on the other man's belt, and when they would be ready and the word would be given them they would begin wrestling. When the great multitude saw the belt going on young Tumaus, they cried out not to let him go fight, for they were afraid he would be killed, for this champion killed a good many people before that, and they thought there was no likelihood that a soft young boy like Tumaus would bring his life away from him; but Tumaus would not listen to them, for he felt himself that he was stronger than the people thought. The old uncle was shedding tears when he saw that it was no good for him to be talking to him.

The leather belt went on him then, and the champion got a firm hold of it, and he got a good hold of his enemy's belt. The order was then given them to begin on one another. When he got the word Tumaus suddenly drew in his two hands that were fastened in his enemy's belt towards himself, but the champion never put a stir out of himself. Tumaus got a leverage on him and gave him the second squeeze, but the enemy did not stir. "Dear uncle," said Tumaus, "what's on this man that he is not wrestling with me; loose him from me till we see?" Then the people came

up and they loosed the hands of the champion from the belt where they were fastened, and on the spot the man fell back, and he cold dead; his back-bone had been broken with the first squeeze that Tumaus gave him.

That was the first hero-feat that Tumaus ever performed, and he himself understood then that he was stronger than other people. A smith bet with him one day that he would make four horse-shoes which he would neither bend nor straighten, but that he must put the four shoes together when trying to bend them. What did the smith do but put steel into them in place of iron. Tumaus came, and he took the shoes in his hand, and he gave them a squeeze; but he never stirred them. He gave them the second squeeze, but there was no good for him in it. "By my hand, then," says he, "it's well you made them. I must take off my cotamore (great coat) to it." He threw the cotamore off him and he gave them the third tightening, but he could not bend them, because it was steel was in it; however, he made pieces of them in his two hands as if they were glass. The smith was standing at the door, as he was afraid that the shoes might break, although it was an impossibility, as it seemed to him; but as soon as he saw them breaking, out with him, and he pulled the door after him. Then Costello took a flame of wrath when he saw the trick the smith played him, and he turned round and hurled the pieces of steel that were in his hand out after the smith, and he flung them with such strength that he drove them out like bullets through the door.

The old people have, or they had fifteen years ago, so many stories about the adventures and deeds of Tumaus Loidher, that were I to begin on them, and were I able to tell them as I heard them, I would never cease telling of them, and for that reason I shall only speak here of the occasion on which he composed the poem I am about to give on Una* MacDermott.

Una gave him love, and he gave love to Una. The Costello was not rich, but MacDermott had much riches and land, and he ordered his daughter Una not to be talking or conversing with Tumaus Loidher, because he never would allow her to marry him. There was another man in it who was richer than the Costello, and he desired that she should marry this man. When he thought, at last, that his daughter's will was sufficiently broken and bent by him, he made a great collation, or feast, and sent an invitation to the gentlemen of the whole

* Una is pronounced "Oona" not "Yewna" as so many people now call it. This beautiful native name is now seldom heard, but it is absurdly Anglicised "Wyny" in Rescommon, and in some places "Winny."

uairle an dóntaé uile, agus bí Tomás Láioir 'nna meafg. Nuair bí an uinéal criochnuigthe éoruití ríad ag ól pláinteas agus vubairt mac Diarmada le na ingin, "feaf rúar," ar ré, "agus ól pláinte ar an té rin ir feair leat ann ran g-cuirteas ro," mar fáoil ré go n-ólfaó bí pláinte ar an bfeaf raitóir rin do bí leagta amad aige mar éile bí.* Glac ríre an glaine, agus feaf rí rúar, agus o'ól rí deó ar Tomás Láioir Coirteala. Nuair connairc an t-ádaí i ag veunam rin éainig feafg air agus buail ré buille boire ar a leit-cinn. Bhí náire uirí-re, agus éainig deóra ann a rúilib, áct bí rí ro áirí-inntinneas le leigean do na daoinib feicrinc go raib rí ag sol faoi an mbuille eus an t-ádaí bí, agus éóg rí borca rímaoirin agus éur rí ríuibín dé 'nna ríóin, ag leigean uirí ríur b' é an rímaoirin Láioir do baín na deóra bí. O'fág Tomás Láioir an reomra ar an móimro. Ir i staob an nro a éarla ann rin a vubairt ré an ríann ro amearg móráin eile.

naé lágac a vubairt ráirte na ngeal-éioé é,
 ag fárgas a dá láim 'r ag mínuas a méar,
 ag cur ríag air an ábhar agus i bpeín,
 a' r cneas cráirte air ! buó Láioir an rímaoirín é.

Buailas uína nic Diarmada cinn 'nna áiaig rin, leir an ngráó do eus rí óó, agus ní raib rí ag fágaíl biríg ar bit ná leigir ó don ruo, agus bí rí com dona rin faoi veiréas náir feus rí a leabais o'fágabáil. Ann rin agus ní go vci rin, eus mac Diarmada ceas bí an Coirtealaé do glaoas éurí réin. Chuir uína ríor air agus éainig ré, agus éreóruig rías go vci reomra uína é, agus éainig a h-anam air éurí le rárgas inntinne nuair connairc rí air é. Rinne an lúrgáir do bí uirí faoi n-a feicrinc an oiréas rin de máic bí, gur éur rí faoi veiréas ann a coblas ráim rocair, an ceus coblas ríur rí le míorab, agus eiréan 'nna ríur coir na leapéan agus ríre ag congabáil a láime-rean ann a láim-re réin. Súr ré ann rin ar reas camail máic, áct mar naé raib ríre ag vuirígas agus mar bí leirg air veit ag rínamáin ann rin, rígaóil ré a láim-ran ar a láim-re, agus éur ré amad ar an t-reomra agus ríor na ríaróiré. Ní bfuair ré vaine ar bit ann ran ceas, agus bí náire air o'fínamáin ann leir réin. Glaoé ré ar a fearbórganta vialaíre do éur ar na caplaib, agus do veit ag

* Feud an ríreagas críona eus ingean eile nuair éur an t-ádaí an ruo ceusna o'fíadab uirí, ann mo leabair Sgeulú fíeas, l. 153.

county, and Tumaus Loidher was among them. When the dinner was finished they began drinking healths, and MacDermott said to his daughter: "Stand up and drink the health of that person whom you like best in this company," because he thought she would drink the health of that wealthy man he had laid out for her as a consort.* She took the glass and stood up, and drank a drink on Tumaus Loidher Costello. When the father saw her doing that anger came upon him, and he struck her a blow of his palm on the side of the head. She was ashamed, and tears came into her eyes, but she was too high-spirited to let the people see that she was crying at the blow her father gave her, and she lifted a snuff-box and put a pinch of it to her nose, letting on that it was the strong snuff that knocked the tears out of her. Tumaus Loidher left the room upon the spot. It was anent the occurrence that happened there, that he spake this rann amongst many others—

Is it not courteously the child of the white breasts said it,
 Wringing her two hands and smoothing her fingers,
 Putting a shadow upon the reason, and she in pain,
 And bitter destruction on it! it was a strong snuff.

After that Una MacDermott was stricken sick with the love she gave him, and she was getting no relief or cure at all from anything, and she was so bad at last that she was not able to leave her bed. Then, and not till then, MacDermott gave her leave to call to herself the Costello. Una sent for him, and he came, and they guided him to Una's chamber, and her soul came again to her with satisfaction of mind when she saw him. The joy that was on her at seeing him did her so much good that she at last fell into a pleasant quiet sleep, the first sleep she had got for months, and he sitting beside her bed, and she holding his hand in her own hand. He sat there for a good while, but as she was not awaking and as he was loath to be remaining there, he loosed his hand out of her hand, and went out of the room and down the stairs. He found nobody at all in the house, and he was ashamed to remain in it by himself. He called to his servant to saddle the horse and be going. He then got on his horse and rode slowly, slowly, from the house, thinking every moment that he would be sent for, and that they would ask him to return; accordingly, he

* See the clever answer of the girl who was desired by her father to do the same thing, in my *Leabhar Sgeuligheachta*, p. 153.

remained near the house, but there was no messenger coming to call him back. His servant was tired waiting for him to go on, and he thought it long the time that his master was riding without going far from the house. He began to say to his master that MacDermott's people were only humbugging him, and he put it into his head that they were doing an act of treachery on him. Costello did not at first believe that it was so, but when no one was coming to him, while the servant kept continually putting this suspicion into his head, he began, himself, to believe it, and took his vow and oath by God and Mary that he would never again turn back and never speak a word to Una or one of MacDermott's people unless he should be called back before he went across the ford of the little river, the Donogue. When he did go into the river he would not go across it, and he remained in the water for half an hour or more, ever hoping that a messenger might come after him. Then the servant began to revile him: "I think it a great wonder," he said, "for a gentleman like you to be cooling in this water for any woman at all in the great world; is it not small your pride, to endure a disgrace like that?" "That's true for you," said the Costello, and he drove his horse up upon the bank. Scarcely was he up on the dry ground when there came a messenger after him in a full run from Una, calling to him to come back to her quickly; but the Costello would not break his vow, and he did not return. After Costello's going from her, Una did not awake for an exceedingly long time. On awaking of her at last, airy and light, the first thing she did was to send for the Costello, but he was gone. She frightened at that, and sent a messenger after him, but the messenger did not come up with him in time. Costello took then a flame of anger and struck a fist upon the servant who gave him the bad advice, so that he killed him of that blow.

It was not long after this that grief and melancholy preyed so much upon Una that she withered away and found death. Nothing at all that was on the world could give any comfort to the Costello after that. Una was buried in a little island in the middle of Lough Cé, and Costello came to the brink of the lake the night after her burial and swam out to the island, and threw himself down upon her grave, and put the night past, watching and weeping over her

ur a cionn. Rianne ré an puo ceoimha an bapa oíche. Éainis ré an
cniomháb oíche agus tubairt ré or cionn na h-uaisge mar éalair
mire é.

a úna bán ir ghránna an luirde rin or
ar leabair caol áro amearg na mílte corp
muna uagaid tu ráib* (?) orim a rúio-bean bí riath gan loct,
ní tiucraib mé éum na h-áite reó go brát áct ariér ir anoct.

no mar fuair mé an ceatáin ró i láim-rgrubinn úro-rgrubóca,
an t-aon éann amáin ann a bfuairéar ariam é,

a úna bán ir ghránna an luirde rin or
ar leabair caol áro, láim leir na mílte corp
muna uagaid tu vo lám uam a rúio-bean nac nvearriar olo
ní feucruigear mo rúáile ar an tgráio reó coiré 'áct anoct.

ni luaithe tubairt ré rin 'ná moctuis ré úna ag éirige fuar agus
ag bualaib boire éurpome ar a leicinn, agus éalair ré sué mar
sué úna ag ráib leir "na tarruag,"† agus oiméig ré go rára ann
rin gan rillead go brát.

Ói an cuio eile ve beaca tómar láoir coim h-ionganac leir
an rgeul ro, agus vo bíbead an oiréar rgeul ag na rean uoimib
i g-conuac rorcomáin agus i g-conuac Slisig o'á éaoib agus éong-
bócaib uime ag éirteact leó ar reab oíche iomláine áct níor éruin-
nig mé iao uile nuair o'feurpáinn agus anoir ni éig liom a brágail.
fuair ré bér faoi úeiréad. Ói fear ve na Ruabánuib agus géal
na Ofolúnaisg uair vo o'á marbáb ré é. agus rúoail ré peiléar
leir o éúil cruaidé móna agus mairb ré é. Uhi ré 'nna luirde ar
reab tpi lá ar an talam gan uime ar bié le na éógbáil mar bí
raicéior ar na uoimib roime. Mar géal ar an ngníom rin ni
leirreab na Coirrealaig vo éainis 'nna úiaig aon fear o'á' b'áinn
Ruabán beir 'nna cóimuirde ar a nuúitche-rean. áct veir cuio eile
sur b'é a úearbrádair-rean Dubáitac Caoé vo fuair bér mar ro.

Úearraib mé anoir na ceatráinna vo rinne an Coirrealaic ar
úna nic úiaruata, mar éalair mé iao o mórán uoime. Veir
na uoime-tipe sur i g-"cruab-gaebeilge," atá ríao, agus nac

* "ráib," no "ráir," ir éreó an rocal éalair mé ó gae uile
uime a raib an rann ro aige, agus iao a b'ao ó éáile, tpi ríde
míle ó éáile, áct ni éuigim cau é an éall oé.

†=na tarru.

head. He did the same thing the second night; he came the third night and spake above her grave, as I heard it—

“O fair-haired Una, ugly is the lying that is upon you,
On a bed narrow and high among the thousand corpses,
If you do not come and give me a token (?), O stately woman, who
was ever without a fault,
I shall not come to this place for ever, but last night and to-night.”

Or, as I found this stanza in a very ill-written manuscript, the only one in which I ever did find it:

“Unless thou givest me thy hand, O stately woman who did no
evil,
My shadow shall not be seen upon this street for ever but to-
night.”

No sooner did he say that than he felt Una rising up, and striking a light blow of her palm upon his cheek, and he heard a voice like Una's, saying, “Come not,” and he then departed satisfied, without returning for ever.

The rest of the life of Tommas Loidher was as wonderful as this story, and the old people in the Counties Roscommon and Sligo used to have as many stories about him as would keep a person listening to them for an entire night, but I did not collect them all when I was able, and now I cannot find them. He found death at last. There was a man of the Ruanes, and the Dillons promised him a reward if he would kill him, and he loosed a bullet at him from behind a turf clamp and killed him. He was lying for three days on the ground without any person to take him up, for they were afraid of him. On account of this deed the Costellos who came after him would not allow any man of the name of Ruane to live on their estate. But some say that it was his brother, Docaltagh, or Dudley, the dim-eyed, who died in this manner.

I shall now give the stanzas which the Costello made about Una MacDermott as I heard them from many people. The country people say that they are in “cramp-Irish,” and that there was never yet found a piper or a fiddler to play them on the pipes or the fiddle! There are a great many stanzas in the poem, but I never got the

ρυσσὰς ἀὼν πύοβαιρε νὰ ἀὼν θεύλεσσοίη πόρ ο'φουρσὰς ἃ ρειννῃ
 ἀρ ἃ πύοβαίς νὰ ἀρ ἃ φῶιλ! τὰ ἃ λάν σεαῖραῖα ἀνν ραν τὰν ἀέτ
 νι ἔρσαιρ μέ ἀν τ-ιὼμλάν ἀσα, νὰ ἀν λεαῖ. Οὐαλαῖς μέ νὰ ργευετα
 ρο ἀρ ῥομάρ λάιοιρ ο ῤεumar Ο h-αιρ, ὁ ὀάιτεαρ στυρλόγ, —τὰ
 ἀν βειρετ ἀσα μαρῖς ἀνοιρ—ἀγυρ ο ἡάριταιν Ο βραονάιν ἰ γ-constaé
 ρορcomáιν, ἀέτ ρυαίρ μέ κυρ το νὰ σεαῖραῖα ναιῖς ο φεαρ ἰ n-οιλεάν
 ἀσαίλλ, νὰρ ἐυαλαῖς εαιρε ἀριαῖν ἀρ ῥομάρ λάιοιρ.

ἡυαίρ ρυαίρ ρέ βάρ κυρσὰς ἔ, μαρ ο'ορσους ρέ ρέιν, ἀνν ραν
 ροίλιγ ἀγυρ ἀνν ραν οίλεάν σευσνα ἀνν ἀρ κυρσὰς ῥίνα, ἀγυρ
 ο'φάρ ερῃαν ρυινηρεόιγε ἀρ υαίγ ῥίνα ἀγυρ ερῃαν εἰλε ἀρ υαίγ
 ῥομάίρ, ἀγυρ το ἐλαον ριὰς τὰ ἐεἰλε, ἀγυρ νιορ ργυρσὰς ο'ἃ
 βφάρ γυρ εαρὰς ἀγυρ γυρ λύβαδ ἀν τὰ βάρρ ἀρ ἃ ἐεἰλε ἰ μεαδον
 νὰ ροίλιγε, ἀγυρ δυβαίρε τδοινη το ἐονναιρε ἰαο, γο ραίς ριὰς
 ἀνν ρη πόρ, ἀέτ βῖ μῖρε ἀρ ἔρυσὰς λοῖα ἐέ γο τείγεανὰς ἀγυρ νιορ
 φευο μέ ἃ βρείρρητ, ἀέτ νι ραβαρ ἀρ ἀν οίλεάν.

ῥίνα βῆάν.

ἃ ῥίνα βάν, ἃ βλάιτ νὰ νολαοῖς ὀμπα
 ἀτά 'ρῖρ το βάρ το βάρρ ορὸς-ἐόμῃρλε,
 ρευέ ἃ γράδ, εἰα ἀσα β'φεαρρ το'ν τὰ ἐόμῃρλε
 ἃ εἰν ἰ γ-εἰαβάν 'ρ μέ ἰ n-ἀέ νὰ τ'ονόιγε.

ἃ ῥίνα βάν ο'φάγβυοῖς τυ μέ ἰ μβρὸν εαρτα,
 ἀγυρ εἰα β'ἄιλ λεατ βεἰτ ερᾶέτ ἀρ γο τοῦ φεαρτα,
 εἰνίλιν ράιννεαδ ἀρ ἀρ φάρ ρυαρ ἀν τ-ὀρ λεαῖτᾶ
 ἀ'ρ γο μβφεαρρ λιὼν ἀρ λάιη λεατ 'νὰ ἀν γλῶρη ρλαίτιρ.

ἃ ῥίνα βάν, ἀρ ρεἰρεαν, νὰ γ-εγρῃαῖν (?) εαμ
 'S ἀν τὰ ρῖιλ ἀγὰς βυθ εἰνίνη ο'ἃ νουεαῖς ἰ γ-σεανν,
 ἃ βεἰλιν ἀν ερῖερα, μαρ λεαῖνναέτ μαρ φῖον 'ρ μαρ βεόιρ,
 ἀγυρ ἃ ἐορ ὀεαρ λῦεῖμαρ ἰρ τυ ρῖνβαλρὰς γαν ρῖαν ἰ μβρῶιγ.

ἃ ῥίνα βάν, μαρ πόρ ἰ ηγᾶιρσῖν ἐυ,
 'S βυθ εἰννλεόιρ ὀιρ ἀρ βόρτο νὰ βαῖνρῖογαν' ἐυ,
 βυθ ἐεἰλεαδαιρ ἀγυρ βυθ ἐεἰλῃμαρ ἀγ γαβαἰλ ἀν βεαλαίγ ρεῶ ρό-
 ῖμαμ ἐυ,
 ἀγυρ 'ρῖε μο ἐρεαδ-ῃαἰνη βρῶναδ νὰρ πόρὰς λε το εὐβ-γρᾶδ ἐυ.

ἃ ῥίνα βάν ἰρ τυ το ἡεαρῖιγ μο εἰαίλλ
 ἃ ῥίνα ἰρ τυ εἰαῖς γο ὀλῦε ἰοιρ μέ 'γυρ Ὀια,
 ἃ ῥίνα, ἃ ἐραεῖς ἐύβαρτα, ἃ λῖνβῖν εαρτα νὰ γ-εἰαβ,
 νὰρ β'φεαρρ τὰμ-ρα βεἰτ γαν ρῖνλῖς νὰ ο'φειρεαἰλ ἀριαῖν.

whole of them or the half. I heard these stories about Toraus Loidher from Shamus O'Hart, from Walter Scurlogue (or Sherlock), both of them dead now, and from Martin O'Brennan, or Brannan, in the County Roscommon, but I got some of the verses from a man in the island of Achill who had never heard any talk about Toraus Loidher.

When he died he was buried, as he himself directed, in the same grave-yard and island in which Una was buried, and there grew an ash-tree out of Una's grave and another tree out of the grave of Costello, and they inclined towards one another, and they did not cease from growing until the two tops were met and bent upon one another in the middle of the graveyard, and people who saw them said they were that way still, but I was lately on the brink of Lough Cé and could not see them. I was not, however, on the island.

OONA WAUN (FAIR UNA).

O fair Una, thou blossom of the amber locks,
Thou who art after thy death from the result of ill counsel,
See, O love, which of them was the best of the two counsels,
O bird in a cage, and I in the ford of the Donogue.

O fair Una, thou has left me in grief twisted,
And why shouldst thou like to be recounting it any more for ever?
Ringleted *cooleen* upon which grew up the melted gold,
And sure I would rather be sitting beside thee than the glory of heaven.

O fair Una, said he, of the crooked skiffs(?)*
And the two eyes you have the mildest that ever went in a head,
O little mouth of the sugar, like new milk, like wine, like *b'yore*,
And O pretty active foot, it is you would walk without pain in a shoe!

O fair Una, like a rose in a garden you,
And like a candlestick of gold you were on the table of a queen,
Melodious and musical you were going this road before me,
And it is my sorrowful morning-spoil that you were not married to
your dark love.

O fair Una, it is you who have set astray my senses;
O Una, it is you who went close in between me and God,
O Una, fragrant branch, twisted little curl of the ringlets,
Was it not better for me to be without eyes than ever to have seen you?

* Perhaps referring to the skiffs or currachs on Loch Cé, round which so many of the MacDermotts lived

1r fhuad agur fuad mo dhuir-re cum an baile aréir,
 agur mé mo fhuide fuad ar bhuad na leaptan liom féin,
 a fhuile gan ghuaim ag náir luadad an iomaodamladac acé mé
 Cao ar nac bhuaghuigeanann cu fuadac na maione dam féin.

It's wet and cold was my visit to the village last night,
 And I sitting up on the brink of the couch by myself,
 O brightness without gloom, to whom the many were not betrothed
 but [only] I,
 Wherefore proclaimest thou not the cold of the morning to myself.

There are people in this world who throw disrespect upon an empty
 estate
 [Having] a quantity of worldly goods [themselves], though they have
 them not lastingly,
 Complaint over [lack of] goods or lament for land I would not make;
 I would rather than two sheep if I had Una (i.e. "a lamb," a play on
 the word).

I found the following four stanzas in a bad manuscript in which
 were only a few of the above verses. I never heard these other four
 myself. It is plain it was not the Costello who made the last one
 of them, at all events.

Stand ye and look ye is my very love a-coming,
 She is like a ball of snow and like bee's honey which the sun would freeze
 Like a ball of snow and like bee's honey the sun would freeze;
 And my portion (i.e. my love) and my friend, it is long that I am
 alive after you.

O Una, O maiden, O friend, and O golden tooth,
 O little mouth of honey that never uttered injustice,
 I had rather be beside her on a couch, ever kissing her,
 Than be sitting in heaven in the chair of the Trinity.

I passed through the byre* of my friends last night;
 I never got any refreshment or [even] the wetting of my mouth.
 'Twas what the frowning high-shouldered (?) girl said, and madder on
 her fingers,
 "My three pities that it was not in a solitude I met yourself."

Four Unas, four Annies, four Marys and four Noras,
 The four women, the four finest were in the four quarters of Fola (Ireland)
 Four nails and four saws to four boards of coffin,
 Four hates on the four women who would not give their four loves
 off their four kisses.

* Or perhaps through the town of Boyle, i.e. *Buille* not *buaille*.

Éug mé cóip ve'n Céann Dub Uilear céanna, amearg na n-abrán
 ar ar glaoú mé “abráin ocáirveada,” agus o'innir mé fáct a
 beunta, agus éairbéan mé gur eugraimuil ar fao é ó'n g-cóirín
 gearr vó vo dí i g-cló le O h-argadáin. Caidéir mé anoir an
 cnear cóip éur rior. Tá sí gearr rimplíde agus binn. Ir corráil
 gur rine an cóip reó 'nádair an Céarbalánais. Tá ré seo nior
 corráile le ceatráinuib uí h-argadáin ná an t-abrán vo éug
 mé ann ran g-ceuo-éairibíil.

Ceann Dub Uileas.

Tá mná an baile seo ar buile 'r ar buairéad
 ag tarrainis a ngriaisge 'r 'gá leigean le gaoit,
 ní glactar ríad ríadairie o'fearuib na tuaithe,
 go scéir ríad 'ran ríad le buadailib an ríad.

Ceann Dub Uilear Uilear Uilear
 Ceann Dub Uilear Uilear Uilear
 Ceann Dub Ir Gile 'nádair na eala 'r an faoiléan
 Ir uine gan éiríde nac uiribíad uir gíad.

A ógáinag uairil uairil uairil
 Geobair tu uair a'r ríad go lá,
 Geobair tu ríoból a'r uiribí an buairle
 Agus ceo vo beir fíad go n-éiríde an lá.

Ceann Dub Uilear Uilear Uilear,
 Ceann Dub Uilear, Uilear Uilear Uilear,
 Ceann Dub Ir Gile 'nádair na eala 'r an faoiléan
 Ir uine gan éiríde nac uiribíad uir gíad.

Óearrair mé ann ro abrán air a nglaobair an páirín fionn.
 Tá abrán ve'n ainm rin i leabair an h-argadánais áct ní'l don
 line ann corráil leir an ván ro. ní'l ré ró foilléir cao air a
 bfuil an ván ro ag tráct. Dí ríad i uiribí mná éirín a táin
 cleatáir .7. ríad le na ríad leir, áct éur rí a culair féin
 ar uine éirín eile, agus nior fíad an “cleatáir cam” an
 uine ceat leir. ní éir linn an ríad-ríad fíad anoir, tá
 ríad-ríad go bfuil ré cailte. Ir cinnce mé gur i uiribí uir
 fíad-ríad a táirle don uir aínáin amearg na uiribí, vo cumad
 nior mó 'nádair ve na ríad abránais reó, áct ní éir linn fíad
 amad anoir cao iad na h-ocáiríde faoi a n-uairibí iad. Ir cor-
 ráil go bfuil vó abrán meargta ríad ann ran abrán ro, an vó
 ceo beir ag tráct ar an ríad-ríad vo rinne an cleatáir cam
 leir an páirín fionn .7. cailín bán, o'fíad leir, agus ar an g-

I gave a version of the *Cann Dhu Dheelish*, or *Darling Black Head*, amongst the songs which I called "Occasional," and told the reason of its composition, and showed that it was quite different from the short little copy of it that was printed by Hardiman. I must now give the third version of it; it is short, simple and sweet. It is probable that this copy is older than Carolan's time. This song is more like Hardiman's stanzas than the one given in the first chapter.

DARLING BLACK HEAD.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

The women of this village are in madness and trouble,
Pulling their hair and letting it go with the wind,
They will not accept a gallant of the men of the country
Until they go into the rout with the boys of the king.*

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
Black Head, brighter than swan and than seagull,
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

O youth well-born, well-born, well-born
Thou shalt get a reward, and remain till day,
Thou shalt get barn and threshing floor,
And leave to be up till the day shall rise.

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
Black Head, brighter than swan or than seagull,
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

I shall here give a song called the *Paustyeen Finn*.† There is a song of that name in Hardiman's book, but there is not one line in it resembling this poem. It is not very clear what this poem is about. There was a story about some woman that a "clahirya," or rogue (?) came to carry off with him, but she put her own garments on someone else, and the crooked "clahirya" did not carry off the right person with him. We cannot find the old story now; I am afraid it is lost. I am sure it was about some true event or other that once hap-

* This seems to mean that the girls said they would not marry anyone who had not fought with and routed the king's troops. All these old songs, however, are very obscure.

† This word, as in the name of the celebrated warrior, *Finn MacCool*, is pronounced like "Finn" in Connacht and the North, but something like "Fewn" (rhyming with tune) in parts of Munster and Scotland. Hence the diversity of spelling we meet with in the Anglicized Ossianic tales,

εαοι ανη αρ ημελλ ρι ε, αςυρ τα αν ευτο λεαναρ ας μολαθ ρςεημε
 αν ράιρτιη, αςυρ ανη ρηη υειη ουιη εςιη—αν “cleaεαηρε cam”
 β’ειοιη—ηάρ εόρι α εροεαθ αρ ρον αν ράιρτιη, μαρ ο’ιμςις ρι λειρ
 ζο τοιλεαηηαε. Θα ζ-ερυηηηεόεαηε ηα ρεαν-αβηάηη ρεθ εετο
 βηιαθαιη ηο εετο βηιαθαιη ζο λειε, ό ροηη, ι η-εηηεαεε λειρ ηα ρςευλ-
 εαιβ ηαιηαρ λεό, ηι βειθεαθ ηα βεαηηαθδ μόηα ιοηηεα, αςυρ ηι
 βειθεαθ ριαη εοηη βηιρτε ρυαρ αςυρ εοηη υο-εηςεε α’η αεά ριαη
 αηοιη. ιη εηυας ρίοη-ηόη ε ηάρ εηυηηηςεαθ αβηάηαεε αςυρ βάρ-
 υαεε αςυρ ρςευληηςεαεε ηα ηοαοηηε—ηί’λ μέ ας εηάεε ανη ρο αρ
 αβηάηαεε αςυρ ριηιθε αεε ηα ηιβάηο--α βηαο ό, αςυρ υο-εεηηαδ ριαη
 αν εηρτε αςυρ αν ρεόη ιη λυαεηαηηε αςυρ ιη ρρείηεαηηλα υ’ά βηυιλ λε
 ράςαηλ αηεαης ηα ηάηηηηη λαβηαρ εεαηζα “Οεηεαε.” Τα ρε ηό
 ηηαηλ ανη ραν λά αηοιη, λε υυλ υ’ά ζ-ερυηηηηςεαθ αςυρ υ’ά ηιβαηηηςαθ
 όηη βαιηιθ λεαε ηο εηι εεαεηαηηηα υε ηα η-αβηάηαηβ ιη ρεαηη λε εεαηε
 λάρ ηα η-εηηεαηη αςυρ λειρ ηα εοηοαέηβ ρηη ανη ηαε λαβηιρτεαη αεε
 ρίοηβεαζαη ζαεθεηλςε αηοιύ. ηά εέηοηηο α βηαδ ριαη εοηη ηα ηαηα
 αηεαης ηα ριέηβεαθ αςυρ ηα η-ηαηςαηηε, ζεοδαηαοηο υαοηηε ζο
 υειηηηη λαβηαρ ζαεθεηλςε υε ζηηάε, αεε ηί’λ αεα αηοιη μόηάη εηε
 εαοβ αηυης υε ηα η-αβηάηαηβ αςυρ υε ηα ρςευλ εαιβ υο βί εοηεέοηηη
 ανη α ηεαης ρέηη, αςυρ υ’εηηης εοηη ηα ραηηηςε, αεε εά ρςευληηςεαεε
 αςυρ βάρυαεε ηα εοδα ιη ραηόβηηε αςυρ ιη υεαζ-ηήηηηε αςυρ ηα η-
 υαοηηε ιη μό εόλαη αςυρ λείςεαη, ιμςιςεε αςυρ εαηηηε αηοιη, μαρ
 αεά ι ζεοηοαέ ηα ηιθε αςυρ ηα η-ηαη-ηηηε αςυρ ι ζεαηηε-λάρ ηα
 η-εηηεαηη αρ ραη, ι ζεοηοαέ λονςηοηο, ροηεοαηηη, λυηηηης, εηο-
 βηαηο άηαη αςυρ ριύη ηα η-εηηεαηη. ραηαοηη ζεηη ! ιη εαηηλ όό-
 εηηεοτε ε.

αν ράηςτιη ρηοηηη.

εεαηη υειηεαηηαε υε’η εςάεαηηηη ηύηςλόεαη αν ζηεαηηη,
 εάηης ηο υειηβήηηη εηζαη ζο εαοηηεαηηηηλ ραηηη,
 “εηυαηιό ρε εηζαηηη αν cleaεαηηε cam
 αςυρ βεαηηαηό ρε ηηηε ‘ηα’ β-ηυαυαε.”

θαηη εηηα όηο εηυαης υο εηηηη α’η υο εηηηη,
 αςυρ εηηη οηε ηο ηαεα ‘η ηο εηηαηό ύη όοηηη,
 ηά εηςεαηη ρε εηζαηηη αν cleaεαηηε cam
 ιη ηηηε βείηεαη λειρ ανη ρα’ βηυαυαε,

pened amongst the people that more than half of these old songs were composed, but we cannot now find out what were the occasions on which they were made. It is probable that there are two songs mixed up in this one, the two first verses speaking of the attempt which the crooked clahirya made to carry off with him the Paustyeen Finn, or fair-haired childeen, and of the way in which she deceived him, and what follows is praising the beauty of the Paustyeen, and then somebody is saying—perhaps the crooked clahirya—that he ought not to be hanged for the Paustyeen because she went with him willingly. If these old songs had been collected a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, together with the stories that belong to them, these great gaps would not occur in them, and they would not be so broken up and so unintelligible as they are now. It is a really great pity that the song and poetry and story of the people—I am not now talking of the song and poetry of the bards—were not collected long ago, and they would make the most valuable and interesting store and treasure amongst the nations that speak a Celtic language. It is now too late in the day to go gathering or collecting them, for half or three-fourths of the best songs belong to the middle of Ireland, or to those counties in which only a very little Irish is spoken to-day. If we go far back beside the sea, amongst the mountains and the fishermen, we will find people who habitually, indeed, speak Irish, but they have not much now outside of the songs and stories that were common in their own midst and rose beside the sea; but the stories and bardism of the wealthiest and best educated portion of the country, the portion of most knowledge and learning, are now gone and lost, such as those of the counties of Meath and Westmeath, and all the central parts of Ireland, Longford, Roscommon, Tipperary and the flower of Erin. Alas! it is an incredible loss.

THE PAUSTYEEN FINN, OR THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILDEEN.

At the last end of the Saturday I shall waken the fun,
 My sister came to me mildly and weak,
 "He will come to us, the crooked clahirya,
 And will bring me off by violence."

"Do you take off the dress of your body and your head
 And put on my hat and my new brown suit,
 If he come to us, the crooked clahirya,
 It's I shall be carried off by him."

նի՛լ յե նիւօյն ճո Երօջալ ճգամ ճէ՛տ ճոյ յեյրնիւրն ճիւն
 ճգսր նի՛ “բէօ” ճո յօնիւն յսո՛ նիւն ճոմ ի՛ բճճալ,
 նի՛ յեարքայն-րբ յշիւնց ճո մ'փօրսն ճո յրճե՛
 մսսն* յօց ճոմ ճո բճո ճոմ ճոմ ճոմ ի՛.

նսսրն ճսսն մե՛ ճսսն ճոյն ճո յրճիւն ճոմ
 ճո մե ճոմ-ճոմն ճոյն ճոմն ճո մե ճոյն,
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* “ճոյն,” ճոյն MS.

† “ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն,” ճոյն MS. ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն.

‡ “ճոյն ճոյն.” ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն ճոյն.

I have not of the goods of this life but one sister only,
 And it is not a rake of the world I would wish to have her.
 I would not give a shilling for my fortune for ever
 Unless I can say that she is my own.

When I went out with the Paustyeen Finn
 I am certain sure that I doubled the fun ;
 I put my arm round her and to me she clung
 And I served the time that was present (?).

The love of my soul is the Paustyeen Finn,
 Her heart and her soul to be squeezed to me,
 Two breasts, bright like the blossom of the bushes,
 And her neck like the swan on a March day.

When she rose in the morning, the Paustyeen Finn,
 " O pulse of the friends, what wilt thou do with me ? "
 " O sister," said I, " take your father on an occasion
 And if you choose tell him your story."

Why do you wish to hang me for the Paustyeen Finn ?
 And eue against my will I was brought into it.
 It was not violence against their wish I did there
 But with the full consent of her father and mother.

If I were to be in an empty house without anyone in it,
 Great wind and rain blowing over our heads,
 Without anyone to be near me but the Paustyeen Finn
 It is certain that I would drink her health.

Without a boat or a cot I would make a rowing,
 Without a gun or a pistol I would make a shooting.
 There is no man would touch my one little sister*
 That I would not make powder of his bones.

It is the air and not the words which has made the fame of this
 song, as we see is the case with many more.

Here, now, is a conversation between a boy and a girl in which
 she doubts the reality of his protestations of eternal love. Songs of
 this kind are very common, and I put this one down as an example
 of many more—

* Sister is often used, not as a term of relationship but, as here, of affection.

uċ a uġna.

(Eirċan).

uċ a uġna an tinn no an vubad leat

mire aḡ veunam cūma am' donar,

's vā mbriatfinn vo dūċradt ann mo ċoulad nā mo vūiradē

vo veunfainn rún ḡo h-euḡ ort.

ir ionḡantad liom-ra ċu beit bonn-or-cionn liom

's mē beit lān ve'n vūil beit riēd leat,

's vā vtiurad* ċūḡainn a mūirnin muiḡin nā cūram

ir aċair mē mūirfad lēiḡean vō.

(Ire).

a ḡḡanaiz mūinte na laḡarċa cūma

taicniḡeann vo ċlū a'r vo mēin liom,

nfor b'aitē leat rūḡrad vart m'falḡainḡ 'nā liom-ra

adē ar eaḡla ċu beit breuḡad.

mar ir rḡarairē ċu tād meannnad rūḡad

'spalrad na mionn 'r na n-ēiċeāē,

's ḡo mb' eaḡalad liom vā leaḡfainn-re ċu

ḡur carad rā cūma vo veunfainn.

(Eirċan aḡ freaḡairē).

a ḡrād 'ḡur a ċuro ḡo brād nā cuiḡ

ḡo vveunfainn vo māḡairē ve ēiḡle,

ḡo n-iompuiḡ' an muiḡ ar rāo 'nna fuil,

's ḡo nḡadann na cnuic rā ēiḡle.

ḡo b'arairē biolār tūio lār na tēmeāē,

's ḡo vtiḡ na bḡic vā ēiḡuḡad,

's ḡo ḡ-caillio na vḡuro' ar rāo a n-ḡuib,

's ḡo vveunfairē lon ve'n ēiḡriḡ.

ir abrān connadēad an ċūlin no an "ċūlfinn" aḡur beir c harḡadāin vūinn ē. Tād cōip mūmnead i ḡelō mar an ḡ cēvona. adē bēarairē mē ann ro cōip eile vo fuair mē i lāim-rḡriḡinn atā aḡam vo bī rḡriḡbēā i ḡ-convāē an chlār, atā euḡraimuil ar rāo ō'n vā cōip eile. rāḡaim amad vā rann vē atā ar don fōcal, beaḡ-nad, leiḡ na bēarairē i leaḡar u; vāḡlaiḡ, i bḡilivēadē. na cūiḡe

* "vā vtiḡio" 'ran ms. vḡoē-foirḡm nāē bḡeicimio ḡo minic annḡna rēan-abrānairē rēō. v'adēairē mē an līne rēo beaḡān.

† "air," ran ms.

UGH, O UNA.

[HE].

Ugh, O Una, do you think it a sickly or sorrowful thing

Me to be making melancholy alone ?

And if I were to observe your earnestness in my sleeping or my waking

I would make a secret-love of you (or set my heart on you?) till death.

I think it wonderful, you to be upside down (i.e. fallen out) with me,

And I full of desire to be reconciled to you ;

And if there were to come to us, my dear, a family or a care,

A father I who would teach them learning.

[SHE].

O learned youth of the quiet speeches

Your fame and your mien please me,

By my cloak ! sport were no more agreeable to you than to me,

But for fear of you being false.

For you are a gallant, who is high-spirited, merry,

Taking-rashly oaths and perjury ;

And, sure, I would be afraid if I were to follow you,

That it is a return under melancholy I would make.

[HE].

My love, and my portion, do not think for ever

That I would ever exchange you for another consort ;

Until the sea change entirely into blood,

And until the hills go under each other.

Until watercress shall grow through the middle of the fire,

And until the trout come to sue for it ;

Until the starlings shall altogether lose their bills,

And, until a blackbird is made of the thrush.

The Cooleen, or Coolun, literally the "Cúl Fhionn," or fair-haired cool, i.e. back-hair, is a Connacht song, and Hardiman gives it to us, and there is a Munster version in print also ; but I shall here give another copy which I have, which I found in a manuscript of mine, written in the County Clare, which is altogether different from the other two copies. I omit two ranns of it which are almost on one word with

the verses in O'Daly's book, "The Poetry of Munster," in the song "A Waurya gus a hushla" at p. 224, and there are two other verses torn in a way that I cannot read them, but here is the other part of it. There is no song in Erin more famous than the Cooleen, and for that reason, it is an exceedingly useful thing to collect and print the various copies of it. O'Daly says that after hunting through Munster he only found the three verses of this song which he has given. I was more fortunate.

THE COOLEEN, OR COOLUN.

A honey mist on a day of frost, in a dark oak wood;
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright, white, and good;
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief in my heart.

In fair-green and market, men mark thee, bright, young, and merry.
Though thou hurt them like foes with the rose of thy blush of the
berry;

Her cheeks are a poppy,* her eye it is Cupid's helper,
But each foolish man dreams that its beams for himself are

Whose'er saw the Cooleen in a cool dewy meadow
On a morning in summer in sunshine and shadow:
All the young men go wild for her, my childeen, my treasure,
But now let them go mope, they've no hope to possess her.

Let us roam, O my darling, afar through the mountains,
Drink milk of the goat, wine and bulcaun in fountains;
With music and play every day from my lyre,
And leave to come rest on my breast when you tire.†

Here is now the fourth copy of the same renowned song, which is altogether different from the other three. I leave out the second and third stanzas of it, for they are in the version which Hardiman gave; those are the stanzas beginning, "Whosoever would see the Coolin," and "Do you remember the day."

* This is the only song in which I remember meeting the word *coo'n* which, I think, means "poppy," applied to a girl's cheeks.

† This translation is nearly in the metre of the original.

Literally. Mist of honey on day of frost over dark woods of oak, And love without concealment I have for thee, O fair skin of the white breasts. Thy form slender, thy mouth thin, and thy cooleen twisted, smooth, And O first love, forsake me not, and sure thou hast increased my disease.

And who would see my love upon the middle of the fair, And sure the thou-

AN CÚILFIONN. (CÓIP EILE).

A' r éirig do fuithe a buacáill a' r glear dam mo gearrán
 So radáir mé go luac* ag cur tuairig mo dian-gháib,
 A' r cá rí o' á luac liom ó bí rí 'nna leasabán
 'S gur buí binne liom naoi n-uair 1 'n á cuac a' r 'n á orzáin.†

An cuirín leat an oirde úo do bíomar ag an bpuinneóig
 Ann a rug tu ar láirín orm 'r gur fáirg tu orm boróg (?)
 Do fín mé le do éaoib, 'r ann mo éroirde ní raib uródo,
 A' r do bí mé ann do cómluadar no g-cuala mé an fuiréog.

'Sí mo fíur í, 'rí mo rún í, 'rí mo gháib í, 'rí mo daltá,
 'S í ghriánán na bfead óg í gac áon lá 'ran treacéthian.
 Tá a ghruair mar an rór a' r a píob mar an eala.
 Sé mo éúma gan mé i gcóinnuirde mar a g-cóirigeann rí a leabair.

ní' l airgead ní' l ór agam, ní' l cóta, ní' l léine,
 ní' l pígin ann mo póca 'r go b'róiríú mac Dé orm,
 Do g'eall mé ríoi óó buit, ríú a póg mé do héilin
 A máighe an éúil óirpáig nac b'óirpáinn le m' radá tu.

A m'uirín a' r a annraet bí oilear a' r bí daingeann,
 A' r ná tréig-re rún do éroirde-ríú mar g'eall ar [a] beir deallb‡
 Do b'earpáinn an biobla§ a' r n'ó ar bí ar taláin
 So r'óirpáirí mac Dé cur na h-oirde éúinn le cacá.

A m'uirín a' r a annraet do|| meall tu mé i uáir m'óige
 le do éluaingead m'ín mánla gur g'eall tu mé pórad,
 Má éug mo éroirde gean buit dar liom-ra gur leór rín,
 A' r gur fáig tu i leannuib mé ar teac an trachóna.

sands of youths were slain with the roses of her face, Her cheeks like the poppy,
 and she was the finest in beauty of the world, And sure every fopling thinks
 that she is his own darling.

He who would see the Cooleen and she walking on the meadows Of a morning
 on a day in summer, and the dew on her shoes. And all the grey-eyed youths
 who are envious to marry her. But they shall not get my darling as easily as
 they think. (*Literally*, on the account that is hope with them).

O Nelly, my love, wouldst thou come with me beneath the mountain, Drinking
 wine and bulcann (a kind of spirits?) and the milk of the white goat. Long-
 drawn music and play I would give thee during thy life; And leave to go sleep
 in the bosom of my shirt.

* "So luac mo" 'ran MS, ruo nac r'uirigim.

† "na narpáig" 'ran MS. focal nac r'uirigim.

‡ deallb=róláin no boet. § "an biobla reoc" 'ran MS. ní
 éuirigim an "reoc" ro. || "le nar meall tu" 'ran MS.

THE COOLUN.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

And rise up lad, and get ready for me my nag,
 Until I go quickly to enquire for my desperately-loved,
 And she is betrothed to me since the time she was a little child,
 And, sure, I thought her nine times more melodious than cuckoo or
 organ.

Do you remember that night that we were at the window
 When you caught my hand and squeezed a pressure (?) on it ?
 I stretched myself at thy side, and in my heart there was no harm,
 And I was in thy company until I heard the lark.

She is my sister, she is my secret,* she is my love, she is my be-
 trothed (?)

She is the greeanawn (sunny-chamber) of the young men every day
 in the week ;

Her countenance is like the rose, and her neck like the swan,
 'Tis my sorrow I am not always where she dresses her couch.

I have no silver, I have no gold, have no coat, have no shirt ;
 Have no penny in my pocket—and may the Son of God relieve me,
 I promised thee twice before I kissed thy little mouth,
 O maiden of the amber cool, that I would not marry thee during my
 life.

My sweetheart, my affection, be faithful, and be firm,
 And do not forsake the secret love of your inner heart on account of
 him to be poor ;

I would take the Bible (as oath) or any (other) thing on earth,
 That the Son of God will give us our nights' portion to eat.

My sweetheart, my affection, you deceived me in the beginning of my
 youth,

With your soft pleasant roguishness, sure, you promised to marry me,
 If my heart gave you love, I think myself that that is enough,
 And, sure, you left me in melancholy on the coming of evening.

* Rún which literally means "secret" is, in these songs, often used in the sense of sweetheart, as in "Eileen Aroon," i.e. "Eileen O secret (love)."

I leave it on (i.e., swear by) my mantle that I think it long from me
 the Sunday is,
 Till I shall see the maiden rising out on the roads ;
 I shall journey to Mass where my treasure shall be—
 A sure tale it is, that she has left my mind troubled.

I shall give here part of another renowned song, of which Hardi-
 man gave three verses under the name of "The Twisting of the Rope,"
 I found it under the name of the Soosheen Bawn, or White Coverlet.

THE SOOSHEEN BAWN.

If thou art mine, be mine, white love of my heart :
 If thou art mine, be mine by day and by night ;
 If thou art mine, be mine every inch in thy heart,
 And my misfortune and misery that thou art not with me in the
 evening for wife.

[The maiden answers :]

"Do you hear me, you gilly, who are seeking love ?
 Return home again, and remain another year as you are."

[The harper says :]

I came into a house where the bright love of my heart was,
 And the hag put me out a-twisting of the suggaun.

I would like a woman who would wait her year for her love ;
 I would like a woman who would wait a whole year and her day ;
 I would not like the woman who would be with you and again, on
 the spot, with me :
 My love is the woman who would remain in the one state only.

And what was the dead cat which guided me into this country,
 And the numbers of pretty girls I left behind me ?
 I am not the heavier for that, and I was not beaten by it,
 And sure a woman often cut a rod would beat herself.

And down in Sligo I gained a knowledge of women,
 And back in Galway I drank with them my enough, etc.

'Tis the cause of this song—a bard who gave love to a young
 woman, and he came into the house where she herself was with her
 mother at the fall of night. The old woman was angry, him to come,
 and she thought to herself what would be the best way to put him
 out again, and she began twisting a suggaun, or straw rope. She

voṛṛar ƣaoi ðeire, aḡur é aḡ ƣioṛ-ðarað. nuaiṛ ƣuaiṛ an tƣean
ðean amuiḡ é, o'ériḡ ƣí ve þreap aḡur buaiḡ ƣí an voṛar ann a
éúoan. Ƣeilḡ ƣí amac an élaṛreac ann ƣin éuiḡe ériſo an þruin-
neóis aḡur ouðairt leiṛ ðeít 'ḡ imðeacé. 1ṛ é “nað é an cac maṛb
ðar ann na h-aiṛe-ƣi me” ceuo líne ve'n aḡrán i leaḡar ui haṛ-
ḡaoáin, líne nári éuiḡ mé aṛuaḡ, acé 1ṛ oóiḡ ḡur loéc an ƣocal
“cac,” aḡur ḡur “cac” maṛi ƣuaiṛ miṛe é buð ðeairt vo ðeít ann,
aḡur ḡur b'ionnann “cac maṛb” aḡur oṛoc-ðó, i ḡ-canaḡáin an
báiṛo.

aḡ ƣo anoiṛ aḡrán ainmneḡáil eile éualar ƣéin ó ƣean-uine.
ƣuaiṛ mé cóip oé i ƣḡrúbuin éiḡin a ouðairt ḡur b'é oóḡnall
tairé (no ƣairé?) O ḡoṛmáin, cia bé aṛi bié an báro ƣin, vo ƣinne é.

buḡiḡo a stoín.

a Ḳriḡo a ƣoíṛ ná pór an ƣean uine
acé pór ƣeai óḡ 'ṛ é o'oiḡeac leaḡb uuit,
vo ƣinḡeac ƣioṛ ḡo caoiṛ aṛi leaḡaiḡ leac
vo béaṛḡac pós no oó aṛi maiṛin uuit.

1ṛ tƣuaḡ a Ḳriḡo nað báṛ vo ƣuaṛar
suḡ a éuḡ mé ḡrác éoiḡ buan uuit,
o'ḡás tu m' innciṛn claoiḡte buaiḡṛiḡte
maṛi an cƣann cƣiſoðain 'ṛ an ḡaoé ḡ'á luarḡað.

oá mbeirðeac an tƣi ƣeo maṛi buð cóip oí
i ḡ-caiṛleáin aoibinn vo ðeíteá vo éóḡnuiré,
ðeirð' ḡaill a'ṛ ḡaoðail aḡ oéanaḡi þróin cƣioṛ,
's ni béirð mé ƣéin* aḡ plé nioṛ mó leac.

vo ḡeall tu ðaḡḡa, 'ṛ vo ƣinn' tu bƣeug liom,
ḡo mbeirðé liom-ƣa aḡ cƣó na ḡ-caoiṛac,
vo leiḡ mé ƣeao aḡur miḡle ḡlaob oṛt
's ni þƣuaiṛeap ann acé uain aḡ méiðliḡ†

's vo ḡaḡ tu éaṛm ḡo voṛca oéiḡeannac
's vo ḡaḡ tu éaṛm, a'ṛ ƣolaṛ an laé ann,
oá oṛiuṛḡá [ƣéin] aṛṛeac vo m'ƣeuðaint
oéaḡan ƣiaṛán (?) vo beirðeac‡ aḡam ƣéin leac.

* “'s ḡo mbiao liom ƣein a beirð plé” ƣan ms., nað oṛuiḡim.

† “mbéirð”—ƣan ms.

‡ “oíún ƣiaṛán vo baé aḡam” etc. ƣan ms., no maṛi éualaiḡ
miṛe é “oíún (ḡ. oéaḡan) bean i n-θiṛinn b' ƣeaiṛ liom ƣéin 'ná éu.”

held the straw, and she put the bard a-twisting it. The bard was going backwards according as the suggaun was a-lengthening, until at last he went out on the door and he ever-twisting. When the old woman found him outside she rose up of a leap and struck the door to in his face. She then flung his harp out to him through the window, and told him to be going. [The first line of this song in Hardiman's book runs, "Is it not the dead battle that twisted me into this place," a line which I never understood, but it is certain that the word *cath*, "battle," is a mistake, and that it is *cat*, "cat," as I found it, that should be in it; and, that dead cat in the language of the bard, is synonymous with bad luck].

Here now is another celebrated song which I heard myself from an old man. I also found a copy of it in a manuscript which said that it was Donal Faire, or Farire (of the watch ?) O'Gorman, whoever that bard may have been, who composed it.

BREED ASTORE.

O Breed, astore, do not marry the old man,
But marry a young man 'tis he who would rear thee a child.
Who would stretch softly on a couch beside thee ;
Who would in the morning give thee a kiss or two.

'Tis a pity, O Breed, it was not death I found
Before I gave thee love so lasting.
Thou hast left my mind destroyed and troubled,
Like the aspen tree and the wind rocking it.

If this country were as it ought to be,
In a delightful castle thou wouldst be living ;
Gall and Gael would be grieving, through thee,
And I, myself, shall not be pleading any longer with thee.

You promised me—and told me a falsehood—
That you would be with me at the pen of the sheep.
I let a whistle and a thousand shouts for you,
And I found nothing in it but the lambs a-bleating.

And you passed me by dark and late,
And you passed me by, and the light of the day in it.
If you would come in yourself to see me,
The demon a misunderstanding (?) I would have with you.

Δε πο δβρίαν μίλιρ ρυαίρ μέ αμεαρς μοραιν ο'δβρίαναιβ Connac-
 ταςά, αέτ νι ρό έορμήιλ le h-δβρίαν Connacτας é, cá ρέ ρό binn.
 Ο'αέραις μέ αν οά έευο line, όιρ βί ριαο μαρ πο "σί αν Όριςοεαέ
 tam buaie Όαρ μυιτα ρι ρυαίρ" ροελα νάρ έυιςεαρ. Όί αν τ-
 δβρίαν πο ρςριόβτα αμαέ σο h-αν ολε, αςυρ νι βρυαίρεαρ αέτ αν
 έόιρ ρεο αήάιν οέ.

AN B'RIG'DEACH.

'S i an B'rig'deac tá uaim
 an éaoim-bean fáth ρυαίρ
 Reuil eólaíρ na tςpe í*
 'S ar mo έροιθε έυιρ ρί cuan.
 Οά έίέ cρuinne cρυαίθ
 [Ξεal-ρίοβ μαρ αν εύβαρ]
 ρολε βρεάς ραοα buíθε
 'S ar mo έροιθε έυιρ ρί cuan.

ní hí Óenur tá mé ράθ
 ná don bean ve na mnáib
 αέτ αν ρρේιρβean óonn ξλέξεal
 tá ο'έιρ mo έροιθε (οο) έράθ.
 ní ρεunρao σο βράέ
 Δ h-ainm ρύο οο ράθ,
 Síur γαιρυν í, 'r ní έeilim í,
 ταρ Δ μαίρεann ve mnáib.

Teannam σο οci an ρliaθ
 Δς έιρτεαέτ leiρ an βρiαέ
 ann ρna ξλεannταib ουβα ουαibρεαά
 μαρ Δ λαβρann an ρiaθ†
 Όαρ αν leaβαρ πο ann mo láim
 Δ Óuil álunnn na mbacáil bán
 Ο'ρanρainn leat í n-uaiςneap‡
 σο μύρξλαιςεαθ an lá.

* Ούβαίλτεαρ αν line ρεο .γ. τρεαρ line γαέ ραινν, νυαίρ ρεινν-
 τεαρ é, αέτ νιορ ρςριόβ μιρε ούβαλτα é. Όί αν τ-δβρίαν πο ρό
 έρυαίλλιςέτε αςυρ ο'αέραις μιρε cuio μαίτ ann, nac οταίρβέαναιμ
 'r na νόταib, οιρ buó ρό ιομαοαήαιλ na λοέτα ρςριοβνόιρεαέτα
 οο bí ann.

† "ρεαρann" ms. ‡ "σο ngealéóim ρaoi οο έliú real" 'ran
 ms, ρυο nac οταίςim b'ρεαρ "σο μύρξλόςαθ" 'ná "σο μύρξλαι
 ξεαθ" 'ran line leannαρ.

Here is a sweet song I got in a manuscript among many Connacht songs, but it is not very like a Connacht song, it is too melodious. I changed the first two lines, for this is how they ran: "*Shee in Vreedyuch tom woot, Dor mutya shee soarck*," words which I did not understand. This song was written out very badly, and I only got one copy of it.

THE BREEDYEEN.

'Tis the Breedyeen I love,
 All dear ones above,
 Like a star from the start*
 Round my heart she did move.
 Her breast like a dove,
 Or the foam in the cove,
 With her gold locks apart,
 In my heart she put love.

'Tis not Venus, I say,
 Who grieved me this day,
 But the white one, the bright one,
 Who slighted my stay.
 For her I shall pray—
 I confess it—for aye,
 She's my sister, I missed her,
 When all men were gay.

To the hills let us go,
 Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Croak death-like and low;
 By this volume I swear,
 O bright cool of fair hair,
 That through solitude shrieked
 I should seek for thee there.

* In singing this, the third line and the seventh line of every verse are often repeated. This metrical version is in the exact metre of the original.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

It is the Breedyuch I want; The mild woman, gentle, pleasant; The knowledge star of the country, And in my heart she took harbour. Two breasts round and hard, Bright neck like the foam. Fine long yellow hair. And in my heart she took harbour.

It is not Venus of whom I am speaking, Or any other woman of women, But

Ceannam go dtí an ríab
 Ag éirteádt leir an bfiad,
 'S na g'leanncaib' veunadh lionn'-rubh
 Mar ar éaillear mo éail.
 ní b'fonn rólár a'gáinn ann
 Gan bólar ann a'ceann,
 ní b'fonn maire gan a marla,
 ná an oíreac* gan a cam.

'S b'neá'g a píob mar an aél
 A'f a b'rá'gáio g'eal'f gan p'eim
 A'f a b'án-cíoc nár lámui'gead
 O g'all-éneac† go h-éag.
 mo éara trom go h-eug
 mar r'gáil oib'g ar éun,
 'S gur b'f érád mé le lán-croillre—
 f'ac b'ri'g mo r'gáil!

Ó'n trác' eug me g'rád' duit
 Ó'n trác' eug mé g'rád' duit
 [Ó'n trác' eug mé g'rád' duit]
 A blác' na r'ú'g-éneac
 Do f'á'ra'g' oo m'eim||
 'S eug tu g'rád' leat ó'n n'gréim,
 'S gur oir' oo ó'á lám'-re
 Do b' f'earr liom oib' o'ég.

* "Oíreac" MS.

† "éí" 'ran MS, ruo uac' d'cuigim. ‡ "O g'all éneac" 'ran MS
 ni cuigim é. § "r'gáil oib' ari can" 'ran MS. ni cuigim.
 || "Do f'á'ra'g' tu an b'eim," MS.

the brown bright sky-lady, Who is after destroying my heart. I shall not
 refuse for ever To repeat her name; Sister, I call her, and I conceal it not
 Beyond all that live of women.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven, In the black sorrowful
 valleys, Where the deer speaks; By this book in my hand, O lovely cool of the
 fair tresses, I would remain with you in solitude, Until the day would waken.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven In the glens making melan-
 choly, Where I lost my sense; There existeth no joy Without sorrow at its back;
 There is no beauty without its reproach. And no Straight without its Crooked.

Her throat is fine, like the lime, And her bright neck unpained, And her
 white breast that was never touched By foreign defeat (?) till death. My heavy

To the hills let us go,
 Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Wing silent and slow.
 There's no joy in men's fate,
 But grief grins in the gate ;
 Theres no Fair without Foul,
 Without Crooked no Straight.

Her neck like the lime
 And her breath like the thyme,
 And her bosom untroubled
 By care or by time.
 Like a bird in the night,
 At a great blaze of light,
 Astounded and wounded
 I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,
 I gave thee my love,
 I gave thee my love,
 O thou berry so bright ;
 The sun in her height
 Looked on with delight,
 And between thy two arms, may
 I die on the night.

grief till death, Like a dark shadow over a bird ; Sure it was she destroyed me with full light—The cause of the substance of my tale.

From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love, O Flower of the raspberries, Thy mien overcame, And thou tookest love with thee from the (very) sun, And sure it is between thy two arms I had rather go and die.

My disease (?) and my grief, Without me and thee, my treasure ; In dark so: rowful glens, Or in a glen of a wood on a bog. It is honestly, gently, decently, I would coax from thee a kiss, O lovely learned star, 'Tis thou art the pick of the young women.

She is a Phoenix, my love, From Helen who took the palm, The gentle accomplished pearl, Of character the most generous of all. O first love of my middle, Do not leave me to death, And sure I would read your accomplishments. In Irish softly.

Δ'ῖρ μο ἐάνταλ 'ῖρ μο βρόν
 Ξαν μέ 'ῖρ τυ ἀ ῖρτοῖρ
 1 ἡγλεάννταῖς οὐθα οὐαῖβρεαδα
 no 1 ἡγλεάνν coille ar móin,
 ἱρ cnearta caoin cóir
 Oo theallfrainn uait póg
 Δ ἡέλταῖν βρεάζ ἡνίντε
 'S tu toḡa na mbán óg.

ἱρ ἱ phoénice mo ḡráð
 O hélen rug báir,
 an péarla ciúin epéitead
 ἱρ péile ar bit cáil,
 Δ céuo-ḡeirc mo láir
 ná léig mé cum báir,
 'S go léigfirinn-re oo épéite
 é nḡaeðeilg* go ráin.

Αἷς πο ρανν μιλῖρ εἰλε, ἀέτ μαρῖ ἀν τ-ἀβράν ῖναι, ἱρ μὴ ἀτά βλαρ
 μινῖννεαδὲς na βλαρ connacṑac aṑr, ciṑ ḡur 1 ῖḡurḡinn connacṑacṑ
 ῖναιṑeap é. Αἷsur cōr leir ῖin, ní ῖocal connacṑac an ῖocal ῖin
 “éirling”=λαἷγε, αἷsur ῖr ἱαο na μινῖννῖḡ ḡo μὴ-ἡṑr oo éleacṑad
 imṑr le ῖocal, μαρῖ ciṑmṑo ann po. Oheirum an ῖainn ann po le
 cṑoṑḡad na oiṑṑe ἀτά ῖoṑr na ῖean-ἀβράναιβ ῖimpliṑe oo éus
 mé éeana, αἷsur ἀβράναιβ ηṑad na μινῖννεαδ.

Δ ἡáire is tu mo ḡráðh.

Δ ἡáire ἱρ tu mo ḡráð, Δ'ῖ ḡráð mo éṑoṑe oo ḡráð
 ḡráð ῖin ḡan oonap ḡan éirling,
 ḡráð ó aoiṑ ḡo báir, ḡráð ó baoiṑ αἷḡ ῖáir,
 ḡráð ciuirṑṑ ḡo olút ῖaoi éṑé mé,
 ḡráð ḡan ῖúil le ῖaoḡal, ḡráð ḡan cṑút le ῖṑṑé,
 ḡráð o'ḡás mé cṑáṑṑe 1 noáep-ḡurṑo,
 ḡráð mo éṑoṑe tap mináṑ, 'ῖr Δ ῖaiṑuṑl ῖúo oe ḡráð
 ἱρ anaṑṑt é le ῖáḡail αἷḡ aen-ῖeap.

* “Ar ḡaolam,” mṑ † “innuaṑ,” ῖan mṑ.

And I would that I were
 In the glens of the air,
 Or in dark dismal valleys
 Where the wildwood is bare;
 What a kiss from her there
 I should coax without care,
 From my star of the morning,
 My fairer than fair !

Like a Phœnix of flame,
 Or like Helen of fame,
 Is the pearl of all pearls
 Of girls who came,
 And who kindled a flame
 In my bosom. Thy name
 I shall rhyme thee in Irish,
 And heighten thy fame.

Here is a sweet rann I found in another manuscript of mine, but like this song, there is more of a Munster flavour than of a Connacht flavour about it. And besides that, the word *aishling* ("weakness") is not a Connacht term, and it is the Munstermen, too, who used especially to practise playing upon a word, as we see done here. I give the verse to show the difference there is between the old simple songs I have given already, and the newer ones of the Munstermen

O MAURYA, TAKE MY LOVE.

O Maurya, take my love, love of my heart, thy love,
 Love without fear or failing;
 Love that *knows* not *death*, love that *grows* with *breath*,
 Love *at* must shortly slay me;
 Love that *heeds* not *wealth*, love that *breeds* in *stealth*,
 Love that leaves me sorrowing daily;
 Love from my heart is *thine*, and such a love as *mine*
 Is found not *twice*—but found, is unfailing.*

* *Literally*. "O Maurya, thou art my love, and the love of my heart thy love, A love that without pettiness, without weakness, Love from age till death, love from folly growing, Love that shall send me close beneath the clay. Love without a hope of the world, Love without envy of fortune, Love that left me withered in captivity, Love of my heart beyond women, and such a love as that, It is seldom to be got from any man."

‘Cá an imirte reó leir an b’pocal “griád” corráil le imirte i n’óán
 do r’griob an “manáire s’gáde” (dinnriar mac Cráit) o éonóadé
 luimniú. ‘Deir reiréan i n’óán áluinn do rinne ré ar fonn “Cáilín
 veaf c’rúite na mbó.”

Δ éumainn na g-cumann ná tréig mé
 ‘S go b’fuilim i n-éag-érué do’ óeóig,
 Δ’r gur cumann mo éumainn náe ‘tréigfead
 Δ éumainn go céidim f’aoi an b’óo,
 O éugaf vuit cumann ar g’éillead
 mo éumainn-ra Δ féunaó n’i cóir,
 Δ’r mo éumainn Δ éumainn má tréigir
 Gan cumann ag aéin-bean go veó.

Ag go ábrán eile do éualaid mé o f’ean m’naoi i gCon-na-mara,
 agur ó éaoimib eile. I’r ábrán coitcéionn go leóir é amearg na
 n’daoine, agur cuir mé leir ann go r’ann no vó do f’uair mé i l’áin-
 r’griobinn. Do éualaid m’ire an t’ean-bean ‘gá g’abail agur i ag
 bliú na mbó, agur do bí tullead aici náe g-cuirniúgim, agur náe
 b’fuaréaf ó don v’uine ó f’oin.

peurla veas an tsleíbe b’áin

Ceítire l’á veug gan b’réig
 Do éait m’ire ‘ran t’rliab
 Ag r’ior-innreáct mo r’gél
 Do béilín áinnf’ir na g-ciaó,
 mo éab le n-a t’ab
 Δ’r mo éá l’áin tairr’i aniar,
 mo beul ar a beul
 Gur eulaidg rin éorainn an g’rian.

Cluimim v’á luad
 Agur i’r caint i éuigeaf a l’án,
 go v’uig mo éroibe g’ean
 Do péurla veaf an tsleíbe b’áin,
 g’ad a v’uig me v’ áinnreáct
 Δ’r ar f’annv’uig me r’iáin ve na m’áin
 I’r i beir’i n’i h-áinle
 m’áinnreáct agur mo g’ráó.

This play upon the word love is like that which the Mong-ir-yah Soogugh—Andrew MacGrath, from the County Limerick—made. He says, in a beautiful poem which he composed to the air of the “Colleen D’yas Crootyee na Mo :”

Oh, love of my love, do not *hate me*,
 For love, I am *aching* for thee ;
 And my love for my love I’ll *forsake not*,
 O love, till I *fade* like a tree.
 Since I gave thee my love I am *failing*,
 My love, wilt thou *aid* me to flee ?
 And my love, O my love, if thou *take not*
 —No love for a *maiden* from me.**

Here is another song I heard from an old woman in Connemara, and from others also ; it is a rather common song among the people, and I put with it, here, a stanza or two, which I found in a manuscript. I heard the old woman singing it, and she milking the cows, and she had more of it that I do not remember and that I never got from anyone since.

THE PRETTY PEARL OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Fourteen days, without lie
 I spent on the mountain’s side,
 Ever crying my cry
 In the ear of my maiden’s pride ;
 Pleading bitterly,
 My side set by her side,
 On her mouth my mouth,
 Till the sun set southward and died.

I hear it spoken
 By many a friendly mouth
 How my heart is broken
 By her of the White Hill south.
 All my affection true
 And my hope and my longing at flood,
 Are concentred on you,
 Maid of O’Hanly’s blood.

** *Literally*, “ Affection of the affections, forsake me not, And sure I am in a death-condition after thee, And sure the affection of my affection shall I not forsake, O affection, until I go under the soil. Since I gave thee affection and submission, My affection, to deny it is not right, And my affection, O affection,

'S é mo éireac a' r mo ùit
 nac bfuil mé mo laca b'is báin
 So ruidhíraínn go h-áiriac
 1 n-eudán na tuile 'r na t'ráig,
 As fuil le mac Dó
 So réidheódair reireán mo éar
 'S go rínninn mo éadé
 Le peupla dear an tsleibhe ó áin.

Deir ríad liom féin
 Sur n'ó beas ruidiac an g'rád,
 Acé i' mairg air a mbíonn ré
 Mí no reachtáin no lá,
 1 'nna luide ar a t'aoib
 (faoi builleadair agur) bláé
 Agur mé le n-a t'aoib
 Agur c'raob beas glar ann mo láin.

mo éireac a' r mo ùit
 nac bfuil eudac oim ná bláé
 ná gearráinín aériac
 O beuprad m'ire don áit.
 So b'l'aciac na t'ceupma
 má téirínn m'íllíreac go b'ráé
 Acé bíod a roga féin
 As peupla dear an tsleibhe' ó áin.

Cao é an m'ait óam féin
 Dá n'ceupáinn capall ve bó?
 A' r cao é an m'ait óam é
 Dá n'ceupáinn cairleán ar róo?
 Cao é an m'ait óam é
 Dá n'ceupáinn muilíonn ar m'óin?
 O éail m'ire an gleur
 Le a mb'ceupáinn beiríó mo r'óin.

if thou forsakest—No affection for any woman forever (for me).

These verses are constructed on different words, one *grau*, the other *cumman*, which sounds better in Irish than any such word-play can in English, since the latter word, for instance, can assume three forms—*cumman*, *humman*, and *gumman*, which keeps up the play without palling on the ear.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*. Fourteen days without lie, I spent in the mountsin. Ever-telling my tale To the little mouth of

'Tis my grief and my pine
 That I'm no white duck on the bay,
 On the billows to rise,
 And to dive in the teeth of the spray.
 That God may decide on my side,
 And me far away,
 And set me beside
 The side of my pearl some day.

They tell me that love
 Is little, "t is nothing" they say,
 But, oh, it's woe for who has it
 A month, a week, or a day.
 There she lies on her side
 Gently by light winds fanned,
 I sit close to her now
 With a leafy bough in my hand.

Oft I wish I were
 Clothed bright in state like a king,
 Or had a winged mare
 To bear me afar on her wing.
 To term-keeping Dublin
 If I go I shall fare but ill,
 Leaving thee free my girl,
 Thou pearl of the fair White Hill.

What should it profit me
 To make a steed of a cow?
 What should it profit me
 To build a castle here now?
 What should it profit me
 To build on the meadow a mill,
 Since I lost the way
 To bend my fay to my will?

the maid of the tresses. My side by her side, And my two hands back across her, My mouth on her mouth Until the sun stole away past us.

I hear it being said, And a talk it is which numbers understand, That my heart gave affection To the Pretty Pearl of the White Mountain, All that I ever gave of affection, Or that I ever coveted of women, She is Betty Nee Hanli, My delight and my love.

'Tis my destruction and my loss That I am not a little white duck Until I should swim airily In the face of the flood and the shore, Hoping for the Son of God That He shall settle my case, And that I might stretch my side By the pretty girl of the white mountain.

Αἶψά το δὴν αἰρτεᾷ, ἀγῶνισσά μοι κόμηράδ—Carmen Amœbæum—
 ἰοῖν ἡνῶσαι ἀγυρ φεαρ, μαρ φάσμασιν εἰ ἡριπῶεσσι γὰρ τίηε ο
 αἰμυρῇ ἡφαστειρ γο ἡ-αἰμυρῇ Ὀμάειρ τι ἡλῶντα, ἀγυρ μαρ δέο
 πέ κοῖν φασαῖρ τὰ τῇρ ἀγυρ μνάσιν. ῥυαῖρ μέ εἰ ἡτιρ πο ῥῥῖοβ
 οἰνε εἰσιν γο οἰτῇρ ἄν φεαν ἡλῶντα νυαῖρ βί Ὀμάειρ Ὀάβειρ ἀγυρ
 ῥαβαν Ὀ Ὀυβῶντῃς ῥα ῥυαῖρ φασαῖρ, ἀγ ῥυαῖρ, μαρ ἡρ κοῖνῶν, γο ῥ-
 κυρῖοβ ἡ ῥ-εὶοβ ὅδε. ἡ ῥυαῖρ ἡ μνάσιν πο γο ῥαῖρ λεᾷ οἰε να
 ἡ-ῥηρῶνταῖρ, ἀρ ἄν λαῖρ, ἀγ λαβῶντῃς ῥαβῶντῃς ῥαν ἄν τῇρ,
 ἀγυρ γυρ κυρῶντῃς μῶν-εὶοβ ῥαβῶντῃς, ἀβῶντῃς ἀγυρ ἡλε ῥῶντ
 οἰτῇρ ἡλῶντα ἡλε ῥαβῶντῃς ἄν μνάσιν Ὀμάειρ Ὀάβειρ ἀρ ἄν
 ῥαβῶντῃς Ὀφῶντῃς Ὀφῶντῃς, ὅρῃ βί Ὀμάειρ Ὀάβειρ ἀρ ἄν ῥαβῶντῃς
 οἰτῇρ ῥαβῶντῃς, ἀρ ἡρ Ὀάβειρ ἡλῶντα ῥαῖρ ἄν οἰνε ἀρ ῥαῖρ ἄν ῥαβῶντῃς
 οἰε ῥαβῶντῃς, ἀγυρ ῥαῖρ τῇρ ἡρ Ὀάβειρ ἡλῶντα ῥαῖρ Ὀάβειρ
 ἀρ. Ὀυβῶντῃς ἀρ φεαρ πο κυρῇ ἄν δὴν πο εὐρα γυρ μαρ πο πο
 ῥῥῖοβ εἰ. βί ῥαβῶντῃς Ὀφῶντῃς, ἀρ ῥαῖρ—ἀρ ἡρ ῥῥῖοβ ῥαβῶντῃς
 ἀρ Ὀφῶντῃς εἰ—ἀγ ῥαβῶντῃς ῥηρ ῥῥῖοβ ἀγυρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ῥαῖρ πο ῥαῖρ. βί Ὀφῶντῃς ῥαῖρ “ῥαβῶντῃς,” ἡρ εἰ τῇρ φεαρ ἀ
 ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαβῶντῃς ἀγυρ ἀγ ῥαβῶντῃς βί ἀγυρ ῥῥῖοβ ἡ ἡ-αἰμυρῇ
 ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαβῶντῃς ἀρ ῥαῖρ. Ὀυβῶντῃς Ὀφῶντῃς ἀρ φεαρ τῇρ ῥῥῖοβ
 ἡρ ῥαῖρ πο ἄν ῥαῖρ, πο κυρῶντῃς, πο κυρῶντῃς ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥαῖρ, μαρ
 βυῖοβ ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥαν τῇρ ῥαν ἄν τῇρ, ῥα ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥαν τῇρ ῥαῖρ
 οἰε Ὀφῶντῃς. ἡρ ῥαῖρ εὐρα ἀγ ῥαῖρ οἰνε ῥαν τῇρ ἀρ Ὀφῶντῃς,
 ἀγυρ βί ῥαῖρ ἀρ μῶν ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 βί οἰε Ὀφῶντῃς ὅρῃ ῥ-εὶοβ. Ὀυβῶντῃς ῥαῖρ ῥαν εὐρα ἀρ ῥαῖρ
 ἡρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ πο βί ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ φεαρ πο ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ῥαν πο Ὀφῶντῃς, ἀγυρ τῇρ ῥῥῖοβ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ῥαῖρ, ἀρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ πο ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 τῇρ ἀγ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ἀγυρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ἀρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ, ἀγυρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ
 ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ.

ῥαῖρ ἀγυρ ῥαῖρ.

ῥαῖρ: βυῖοβ εὐρα ἀρ ῥαῖρ, βί ῥαῖρ ἡ μῶν
 νυαῖρ ῥαῖρ μέ εὐρα ῥαῖρ,

ῥαῖρ: ῥῥῖοβ ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥαῖρ ῥαῖρ, ἀρ ῥαῖρ
 Ὀφῶντῃς ἀρ ῥαῖρ.

They say to myself That love is a small petty thing, But it's woe for whom it
 is on, A month, or a week, or a day. Lying on her side Beneath the foliage and
 blossoms, And I by her side And a little green bough in my hand, etc.
 The remaining verses present no difficulty and need not be translated.

Here is a curious poem, a dialogue or discourse—*Carmen Amœbæum*—between a man and a woman, as we find it in the poetry of every country from the time of Horace to that of Tumaus O'Moore and as it will be while men and women exist. I found it in a letter which some one wrote to the old *Nation* at the time when Thomas Davis and Gavan O'Duffy were steering it, hoping, as is likely, that they would put it in print for him. It is worth mentioning here that about half of the Irish, at the least, at this time spoke Gaelic, and that a good deal of Irish songs and different things were sent to the *Nation* by "Iresians" throughout the country. No doubt they would have been printed had there been anyone on the staff of the paper able to do so, for Thomas Davis was very friendly to the language; but it is likely they had no person to correct the proofs, and, besides that, had probably no Irish type at this time.

The man who sent them this poem said that it was composed in this way. Teig O'Dornin, he says—but I do not know what O'Dornin—was travelling through Erin, and came to the house O'Luneen or Lindon. Lindon was a Beetagh or hospitable; that is, one who kept open house, giving food and shelter gratis to those who went that way. O'Dornin went in, and after the repast or supper, a harp was placed in his hand, as was customary in the country at that time, to see if he wished to make music. Nobody in the house knew O'Dornin, and there was great wonderment on them when he began to draw from the harp the sweetest music at all. That made Lindon's sister jealous, for she was herself a queen harpist. She said that there was no man went by that way for a long time was able to make music like that, and after a long conversation with him she challenged him to play the harp against herself, and the people of the house listening to them as judges. Teig O'Dornin began, and on the moment composed and played this half stanza extempore, and she answered him in the same way, and the same metre.

TEIG AND MARY.

TEIG :	Bright was the air, the hills were fair, When first I saw thee, Mary.
MAURYA :	Not brighter they than thou, the day Thou tookest Teig the "bairy."*

*The Anglo-Irish for a "goal" in hurling, from the Irish *báire*.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

T.—Calm was the time, hills were in blossom, when I beheld thee, Mary.
M.—Not finer was the day than thou wert, the time thou tookest Teig the

- Ծածց : Ծօ րօրժ, և լրբիր, ար ծած ան ձեր,
 'S մա՛ր քննիր զ ուր ձիւլե,
 մայր : ի՞նչ ձեր նա (չ)լեան ևր քօր ծամ ան
 ուր լցօւմաչիցե՛ն նա ծօ ճիւլ-քե.
- Ծածց : Բսծ օսիւք եւ ան ճրան աս խիւք
 խոնա ծօ ճննիր և մայր,
 մայր : Ըն քսելո ու ճրան ու ճաւծքիցեան քրան
 Օրբսօ քօլուր և ծօ քջիւլ-քե.
- Ծածց : Ըն ան քրկսաց Էն-քիւք Բսծ իմա՛ծ 'ր Բսծ ճնաօ
 Ծօ ճննիր ճեւլ-ճաւծի և մայր,
 մայր : Իր քարի և ոքնէ քրկսաց քիւք 'նա մէ,
 ձէք Բ'քարի ծօ ճնե-քե ան քրա լին.
- Ծածց : Բնիր-քջնի ան ճրած և ծ'Էսճան Բքեճց*
 Ծօ ճոննարք մե օրք և մայր,
 մայր : Իր քրա ծ'քից ան քսճան մին
 և մինք ճաւծ ծօ ճիւլք.
- Ծածց . Ծօ րօրժ ճաւծի՛ք ծօ Զեւլքից ան քիցե
 Ծօ ճած մօ ճրօւք-քե և մայր,
 մայր : Իր օրք-քա ճա ան Բալլ-քիւք ծօ ճնա՛ծ
 և Լարք ճրած ճած քճաւքեան.
- Ծածց : մա՛ 'ր ձիւ ևստ մէ և ճրած մօ ճլեւծ
 ևր ևստ ճօ Է-քսց մէ և մայր,
 մայր : Գիւ Լարքճ՝ ճլսան 'ճամ՝ ճրած ճօ ճիւլ,
 սէ! ճմկնիցիմ քստ, քիւ նալքեճ.

Ու քար քննոն ճս զ ևր քքեւծ ծօ՛ն քքեւլ-քօ, ու ար ճմկնաց ան
 ճքքեան ծօ ճա իրիւծ, ու ան աս մաքսծ քաօ ծօ եւ ի.

* “ Բնիրքջնի ան ճրացի մար քսճան Բքացի,՝քան մի.

† ու Լիր ծամ ճս զ ան քաճալ քօ ան քան մի. ևր քքնիւլ և
 “ մունքեճ ” Է. ‡ “ ճաօ ”՝քան մի.

goal. *T.*—Thy eyes, O sky-lady, of the colour of the air, and, if possible, more lovely. *M.*—There is no air or valley (?) that I know of, more beautiful than thy reputation. *T.*—Blacker is the sun when setting than thy features, Mary. *M.*—Neither star nor sun exhibit one third as much light as thy shadow. *T.*—It were a good and a comeliness for the host of the fairy women (To have) thy bright gentle countenance, Mary. *M.*—Better is the fairy host in appearance than I, but better thy appearance at that time (than theirs). *T.*—Top-beauty of love in thy fine curls I beheld upon thee, Mary. *M.*—It is thou who wove the smooth curl? with the gentle softness of thy laugh. *T.*—Thy gentle eyes have shaped the web which took my heart, O Mary. *M.*—It is on thee is ever the love-spot which kindles the love of every stately woman. *T.*—If I am pleasing to

TEIG : Thy eyes are bright as stars of night,
Each one God's candle-bearer.

MAURYA : There is no star of all that are,
But thou by far art fairer.

TEIG : The setting sun shows black and dun,
And cold, beside thee, Mary.

MAURYA : There is no sun of all that run
To which I could compare thee.

TEIG : The fairy host might make their boast
Of thy sweet features, Mary.

MAURYA : More fair they are than I, by far,
But thou more fair than fairy.

TEIG : Top-knots of love all else above,
Lurk in thy tresses, Mary.

MAURYA : Thou hast a smile which must beguile,
So gay it is, so airy.

TEIG : Thy bright eyes spin a net so thin,
Thou took'st me in it, Mary.

MAURYA : A love-spot thou hast on thy brow,
Of charms it is not chary.

TEIG : Thy slave I'll be ; thou sees't in me
Thy thrall and lover, Mary.

MAURYA : No longer free, I yield to thee,
All shamefaced, all unwary.*

We do not know what is the end of this story, and whether the lady submitted to him in reality, or whether it was jesting at him she was.*

thee, O love of my bosom. I am thine till death, Mary. *M.*—There are treacherous flames silently destroying me. Alas, I submit to thee, although shamefaced.

*There was a celebrated poet O'Dornin, born near Cashel in 1682, who lived most of his life in Armagh. But his name was Peadar (Padder), not Teig, and his wife's name Rose, not Mary. The gentleman who sent this piece to the *Nation*, accompanied it with a poetic version by a "talented friend" of his own, each half verse of which—regardless of any reminiscence of Cowper—ended in "My Mary," to which the second half of the verse as invariably responded with the delightful assonance of "My Thady." Of course, this is not in the Irish, where the lady's difficulty was to find a fitting extempore rhyme for her own name, Maurya.

Θέαρταιθ' μέ ανοιρ πίορα ατά λε πάξαιλ ανη ρ ζαδ' άιτ' αρ' ρυο να
 τίρε, βεαν αν ήιρ ρυαιθ'. ηί'λ ήιορ αζαμ εαο ράτ' αρ' έυιρ να οαοινη
 αν οιρεαο ριν ρρέρη ανη ραν αβήάν ρο μυναβ έ αν ρονη ατά αιρ.
 ηι ρειοιη ρέιν μόρήν εεσίλ' ηά ριλιθεαότα 'ηνα ροελαιβ, αέτ' τά αν
 ζιοτα ρο έοηι θεαξ-αιέηιζέτ' ριν, έεαρ αζυρ έυαιθ', ηαδ' οτιζ λιοη α
 ράξββίλ' αμυιζ. ρυαιρ' εαηα θάμ ρέιν ηα βηιαέηα λεαηαρ ο βεул
 ρεανουινη ι ζ-εονοαέ ηα ζαίλλιηε, αζυρ ρυαιρ' ηιρε υαιθ'-ρεαν ιαο.
 ράξαιμ αμαδ' ηαηη ηο οδ' ηαδ' βρuiλ ηο ροίλειρ.

βεαν αν ήιρ ρυαιθ'.

τά ριαο ο'ά ηάθ
 ζυρ τυ ράιλη ροεαιρ ι ηβηρόιζ
 τά ριαο ο'ά ηάθ
 ζυρ τυ βείλιν' ταηα ηα βρόζ.
 τά ριαο ο'ά ηάθ
 α ηίςλε ζηάθ ζο οτυζ τυ θάμ εάλ,
 ετθ' ζο βρuiλ ρεαρ' λε ράξαιλ
 'ς λειρ' αν εάιλλιύρ βεαν αν ήιρ ρυαιθ'.

οο έυζαρ ηαοι μί
 ι βρπρίορύν, εεαηζαίτε ερυαιθ',
 βολταιθ' αρ' μο εαοεαιθ'
 αζυρ ηίςλε ζλαρ αρ' ρύο ρυαρ,
 έαβαρραιν-ρε ριθε
 ηαρ' έαβαρραιθ' εαλα εοιρ' ευαιη,
 λε ρονη οο βειέ ρίητε
 σίορ' λε βεαν αν ήιρ ρυαιθ'.

ζαοιλ' ηιρε α έευο-ρεαρη
 ζο ηβειθ' αον τιζεαρ' ιοιρ' μέ 'ρ' έυ
 ζαοιλ' μέ 'ηηα θείζ-ρην
 ζο ηβρηνεζρά μο λεανθ' αρ' οο ζλίμ.
 μαίλλαέτ' ριζ' ηειηε
 αρ' αν τέ ριν βαιη θίομ-ρα μο ελί,
 σην, αζυρ υιλε ζο λειρ'
 λυέτ' βρρείζε έυιρ' ιοιρ' μέ 'ρ' έυ.

I shall now give a piece which is to be found in every place throughout the country—the Red Man's Wife. I do not know why the people took such pleasure in this song, unless it is the air which is on it. I do not see myself much music or poetry in the words, but this piece is so well known North and South that I cannot omit it. A friend of mine got the words which follow from an old man in the County Galway, and I got them from him. I leave out a verse or two which are not very clear.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue ;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.

Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound ;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around ;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.

I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be ;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee ;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the false liars
 Who put silence between you and me.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet with mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

Τά κρᾶνν ἀνν γαν νγάιρσιν
 Διη δ βράρᾶνν ουίλλεαδᾶρ δ'ῖρ βλάε burde,
 Ἀν υαίρ λεαζαίμ μο λάη διη
 ἱρ λάιουρ νὰε μβριρεανν μο ἐρσιδε ;
 'S é γόλάρ γο βάρ
 Δ'ῖρ é σ'φάξαιλ ο φλαίτεαρ ἀνυαρ
 Δον πόγιη ἀμήλιν,
 Δ'ῖρ é σ'φάξαιλ ο θεαν ἀν ἱίρ ρυαίθ.

Δέε γο σσιγ λά ἀν τραοξαιλ
 'Ἡνα νευβρᾶρ ενουε αζυρ κυαιν,
 Τιουρφαίθ ρμύιτ ἀρ ἀν νηρέιν
 'S βείθ na νευίετα εομή ουβ λειρ ἀν νγυαλ
 θείθ ἀν φαίρζε τιρην
 Δ'ῖρ τιουρφαίθ na βρόνκα 'ῖρ na τραυαίξ'
 'S βείθ ἀν τάλιλιύρ αζ ργρεαυαέ
 ἀν λά ριν φαοι θεαν ἀν ἱίρ ρυαίθ.

Ὅο εὐιρ εἶρεαννὰε εἰζιν βεαζάν μί ὁ φοιν, κόρπ εἰλε θε'ν ἀβρᾶν
 ρο ἰ γελόθ, ὁό βί ργριόβτα, νείρ ρε, νίορ μό 'νά εενο βλιαδᾶιν ὁ
 φοιν ἰ γconδαέ na μίθε. Ὀλόβυαίλ ρέ ἰ βράίρῆαν ἀλβαννὰε é, "na
 himpripide ὀβαιν." αζ ρο κυο σέ.

θεαν ἀν ἱίρ ρυαίθ. κόρπ εἰλε.

'Sé το βεαέτα ἀνν γαν τίρ-ρε
 Δ φαοιλινν ἱρ νείρε φαοι ξρυαίθ
 'Ἡδ ἀν θεαν ὁο βί ριαρ
 αζ ναοίρ μαε υίρνεαέ 'ῖρ γ-cuan.
 Σγριουρφαίθ μέ ἀν τίρ
 ἀνίορ γο h-meall ρορ-cuain,
 'S ἀν υαίρ καρφαο ἀρῖρ
 θείθεαο κλαοιότε αζ θεαν ἀν ἱίρ ρυαίθ.

There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake.
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.

But the Day of Doom shall come,
 And hills and harbours be rent ;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent ;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban ;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.*

Some Irishman, a few months since, printed another copy of this song, which he says was written down more than a hundred years ago in the County Meath. He printed it in a Scotch paper, the *Oban Times*.† Here is some of it :

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

(Another copy).

Salutation to thee into this country
 O seagull more lovely in countenance
 Than the woman in the West whom
 Naesi, son of Usneach, had in the harbour.
 I shall destroy the country
 Down to the border of Roscuain,
 And when I turn back again
 I shall (myself) be overthrown by the Red man's wife.

*This translation is in the curious broken metre of the original. *Literally:* They are saying it, That thou art the quiet little heel in a shoe. They are saying it, That thou art the thin little mouth of the kisses. They are saying it, Thou and loves, that thou hast turned thy back on me, Though a man may be had. The tailor's is the wife of the Red man, etc. The other verses offer no difficulty. There is no mention of a tailor in the older copy. It may have been altered to suit local circumstances.

† Or rather, the well-known and humorous Gaelic *littérateur* who writes under the name of Fionn (Mr. Henry Whyte) published it, but some Irishman, I think, gave it to him.

1r gile do bhrádaio
 A míle gráó ná eala ar tuinn,
 1r veirge do ghrúad
 'Ná an rór do éig ar na cnainn,
 1r binne do beól
 'Ná 'n éuac 'r í feinn go binn
 'S gur míne 'ná 'n ríosa
 Gac olaoi d'á oig ar do éann.

A bhuinnioil gan rmál
 A bhuil an vealraó vea ar do ghrúad,
 Cía bé an t-óghnac bán
 Do b'áil liom leat-ra do luad;
 Cía céilim ar don
 An t-ábódaí fá bhuilim faoi ghrúaim(?)
 Uá mbeidinn gonnca ag an éag
 'S í mo cheuo gráó bean an fíh Ruaid.

A blác-bean na rgeime
 Cuirim ceuo míle beannaét leat uaim,
 Tá mé gonnca ag an éug
 I n-éugmaí do tátaígte gac uair,
 Uá mb'eól dam bean bneugad
 Cuirfinn i g-céill uuit m' anacra cruait.
 S má fillim go h-eug
 'Sí mo ceuo fearc bean an fíh Ruaid.

Uá mbeidinn 'ran tír fíor
 I bhríorún ceangailte cruaid
 bolcaíó ar mo cuim
 A'r míle glar ar rúo ruar.
 Éabairfainn-re rgríó
 mar do éabairfaó eala coir cuaim
 U'fonn a beic rínte
 Seal oíóce le bean an fíh Ruaid

Whiter is thy neck
 Thousand loves, than the swan on the waves,
 Redder is thy cheek
 Than the rose which comes on the trees.
 Sweeter is thy mouth
 Than the cuckoo, and she singing sweetly,
 And sure smoother than the silk
 Is each lock which grows upon thy head.

O damsel without spot,
 Who hast the pretty gloss upon thy cheek,
 Whoever the fair-haired youth is
 I would like to betroth to thee,*
 Why (?) conceal I it on anyone
 The reason why I am under gloom?
 Though I were wounded by the death
 My first love is the Red man's wife.

O blossom-woman of the beauty,
 I send with thee a hundred-thousand blessings from me
 I am wounded by the death
 In lack of thy society every hour.
 If I knew how to coax a woman,
 I would explain to thee my hard calamity.
 And if I return for ever
 My first-love is the Red man's wife.

If I were in the Down country
 In prison bound hard,
 Bolts on my waist,
 And a thousand locks from that up;
 I would give a flight
 As a swan would beside a harbour,
 With pleasure to be stretched
 For the while of a night by the wife of the Red-haired man

* I do not well understand the third, fourth, and fifth lines; perhaps c·a is meant for ch·a which is used instead of m "not" in parts of Meath.

Δξ ρο δβρίαν μαίτ ρυαίρ με ανν μο ρεαν-ρξνίβινν ρέιν αξυρ νι
 ράδαίρ μέ ι η-αον άιτ ειλε έ.

βριξίυ όξ ηα ξ-αίabh.

Cuiriun vo cuimrixið*
 Δρ Όια [΄ξυρ imπίδιm]
 Ρείριτιξ όαμ αν βεαλαό αξυρ ηά ρυλαίηξ μέ ι βρία·
 Όά οτιυερά-ρα ρά αν τρλιαβ
 'η άιτ α ξοόηηηαίξεαην αν ριαό
 [Δξ] οέαηαηι λιοηηοιυιβ ρά ηα ξλεαηηταιβ 'ρ ξυρ λεατ έαίλλ μέ μο
 έαίλλ.

Τά ξηάό αξαμ αρ ηηηαοι
 αξυρ έρδύ ρί μο έρποθε,
 Ρυό βινηε λιοη ι ηαοι η-υαίρε 'ηά αν έυαό αρ αν ξ-εραιοβ,
 'ξ 'ηά λον-ουβ αν βείλ ηυίθε
 'ξ αν αειρρεαότ λε η-α έαοιβ
 'ξ ι ‡ αν ρηόίλιν βινη βρευζαό οο ξέαρ-λοιηξ μο έρποθε.

Αη ξ-αυαλαίρ ριβ-ρε τηάότ
 Δρ έλυαηαίξεαότ ηα ηηά?
 Ιρ αρ ρεαβαρ οο ρξηίυβραό ρί λε ααολ-ρεαην αρ έλάρ,
 ηί'λ ρέ λε ράξαιλ
 Αηη 'ραν βρραηηο ηά 'ραν ρπάηη
 ηαό βρυιλ οίολ ρηρ μαρ έείλε ηηητι, ρέυηλα αν έύιλ βόηη.

Ξεοβαιηηη-ρε ξο λεόρ
 Ιυέτ ρίοα 'ξυρ ρηόιλ,
 ηαταίρ ηίηε ουβα, αξυρ ράηηηηθε βυίθε όηρ,
 ηι ραόαίρ ηηρε λεόξ
 αότ ρηοτ-ρα, α ηίλε ρτόρ,
 α ρίυηρ-έαρη ταηλα αηηηηηηη 'ρ ξυρ τυ ρλαηηα οε'η ρυιλ ηόόρ.

*=οοηηηρε, "cuiriun έυ ραοι έοηηηηρε .η. ρξάό, Όέ," β'έηοηρ.

† "ιρ α αεαηραό" 'ραν ης.

‡ "ξηα," ης.

§ "ηι λεό ραόηηηηη" 'ραν ης. "ρηοτ-ρα" 'ραν λίηε λεαηαρ=λεατ-ρα.

Here is a good song I found in my own old manuscript, one which I have never met anywhere else—

YOUNG BREED OF THE TRESSES.

Unto God I pray
Every night and day
Not to leave me pining, but to speed me on my way ;
Oh, come my love to-day
Where the ravens seek their prey,
We shall sorrow in the valley where you set my heart astray.

For gone it is and strayed,
My love is on a maid,
I think her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo in the glade,
Or, thrush, within the shade,
Or blackbird when he played
His sweetest notes to cheer us, and my soul is dismayed.

Oh, have you heard them say
How arch and bright and gay
Is my lady, how she writes with a pen in her play ?
There is not, so they say,
In France or Spain to-day,
A man who would not leap to take the hand of my may

Girls I'd get, I swear,
Who silk and satins wear,
Hats both dark and glossy, and rings rich and rare ;
But see, I leave them there,
Thou only art my care,
Sister of Antrim's Earldom, so fragrant and so fair.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I put to his guardianship Upon God, and I request, Smooth for me the way and do not suffer me (to be) in pain. If thou wert to come with me under the mountains, Where the raven dwells, Making melancholy through the valleys, and with you I have lost my senses.

I have love for a woman, And she ruined my heart. I thought her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch Or the blackbird of the yellow mouth, And the song-finch (?) at his side. She is the melodious coaxing little thrush that bitter-burned my heart, etc.

The next verses offer no difficulty and need not be translated. "Օճօլ բլի" in the third verse, means "a sufficiency for any husband;" that is, one good enough to satisfy the most exacting.

ʔə ʔo ʔbɾʌn mʌiɕ eile ʔuʔɪ ɱe i n-ʌmɛɾɪkʌ. ʌnn ʔʌn ʔ-ɕeʊ
 ʔʌnn tʌ ʌn ɕʌɪɪn ʔə ʔʌʊ nʌɕ ɪeɪɾɾɔ ʔi ʊʊʌn ɕʌɕʌɪɪɪ ʌ ɱeʌɪɪɪɪ;
 ʔɕʊ ʌnn ʔʌ tɾɪ ʔʌnnʌɪɪ ɪeʌnʌɾ tʌ ʌn ɕʌɕʌɪɪɪ ʔə ɕʊɾ ʌ ɕʌɪɪ;
 ʔ-ɕeɪɪɪ ʊɪ ʔɕʊɾ 'ʔ ʌ ɕɱeʊɕʌɕ.

mór ná beaḡ.

[Ἀν καίλιν αἵ λαβδαίητε].

[illegible]

[Εἰρεὰν ἀγ ἰαηηαῖὸ ἰ τοὸ ὕνευξάδὸ]

Զօրքս եւ ի քննի, Զօրքս եւ ի քննի,
 Զօրքս եւ յօրոնս քանի,
 Զօրքս ո՞ր ճիւղ տրորակած [օւնէ],
 Ի՞նչ Զօրքս ո՞ր զմեզ քանդ արաւ.
 Զօրքս եւ ի հիւսիս, թէ մ'անամ ար ու Լիւնի,
 Երբեք, ի ծրար, երբ Զօրքս քանդ արաւ,
 Երբեք մե՞ծ ո՞ր զմեզ քանդ արաւ թէն,
 Ի քանդումն ինչ ուրիշ քան արաւ.

ԵՃ ԵԱՇ ԶԳՈՒ ԸՐ ՔԼԻԱԾ Ը՛Ր ՈՒՆ ԶՈՆ ՎՈՒՆԵ ՝ ՈՒՆԱ ՈՍԻԱՃ
 Ը՛Ր ՈՒՐԵ ՎՈ Մ՝ ԸԻՐԱԾ ԼԵԾ-ՔԱՆ,
 Ը՛Ր Մ՝ՔՕԿԱ ՎՈՒԷ Ը ՕՒՃ Ը՛Ր ՕՐԷ ԸԵՃ ՄՕ ԵՐԻԱԼԼ
 ԶՐ ԵԱՆԵՎՈՐ ՄՕ ԸԻԱԼԼ ԶՕ ՄՕՐ ՎՕՄ,
 ՈՒՐԵ ԵԵԻ ԼԻՈՄ ՔԵՒՆ ՔՕԼԱՒ, ՕՇ ՈՒ ԵՅԻԾԵՎՕ,
 ԸՈՒՐ ԶՐ ՄԵՒ Ի ՎՅՐ Մ՝ՕՂԵ,
 Ը՛Ր ԶՐ ՄԱԼԼ ԶՄԵ ԶԵՇ ԸՒՆ Ը ԼԵԾՐԱՐ ԼԵՐ ՔԵՒՆ †
 ԸՐ ՈՒՃԱ ՈՇ ԸՐ ՔԼԻԱԾ ՄՕՈՒԷ.

* "μόν," 'ran ms.

† = "τΔπ."

‡ τὰ ἀπὸ ἑνὸς καὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

Δὐράν εἰλε, ἢ ῥεαν-ῥοαλ ε.

Here is another good song which I got in America. In the first verse the girl is saying that she will not let the boy deceive her, and in the three stanzas that follow, the boy is explaining his case to her and persuading her.

GREAT OR SMALL.

Great or small, no word was ever spoken
 Betrothing me to another.
 My fame has been fair, and my life without care,
 I have no blush of shame I must smother.
 If my friends being few, prompts an ill thought in you,
 Or in any man else who has seen us,
 And who hopes he may lead me to shame and to need,
 I put Christ and His cross between us.

[HE ANSWERS].

I call on thee, my love ; I call on thee my dove ;
 I call on thee nine times over ;
 I call on thy cool, so tressy and so full,
 And I call on thy form as a lover.
 I call thee through the land, my soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and in trouble ;
 Save me from the death, O maiden with the breath
 And the limbs of a freeborn noble.
 Upon the mountain side my kine are runuing wide,
 They have not a guide to herd them.
 I left them there, God knows, to seek for my wild rose ;
 My thoughts like waves arose since you stirred them.
 Alone, why must I be, with none to go with me ?
 I shall draw from my youth as a fountain :
 For every bird, you know, who sings alone, sings slow
 On the side of the grove or mountain.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

Great or small was I never hetrothed In trouble of husband or consort, And sure I found my life ever without reproach, And more (than that), no blush was ever struck from my face. If it was the loss of my friends gave you a way to betray me, Or any other man alive in Erin, And if you are intending to put me from prosperity, I set Christ who is in Heaven to avenge it on you (*literally*, "after it upon you")

I call thee, O sister. I call thee O secret-love, I call thee nine times, I call thy cool that is clustering and close, And I call thy form slender, noble. I call thee O love, My soul is on thy hand, Come thou for awhile and relieve me. Keep me from the death, and let me be thy own, O damsel of the limbs clean (shaped) and noble, etc.

Τά λαράδ' ανν ραν ηγηρίη αζυρ λονηαδ'α τ'α ρέηη
 Τιμείολι δο βέιλιν μ'όθ'ηαιρ,
 Δ'ρ ζυρ πολλυρ δο'η τραέζαιλ ζυρ μεαρηαίς τυ λε céill
 Τιλλεαδ' αζυρ τ'α céυο όις-φεαρ.
 Α ανηίρ βρεαζ' ζεαλ πέηη ηα β'ραο-φολε ευαδ[αδ'] ελαον
 λαφανν μαρ αν ρευαδ' (?) όμηρα
 'S ζυρ β'έ τ'ιδρηρδανν-ρε δε η'αοην νο δε ραυδ'βρεαρ αν τραοζαίλ
 Cεαο ρίντε λεατ ζαδ' αον οιδέε Όόηηηαίς.

Τά ηανν εηλε ανν ραν αβράη ρο έορηαίζεαρ, "Α εύιλ άλυινη όεαρ"
 μαρ τ'α ρέ ι η- "Έαμον αν Όνουε," αζυρ ιρ πολλυραδ' έ ζο ραυδ' τ'α
 αβράη μεαργεα λε céile ανν ρο, μαρ εονηεαμαρ έ δευητα ζο
 ηηηις. Τά αν τ'α ηανν έορηαίζεαρ "Ζοιρημ εη α ριύρ" ανν ραν
 "Μαλλ Όυδ αν ζ'λεαηνα" μαρ αν ζ-εευηνα.

Αην ραν αβράη ρο λεαηαρ τ'α αν εαίλιν αζ εαοηεαδ' εαρ έίρ ι το
 βείτ ερέιςτε λε η-α ζηαδ'. Ιρ ρημπληθε αζυρ ιρ βηηη αν έεαρηαέτ ατ'α
 ρι αζ δευηηη. Σαηηλυίζεαηη ρι α μύρηηηη λε "ρευλε ερησ αν ζ-
 εεό," ράδ' ευηρεαρ ανη άρ ζ-ευηηηηε αν τ'αν βρεαζ' ρηη ι λεαβαρ ηι
 η-αρηαεαδ'ηη, αν τ'αν ιρ βρεαζ'α δε ηα τ'αντεαυδ', β'έηοιρ, ατ'α 'ραν
 ηις-λεαβαρ ρηη

"Όνηηαηρ με αζ εεαέτ εζαμ ι εηε λάρ αν εηλέιθε
 μαρ ρευλεαη ερησ αν ζ-εεό."

εαίλιν βεαζ αν ζ'λεαηνα.

Α όζάηαίς όις μαρ ρευλεαη ερησ αν ζ-εεό
 Όο εζαρη-ρα μο ζεαη ζο λείρ* τ'αιτ,
 Δ'ρ το ζεαλλ τυ βείτ ηόηηαη αζ εοιλλ ζ'λαη ηα ζ-εηό
 Ζο ζ-ευηρημίρ άρ ζ-εόηηαηρλε ι η-έηηφεαέτ.
 Της α ηηλε ρεόρ ηαδ' β'ηηλ ρεαεαδ' άρ βίτ εοηη μόρ
 Ιρ μεαρη αζυρ ιρ μό λε δευηηηη
 ηά ηαίςεεαη όεαρ ός το ηηεαλλαδ' λε (το) ρόις
 Αζυρ ρεαλλαδ' υιρην ζο τοό 'ηηα όείς ρηη.

This "I call thee" is a word often used when things or people display any un-
 accountable restlessness; the full form is, "I call and consecrate you to myself,"
 and it is used against fairy agency. Cι'α'ρ'αδ' in the following verse means
 "torturing," and μεαρηαίς means to "set astray." "Every bird who sings by
 himself sings slow" is, I think, a proverb.

* "μόρ" ραν ηης.

A flame comes from the sun when day is almost done,
 I see it on thy small mouth staying ;
 For you have set in play—as all men know to-day—
 Hundreds of young men straying ;
 O maiden of the hair so fair beyond compare,
 On the air like an amber shower,
 This world has, I swear, no wealth that can compare
 With but one kiss there in thy bower.

There is another verse in this song which begins *A Hool awlin yass*, as it is in the song of "Ned of the Hill," and it is evident that there are two songs mixed up here, as we have seen done frequently. The two verses which begin *Guryim hoo a h'yewr*, "I call thee, O Sister," are also in the song of "Dark Moll of the Valley."

In the song which follows, the girl is lamenting after her being forsaken by her love. The complaint which she makes is simple and melodious. She likens her sweetheart to a "star in a mist," a saying which calls to our recollection that fine poem in Hardiman's book, perhaps, the finest of all the poems that are in that king-book—

"I saw her come towards me through the middle of the mountain
 As a star shines through the mist."

OH, YOUTH WHOM I HAVE KISSED.

Oh, youth whom I have kissed, like a star through the mist,
 I have given thee this heart altogether,
 And you promised me to be at the greenwood for me
 Until we took counsel together ;
 But know, my love, though late, that no sin is so great
 For which the angels hate the deceiver,
 As first to steal the bliss of a maiden with a kiss,
 To deceive her after this and to leave her.

Δ ΡΑΘΑΙΣΕ (?) Ο Α ΠΥΜΝ ΑΝ ΔΙΤΡΕΑΤ ΛΕΑΤ ΖΟ ΒΥΑΝ
 ΜΑΡ ΕΥΗΡ ΤΥ ΛΕ ΒΥΔΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΘΣΑΙΛ ΜΕ (?)
 'S ΖΥΡ ΕΥΗΡ ΤΥ ΟΟ ΘΥΙΛ Ι Ν-ΔΙΡΣΙΟΘ 'Ρ Ι ΜΒΥΔΙΘ
 ΑΣΥΡ Ι ΡΕΑΡΑΙΘΕΑΘ ΔΙΘ ΟΥΒΑ ΑΝ ΤΡΛΕΙΒΕ.
 Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΖΟ ΜΟΡ ΒΕΙΤ ΑΡ ΤΑΟΙΒ ΒΥΔΑΙΛΛ ΟΙΣ*
 'ΝΑ ΡΕΑΛΒΑΝ ΒΟ ΑΡ ΤΑΕΒ ΘΝΥΙC
 'S Ε'Ο'ΙΜΕΘΡΑΘ (ΛΙΟΜ) ΔΙΡ ΠΕΑΝ (?) ΑΣΥΡ ΕΛΥΙΤΕΕ CΡΥΑΙΘ ΝΑ ΝΓΕΑΛΛ
 ΑΣΥΡ ΠΥΒΑΛΡΑΘ ΑΝ ΡΑΘΣΑΛ ΖΟ ΡΕΙΘ ΛΙΟΜ.

ΑΣ ΟΥΛ 'ΝΝΑ ΛΥΙΘΕ ΒΟ'Ν ΝΓΡΕΙΝ, ΜΟ ΕΡΕΑΘ, ΜΟ ΘΙΤ ΖΟ ΖΕΥΡ !
 ΙΡ ΜΥΡΕ ΒΙΟΡ Ι ΒΡΕΙΝ ΑΝ ΥΔΙΡ ΡΙΝ,
 ΖΟ ΜΒΥΘ ΡΑΜΥΙΛ ΟΟ Μ'ΓΝΕ ΑΝ ΤΕ ΡΙΝΕΑΘ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΖΟΡΕ,
 'S Α ΜΙC ΜΥΡΕ ΝΑΘ ΜΟΡ ΑΝ ΤΡΥΔΣΤ ΡΙΝ !
 ΜΟ ΕΔΙΡΘΕ ΥΙΛΕ ΖΟ ΛΕΙΡ, ΑΝ ΕΥΤΟ ΔCΑ ΝΑΡ ΕΥΣ
 ΖΥΡ ΕΥΣΑΘΑΡ ΖΕΥΡ-ΡΥΑΘ ΟΑΜ,
 ΣΑΝ Ο'ΡΟCΑΛ ΑΝΝ Α ΜΒΕΥΛ, ΔΕΤ "Ο ΜΙΛΛ ΤΥ ΕΥ ΡΕΙΝ
 ΡΥΛΑΙΝΣ ΟΟ ΡΕΙΡ ΡΙΝ ΒΥΔΙΘΡΕΑΘ."

Ι Ν-ΑΒΡΑΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΑΤΑ ΑΣΑΜ "CΥΔΙΘΙΝ ΒΕΙΝΝΕ ΕΙΟΙΡ" ΝΑΘ ΟCΥΣΑΙΜ
 ΑΝΝ ΡΟ, ΑΤΑ ΡΕΑΡ ΑΣ ΟΕΥΝΑΘ ΝΑ CΑΡΑΟΙΘΕ CΕΥΘΝΑ Ι ΟΤΑΟΙΒ ΜΗΝΑ,
 ΑΣΥΡ ΜΑΡ ΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΑΝ CΑΙΛΙΝ ΖΟ ΜΒ'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΕΙΤΕ ΒΥΔΑΙΛΛ ΟΣ 'ΝΑ
 "ΡΕΑΛΒ ΒΟ ΑΡ ΕΑΟΙΒ ΘΝΥΙC," ΟΕΙΡ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ

Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ CΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΣ
 ΑΣ CΟΡΥΣΑΘ ΜΟ ΛΕΑΡΕΑΝ
 'ΝΑ ΡΑΙΘΒΡΕΑΡ ΜΙΣ ΝΑ ΡΟΘΛΑ
 'S ΜΟ ΡΟΡΑΘ ΛΕ CΑΙΛΙΣ.

ΝΙ'Λ ΜΟΡΑΝ ΡΙΛΙΘΕΑΤΤΑ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΑΒΡΑΝ ΡΟ ΑΣΥΡ Μ ΑΒΡΑΝ CΟΝΝΑC-
 ΤΑC Ε'ΑΣΥΡ ΡΙΝ Ε ΑΝ Τ-ΑΘΒΑΡ ΡΑΟΙ Α ΒΡΑΣΑΙΜ ΑΜΑC Ε, ΔΕΤ ΙΡ ΡΙΥ Α
 ΕΔΒΑΙΡΤ ΡΑ ΟΕΑΡΑ ΖΟ ΝΟΕΑΡΡΑΘ Ε 'ΡΑΝ ΑΜ ΑΝΝ Α ΡΑΙΒ ΣΑΕΘΕΙΛΣ ΑΣ
 ΝΑ ΟΔCΙΟΙΒ Ι Μ ΒΕΙΝΝ-ΕΙΟΙΡ, ΡΕΑCΙ ΜΙΛΕ Ο Θ'Λ'ΑΤΕCΙΔΕ.

* "ΡΕΑΡΑΘ ΒΥΔ ΛΑ ΟΙΣ" ΡΑΝ ΜS. ΡΥΘ ΝΑΘ ΟCΥΣΙΜ.

† "ΡΣΕΥΛ" ΡΑΝ ΜS.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.* O young youth, like a star through the mist I have given thee my love completely, And you promised to be before me at the greenwood of the nuts Until we would put our counsels together. Understand, O thousand treasures, that there is no sin so great, Worse and greater to do, Than to deceive a pretty young maiden with your kiss And betray her for ever afterwards.

O Rody (?), O secret love, dost thou constantly repent How thou hast sent me on the world's trouble, And how thou hast set thy affliction on money and on kine And on black heifers of the mountain? I should greatly sooner be at the side of

And do you now repent for leaving me down bent
 With the trouble of the world going through me,
 Preferring sheep and kine and silver of the mine
 And the black mountain heifers to me?
 I would sooner win a youth to love me in his truth
 Than the riches that you, love, have chosen,
 Who would come to me and play by my side every day
 With a young heart gay and unfrozen.

But when the sun goes round I sink upon the ground,
 I feel my bitter wound at that hour;
 All pallid, full of gloom, like one from out a tomb,
 O Mary's Son, without power.
 And all my friends not dead are casting at my head
 Reproaches at my own sad undoing,
 And this is what they say, "since yourself went astray,
 Go and suffer so to-day in your ruin."

In another song which I have, called "The Cuckoo of Bin-édar," which I do not give here, there is a man making the same complaint about a woman, and just as the girl said that she preferred a young boy to the "possession of cows on a hill-side," so he says—

I had sooner a young girl
 Preparing my couch
 Than the wealth of the King of Fola (Ireland),
 And my marriage with a hag.

There is not much poetry in the song, and it is not a Connacht one, hence I omit it, but it is worth observing that it was made at a time when the people of Binédar (the Hill of Howth), six miles from Duhlin, spoke Irish.

a young bohal Than (have) possession of cows on the side of a hill. It is he who would play with me on *pan* (?) and (play) the hard game of the pledges, And who would freely walk the world with me.

On the sun's going to lie down—my destruction, my loss, grievously—It is I was in pain at that hour, And the likeness of my countenance was that of him who was stretched in the clay, And O Son of Mary, is not that the great pity! My friends, all of them entirely, as many of them as did not die, Ah, they have given me bitter-hatred, Without a word in their months but, "Since you have ruined yourself, Now suffer trouble according."

So a dhán eile ann a tseáctar ar bheinn éirir.

neillið na scoóan.

'S a òia gan mé am' iargair
 Sòir i mbeinn éirir,
 Agus neillið na scoóan
 Beir i scoir-lár locha éirne
 Rácpainn-re or fholll
 Sior ar fad o'á feuchain,
 'S ní éubhainn bhoib luachra
 Ar mháib uairle na h-éirneann.

'S a neillið, òia óilir !
 Mí cubairð* òuit beir am' éirígean,
 'S gur a n-aice do mhín-éir
 Duò mian liom beir do' bheugan.
 Mo lám ar an mbíobla
 'S mé fíor ar mo glúnaib,
 Nac iargairinn leat éiríde
 So rinne de 'ran úir mé.

Tá cóirín veir buide agam
 'S é líonta le ciorcal,
 'S tá glar geur go mígin air
 'S é go ríneannac curca.
 Aécuingim ar íora
 A' ar ríó Colam Cille
 A mairgean gan mí-geann
 Deag-éiríoc or o'ílluir.

Agus b'éirir go mbéirinn-re
 Agus mairgean an éirí óir
 Ar mairin ag éirteac
 Le h-airrionn ar bórta ;
 Munab óir a rácpair,
 Ar a h-aigair í, beirdear bhoirac
 Mar na lon-óir' ar na coilltib
 Le foillre an tseáctóna.

*=ní cóir é, ní oirneannac é. Labairtear an focal go mar
 "caoí" no "cuirde." Tá fe an coiréirionn i n-aiteacair i scoir-
 mian.

Here is another song in which mention is made of Binédar.

NELLY OF THE TOP KNOTS.

Dear God ! were I fisher and
 Back in Binédar,
 And Nelly a fish who
 Would swim in the bay there,
 I would privately set there
 My net there to catch her,
 In Erin no maiden
 Is able to match her.

And Nelly, dear God !
 Why ! you should not thus flee me,
 I'd long to be near thee
 And hear thee and see thee.
 My hand on the Bible
 And I swearing and kneeling
 And giving thee part
 Of the heart you are stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket
 And it fastened with crystal.
 And the lock opens not
 To the shot of a pistol.
 To Jesus I pray
 And to Colomkill's Master,
 That Mary may guide thee
 Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden,
 Whom none may disparage ;
 Some moruing a-hearing
 The sweet mass of marriage,
 But if fate be against us,
 To rend us and push us,
 I shall mourn as the blackbird
 At eve in the bushes.

'S a' óia gan mé ar linn (?) léite
 'S gan uimprí áct a léine,
 no i bparáir na fhaince
 no ar inribh loc' éirne,
 ag cur ríor mo éalnte
 'S ag veimniugadh mo rgeíl sí,
 mar íúil go mberóinn-re agao
 a mairgeoean na gcráéb-fólt.

Ag ro-abrán do rinne O Cearballáin, do réir mo láimh-réibinne.
 re, áct ní mearaínn féin gur b'é. I r'óig go raib a lán abrán
 r'gíobda ar an bhonn ceoona, agus ní'l don amhar oim nac bfuil
 an porc agus an t-abrán níor rine 'ná aimir uí Cearballáin.
 Veir seágan O Dálaig—feair nac bfuair ariam a fáit molta ar
 ron an méio do rinne ré i g-cúir na n-abrán muimnead—piora
 búinn air a nglaothann ré “bean Dubh an Gleanna,” agus tá cur
 vé an éorhúil leir an tón ro. Veir reirgan gur b'é éamon an
 Ónuic O Riain do rinne an t-abrán atá ann a leabhar féin timcioll
 na bliadna 1730-40. Tá an fonn rimplíde agus an-binn. Ag ro
 mar fuair mire é.

mall dubh an gleanna.

I r'ag mall Dubh an Gleanna
 Tá mo ghráó-ra i tairge,
 I r'í nac bfuair gué ná náire,
 I r'caoróeathail muinte mairgead
 Dubhairt sí liom ar maroin
 Iméig a' r' ná feuc go b'rác mé.
 ní'l ógánac veair
 O'múthain go tuaim 'r go gailim,
 ná ó rin go laigim uí h-eagha,
 nac bfuil triall cum an gleanna
 ar eacraib r'liocaid r'leathain,
 (Ag) peiceam ar an mbean dubh i r'áille.

* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

NELLY OF THE TOP-KNOTS.

I wish to God that I were a fisher* West in Benedar, And Nelly of the top-knots
 To be in the middle of Lough Erne. I would go privately Down all the way to
 look at her, And I would not give the point (?) of a rush For the (other) gentle
 women of Ireland.

* Literally, “O God! without me in my fisher.

Oh, God, were she with me
 Where the gull flits and tern,
 Or in Paris the smiling,
 Or an isle in Loch Erne,
 I would coax her so well,
 I would tell her my story,
 And talk till I won her
 My sunshine of glory.

Here is another song, which, according to my manuscript, Carolan composed, but I do not think myself that it was he. Probably there were a number of songs written to the same old air, and I have no doubt that both air and song are older than Carolan's time. Shawn O'Daly—a man who never received sufficient praise for all he did for the Munster songs—gives us a piece which he calls "Ban Dhuv in Glanna," i.e., "The Dark Woman of the Valley," and part of it is very like this poem. He says that it was Éamon, or Ned of the Hill, O'Ryan, who composed the song which is in his book about the year 1730-40. The air is simple and very sweet. Here is how I found it:—

DARK MOLL OF THE VALLEY.

My heart loves to dally
 With Dark Moll of the valley,
 No blame nor shame she had ever *
 How gently, not scorning,
 She bade me in the morning
 To go, and return to her never.
 There is no handsome youth
 From the lands of the south
 Unto Galway's old city of story,
 But on hunters sleek they rally
 In hundreds to the valley,
 To see the Dark Girl in her glory.

And O Nelly, Oh, dear God, It is not proper for thee to be forsaking me, And sure it was beside thy white skin I had desired to be coaxing thee. My hand 'on the Bible And I down on my knees, That I would never part with thee Until I should be stretched in clay.

I have a nice little yellow casket And it filled with crystal, And I have a sharp lock toughly on it And it truly placed; I implore Jesus And the king of Colum-kille, O maiden without ill favour, A good end on thee from Mary.

The remaining verses offer no difficulty, and do not need translation

Dá b'ráđainn-re bean ó'n b'p'ionnrađ,
 A'r bean ó'n luinnrađ,
 Ađur bean eile ó Ríđ Seórra,
 Inđean Coirnéill bingam
 A'r í oo beit le ronn liom,
 No bean eile ađur míle bó léit,
 Inđean óđ an iarla
 A'r í oo beit go rmuáclad
 D'á m'iarraio réim le pórad,
 Mná dea' an vothain
 Dá b'ráđainn orra mo rođan
 Iy mall Dub an Ŗleanna cōđfainn.

Đairim cu a ríúir,
 Đairim cu a rúin,
 Ađur đairim cu naoi n-uair,
 Đairim-re oo cúl
 Tá reamunnead b'reáđ olút,
 A'r đairim-re oo cōm dea' uaral.
 Đairim-re a'rí' cu a đríd,
 Tá m'anam ar oo láim,
 Muna ođigib turá, trád, ađur fuarđail,
 Corain mire ó'n éađ
 Fea'ra a cōitc' buit réim,
 A ainmí' cōoin na đ-céa'ra rō-dea'.

Tá brannbaidđ ađur beóir
 Ar cēa'ra-lár an rōio,
 Ađur cláiréa' ar an nór cēuona,
 Bantrađt ban óđ
 Le ríúbal leat ann ran rōo,
 Sin a'r oul í đ-cōirte ré n-eađ.
 Seobair ríosa ađur ríol
 (Ađ) rílea' leat go feóir,
 Cátaoir ađur bóro-euoaín,
 A'r nađ fea'ar rin a rťóir,
 Ađur eulóđad liom a rťóir,
 'na cōinnurbe faoi b'róin í n-éiuinn.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 It is with Dark Moll of the valley My heart is laid up in keeping. It is she got
 neither blame nor shame. It is courteously, mannerly, beautifully, She said to
 me in the morning, Go and see me not for ever. There is no handsome youth

Were a maid of the Frenches,
 A maid of the Lynches
 Or of George's maidens to take us ;
 Or Colonel Bingham's daughter
 To love me as I taught her,
 Or one with thousands of acres.
 Or could I get the girl
 The daughter of the Earl
 In her robes of pearl to marry,
 Of all the women fair
 To take my choice of there,
 I would choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

I call thee a-roon
 I call thee right soon,
 And I call on thee nine times over,
 I call on thy cool,
 Like sea-weed fine and full,
 And thy noble shape, as a lover ;
 I call thee through the land
 My soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and forsaken,
 Save me from the death
 And keep me for thyself
 Most beautiful, most tender maiden.

There's brandy amply stowed
 On the middle of the road
 And the claret is not put into hiding,
 And maidens bright as day
 To take thee on thy way,
 And a carriage and six to ride in.
 Satin you will get
 And silk, and golden fret,
 And a throne and a royal faring ;
 And were it not, my dear,
 Far better than be here,
 Under grief, under fear, in Érin.*

From Mun-ter to Tuam and Galway Or from that to Leyny of the O'Hara. But is
 journeying and drawing On sleek smooth steeds Attending upon the most beau-
 tiful Dark Woman.

If I were to get a wife from the French, And a wife from the Lynch, And another

ní tíg liom don ruo do b'feárr óéanaíh ann ro 'ná an dá béarra
i n-abrán uí 'Dálaid atá corúúil le dá béarra i m'abrán-ra do
éur ríor ann ro, as tairbéant na caoi ann a n-árruigeann na rean-
abráin reó ó éúige go éúige. Tá an dá abrán éasraíhail ar fao
ó céile, áet aínáin 'ran dá béarra ro. as ro mar fuair O 'Dálaid
ias; ní árruigim-re a móó-rgríobéa-ran.

ní'l ógánaé caílce
O b'ácliaé go gailíh,
ná ar rin go tuama uí íneara,
naé bfuil as triall 'r as tairraing
ar eadáið donna deara,
as tnuít leir an mbean Dub áluinn.
Geabainn-re bean 'ra' múhan,
triúr bean i laigean,
asur bean o níg geal seórra,
bean na lúbað buíðe
O'fáirgíoc mé le na ciorðe,
bean asur dá ímle bó léi,
ingíon óg an iarlað
atá go tein tubad siacraé
as iarraíð mire o'fáigil le pórasð,
's dá b'rágáinn-re féin mo roga
De nínn deara an dothain
ir í an Dean Dub ó'n ngleann do b'feárr liom.

ir rompla maíé é reó ar áðbar na n-árruigéð éigear ann rna
rean-abránaib. Óíomro mar o'árraig an muimneac é do réir
innitinne a éúige féin as cur ainn' na n-áit rin ar a raib eólar
aige féin, ann ran abrán; asur mar do rinne an Connaéac an
ruo ceuona as triacé ar ínnáib uairle do bain le muinntirib do
bí cliúacé ar fead Connaéca go léir, mar atá na prionnraib asur
na luinnrig, no na prionnraib asur loingrig mar rgríobéar ias
mar an g-céanna. ar an áðbar ro ní mearaim go raib lám ar
bíé as an g-Cearbailánac ann ran abrán ro muna b'é gur éur pé
béarra no do eile leir, as tógbáil reomra nuaid ar an tream
éloc-bonn.

wife from King George, The daughter of Colonel Bingham And she to be with
gladness with me, Or another wife and a thousand cows with her. The young
daughter of the Earl, And she to be eager Seeking for myself to marry. The fair
women of the world If I were to get of them my choice It is Dark Moll of the
Valley I would take, etc.

I cannot do anything better than put down here the two verses in O'Daly's song, which are like two verses in my one ; thus showing the way in which these old songs change from province to province. The two songs are altogether different from one another, except in these two verses. Here is how O'Daly found them. I do not change his orthography. Mangan has translated these lines thus :—

Not a youth from Dublin town
 Unto Galway of renown,
 Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden,
 On steeds bounding free
 With love-gifts to thee,
 My leveliest, my dark own maiden.
 In Momouia I could find
 Many damsels to my mind,
 And in Leinster—nay, England, a many ;
 One from Georgy, without art
 Who would clasp me to her heart
 And a beauty is the lass among many.
 The daughter of the earl,
 Who walks in silks and pearl,
 Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet.
 But could I have my choice,
 How much could I rejoice
 To wed thee, my dark maiden of all yet.

This is a good example of the cause of the changes which come in these old songs. We see how the Mweenugh (Munster man) changed it according to the spirit of his own province, putting in the song the names of those places which he knew himself, and how the Connacht man did the same thing, speaking of ladies who belonged to families renowned through all Connacht like the Frenches and Lynches. For this reason, I do not think that Carolan had any hand in this song, unless it were that he added a verse or two to it, raising a new chamber on the old foundation.

"*Feamunneach*" in the third verse means "clustering like sea-weed," a word often applied to hair, and *bord-eudainn* in the last verse means, I think, a "side-board," or some piece of furniture. Carolan uses the word. *Gairim* in the third verse is also spelled *goirim* as in the song "Great or Small," where the verse has been already translated.

Δέτ ἀτά κοῖρ'εἰλε ἀγάμ ῥηρίοβῆα λε Ὀόμναιλλ μαε κοῖραιον ἀρ
 ἐοῖνωδέ ἀν χηλάρ, ἀτά κοῖρ'νίλ λε κόρπ πὶ Ὀάλαῖς, δέτ νί'λ ρί ἐοῖν
 κοῖρ'νίλ λείτε καὶ ρύ α ταβαῖτε ἀν πο, ὅρπ βυθ ἐοῖρ ἀν μέσο
 κόρπ ἀγυρ ἱρ πέοιρπ πὲ νὰ πρῖοῖη-ἀβῖράναιβ ἀνμννεαῖηλα πο ὅο
 ἐρῡννῖνῖς-ἀδ ἀγυρ ὅο ἐπὶ γ-εῖο. νί'λ ἀν ὅαν πο ῥηρίοβῆα ἀνν ρῖα
 λῖντῖβ ῥεαῖρπ ἀνν α βῖρῖλ ὅαν πὶ Ὀάλαῖς, δέτ ἐῖορῖο ἀν λείγῖεδῖρ
 ἀρ ἀν μῶμῖο ῥυρ ἀνν ραν μῖορ'ῖρ ἐέυτῖα ἰαο.

πολ ὀυβῖ ἀν ῥηλεαῖνα.

ἀτά βῶ ἀγάμ ἀρ ρῖαβ, ἱρ ραῶα μέ 'ννα ὀιαῖς ἀ'ρ ὅο ἐαῖλλ μέ μο
 ἐαῖλλ λε νῶδῶαρ.

Ὀά ρεῶλαῶ ποῖρ (ἀ'ρ) ρῖαρ, ἀ'ρ ῥαὲ ἀτε α ῥεῶβανν ἀν ῥῖαν, νο ῥο
 β'ῖρῖλλεανν ρῖ ἀνῖαρ (ῖαν) τῖαῖνῶνα.

νῡαῖρ ρέαῖαμ-ρε ἀνῖνν* ῖαν μβαῖλε α βῖρῖλ μο ρύν τῖαῖεανν ὀ
 μο ρύν ῥῖαῖρ πεῶρπ

α Ὀῖα ῖῶοῖρ νὰ ῥεῖρ'ρ ταβαῖρ ραῖρῥαῖτε ἀρ μο ἐάρ ἀ'ρ ῥυρ βεαν
 ὀυβ α ὀ'ῖῖς ρά βῖνῶν μέ.

Οῖα βέ ἐῖρ'ρεαῶ μο ῥεαὲ ῖρ ῥαν πὲ ὀῖον ἀῖρ δέτ ρεαῖς, ῖρ ἐ πῶαντα
 ἀρ ἐαῖτῖ ἀν βῶῶαῖρ,

ῥο ὀταῖανν ἀν βεαὲ, ἀ'ρ ῥο πῶῶανν ἀν νεαο λε ῥῖαν ἀγυρ λε
 τεαῖ ἀν ρῶῖῖαῖρ,

νῡαῖρ ἐρῖονανν ἀν ἐρῖατ νῖ ρανν νῖρ'ρπ μεαῖ, μαῖ βῖονν ἀρ ἀν
 μβῖνννε ἱρ ὀῖς,

'ῖ α ἐῖλ ἄλῖνν πεαῖ α ὀυς μο ἐρῖοῖε ὀυτ ῥεαν, αῖρ'ρπ ρῖαν
 ἀγυρ ἐέο ῥο πῶῶ λεατ.

Ὀο ῥεαβανν βεαν μῖνῖννεαὲ, ὅο ῥεαβανν βεαν λαῖςνεαὲ, ὅο
 ῥεαβανν βεαν ἀγυρ ὀά ῖῖλε βῶ λεί.'

'ῖ ῖ βεαν νὰ βῖαννῖοῖε βῖρῖο ἀν βεαν ὅο ἐρῖῶ μο ἐρῖοῖε, νο βεαν
 εἰλε ἀρ ἀν ἐῖρ-ρε ῖῶοῖρ.

ἀτά ἱνῖεαν ἀς ἀν ἰαῖλα ἀ'ρ ἐά ρῖ ῥο ὀιαῖραὲ ἀς ἰαῖρῖαῖο μῖρ
 ὀ'ῖῖῖαῖ λε ρῶραῶ,

ἀ'ρ ὀά βῖῖῖανν-ρε μο ρῶῖα πὲ ῖνῖαῖβ πεαῖ ἀν ὀῖῖαν ἱρ ῖ πολ
 ὀυβ ἀν Ὀῖεαῖνα β'ῖεαῖρ ἰομ.

*="ἀνονν," ροῖρπ ἱνῖνῖννεαὲ.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*:—

I have a cow upon a mountain and I am a long time after her, And I have
 lost my sense through a consort. Driving her (the cow) east and west, and
 wherever the sun goes Until she returns back in the evening. When I look over
 there to the village where my sweetheart (roon) is, Tears fall from my grey eye,

But I have another copy of this song, written by Donal Considine, of the county Clare, which is like O'Daly's copy, but not so like it that it is not worth while to give it here, for it were well to collect and print as many copies as possible of these renowned prime songs. This poem is not written in the short lines in which O'Daly's poem is, but the reader will see on the spot they are in the same measure.

THE DARK GIRL OF THE VALLEY.

Upon the mountain brow I herd a lowing cow,
 (And my sense is gone now through a maiden) ;
 I drive her east and west, and where'er the sun shines best,
 To return with her white milk laden.
 But when I look above, to the village of my love,
 My grey eyes fill in their dreaming ;
 O mighty God of grace, take pity in my case,
 'Tis the Dark Girl left them streaming.

Whoever saw my house, with no roof but the rush,
 Where the road bends out to the far west,
 The bee loves to roam and to build there his home
 In the sun and the heat of harvest.
 When withered is the root, the bough will bear no fruit
 'Tis the young twigs shoot by the river,
 O lovely golden fay, who stole my heart away,
 Farewell to thee to-day, and for ever.

I would get in Leinster a wife, or in Munster,
 Whose thousand-cow dowry all paid is
 (The maiden of fair hair has left me in despair),
 Or a lady of King George's ladies.
 The Earl has a daughter, excess of love has brought her
 With me to trifle and to dally,
 My choice if I could find of the women of mankind
 I should choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

O great God of grace, give a relief for my case, And sure it is the Dark Woman has left me under grief.

Whoever would see my house with no roof on it but sedge, And it made upon the side of the road, Sure the bee comes and makes the nest With the sun and heat of harvest. When the rod withers there remains on it no fruit As there be's upon the youngest sprout, And O beautiful, handsome cool, to which my heart has given love, I send with thee forever a farewell and a hundred.

The third verse presents no difficulty.

She is the Dark Poll of the valley, she is the Dark Poll, the best, She is the Dark Poll the brightest and finest, Her throat like the swan, her face like the

sí pol Dubh an Gleanna, 'r'í pol Dubh do b'fearra, 'r'í pol Dubh
 buò gile bneásta í,
 a pib mar an eala, a h-éadan mar íneásta, 'r' a com feang ringil
 áluinn.
 a dá láimhín muipe, na g-cúig méara fuinne, do fíolraig ó'n maighe
 mhánla,
 nuair gádhann an eala amac cailleann an ghrian a ceap, agus
 úmluigeann an geala le gráó ói.

Cúimh mar do glacaó an t-abrán ro le fear boct agus le fear
 raibhir le reinn o'á múirínib, fear aca ag iarraidh an mhaighean
 do bneugao leir ar éirinn go tici an fhrainc no an Spáin, agus
 'gá geallad bainnir ann a mbeidhad an brianndais agus an fion
 com h-iomaodaimhail rin go mbeidhad riao le n-ól ar ceapc-láir an
 bódair, agus ag geallad cóirte ré gcapall do'n hínad le cuisead
 ban-óg. áct ní' ag an donán eile áct don bó ar fliab agus bo-
 ctáimh gan don cúimhad air áct fearg no luadra. Ir pollurac mar
 rin do réir mo baramhla-ra go raib an fonn rin agus cuio ve na
 briaedraib fean go leór, agus gur ácpuigead iao réir mar o'iom-
 cairiad iao o áit go h-áit agus ó cúige go cúige le daoinib do cuir
 bárraib nuad leó—bárraib do bain le n-a g-cár nó le n-a g-
 cineadain féin.

Ag ro abrán eile an cimpliód, obair uine tuaithe gan aithar,
 ann a g-cuireann an uine boct a bhrón i n-úmhál le fíor-cúmh.
 Ir pollurac ó'n abrán go ndaiaid re go b'l'achia ag iarraidh a
 leara, agus gur marb an t-ácpuigad é. bhí ré ag fágail báir,
 mar ir corhmúil, nuair rinne ré an píora ro. b'éoir gur b'é com-
 ráio dó, do rug a-baile leir é go cúige Connacht. no b'éoir gur
 fill ré féin tar éir a cinnir. Cía inneórar dúinn anoir é !

GRÁÓ MO CROIDÉ TU.

Gráó mo croide tu a bhríghín mheiréa,
 Ir minic 'gan oíde a rnuáinim féin oir,
 Tá mpe cinn, ní' mo léigear ag don nead
 á'r bhrón ar an ngeaioic nac otugann dúinn rgeula.

snow, And her waist slender single (?) handsome. Her two Mary's little hands (I do not understand *this*) of the five kneaded fingers, Which were propagated from the gracious maiden, When the swan goes out the sun loses her heat, And the moon submits with love to her.

Observe the curious and typically Gaelic "anacolouthon" in the beginning of the second verse, where the antecedent clause "whoever would see my house" is left un-

Dark Girl of the Valley, Dark Girl that is lovely,
 Dark Girl that is radiant and tender,
 Her throat and her brow like the swan on the snow
 And her shapely form so slender.
 Her hands shaped aright, with fingers soft white
 That Mary gave from above to her,
 When my swan leaves her seat the sun loses his heat,
 And the moon does obeisance with love to her.*

We see how this song was taken both by a poor man and a wealthy one to sing to their sweethearts, a man of them seeking to coax the maiden with him out of Eriu to France or Spain, and promising her a wedding at which brandy and wine would be so plenty that they would be to be drunk on the middle of the road, and promising the lady a coach with six horses and a company of young women. But the other poor wretch has nothing but one cow upon a mountain, and a little hut with no thatch on it but sedge or rushes. It is evident then, in my opinion, that the air and some of the words are old enough, and that they were altered according as they were carried from place to place, or from province to province, by people who added new verses to them—verses which concerned their own case or their own fate.

Here is another very simple song, the work, no doubt, of some peasant, in which the poor man expresses his grief with real melancholy. It is evident from the song that he went to Dublin to seek his luck, and that the change killed him. He was dying, apparently, when he composed this piece. Perhaps it was a comrade of his who brought it home with him to Connacht; or, perhaps, he returned himself in spite of his illness. Who can tell us?

STAR OF MY SIGHT.

Star of my sight, you gentle Breedyean,
 Often at night I am sick and grieving;
 I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,
 And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

finished without any relative. The idea in the poet's mind appears to have been that his love should marry while yet young, as the bee makes its nest in the sunshine and as the twig blossoms in its youth. Instances of these elliptical half-expressed thoughts are very common in these songs.

Twelve hundred years before this, St. Columcille also had written of the Súil ghlas, or "grey eye," looking with regret at vanishing Erin. It is curious to find his very words repeated here.

má ghabann tu an bealaic iú riar, no an bóicéir,
 beir mo beannaic mar a bfuil mo róiúin,
 dá mberóinn 'nna h-aice beupfainn póg dí
 aic nuair ná bfuilim rílim deóira.

Cuir mé leir an rian bpoirta
 mar a bfuil mo fearc, go raib me cuirreac,
 'sé dubairt rí liom go mbuð beag an doéar
 's an té bfor i ngráó go mbionn a innceinn corruighe.

Beir mo beannaic go bonn Sléib bealaic
 mar éirigean hrian 'r mar luigean an gealaic,
 tá ceó laic ar ó'laic na maillaic
 s ní léar dam an t-aer or mo éeann ná an talaim.

Bron ar an mbár i r gránna an nio é,
 Saoil mé rian go meallraic brioib é,
 Beupfainn do éire lán raic éoraib
 aic mé leigean do loic-Riaic ag feulaic mo gaila.

I r raic liom uaim na bóicéir móra
 's gan ríú na mbonn raic mo bpoirtaib
 Cio go deóiríú eum an aipinn ní le deóiríú,
 aic le ríú, O, go breicinn mo míle róiú ann.

A báile-caic-raic, mo éiríú, ceo ríú leat
 's iomra lá breag doibinn do éic mé láim leat,
 ag ríú-ól ríona 'r mo ríú ar láim liom
 Óiríú gan ríú 'r bídeac m'innceinn rára.

Tá na beupraic ríú nio ríú ríú 'ná na cinn eile reo. n
 eugaim aic dá rann de'n abrian ro.

* This translation is in the simple metre of the original. In most of the verses, but not all, there are one or two interlineal vowel rhymes.

Literally. Love of my heart thou art, courteous Breedyeen, It is often in the night myself thinks of you; I am ill, and no one has my cure, And grief on the wind that brings us no tidings.

If you go that way, westwards (O wind) or by the horeen, Bring my blessing to where my storen is; If I were near her I should give to her a kiss, But since I am not I shed tears.

I put a letter into the post (to) Where my darling is (saying) that I was tired; 'Twas what she said to me that the loss was small, And that he who is in love his mind be's moved.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,
 Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;
 Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,
 But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter,
 Telling my love that I was no better ;
 Small the loss, was her answer to me,
 A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is
 When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;
 A grey fog hangs over cursèd Dublin,
 It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going !
 I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;
 I'd give what men see from yonder steeple
 To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !
 Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;
 Though I went to mass, there was no devotion
 But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;
 Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,
 Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,
 I little dreamt then of what should betide me.*

Those verses are simpler than these others. I only give two verses of this song.

Bring my blessing (wind?) to the foot of Slieve Beachla, Where the sun rises and the moon sets ; There is a grey fog over Dublin of the curses, And the air over my head is not visible to me nor is the ground.

Grief on the Death ! it is an ugly thing, I always thought that a bribe would deceive it. I would give to it Erin full up of sheep But only it to let me (go) to Loughrea to behold my kindred.

I think it long from me the high-roads are, Without as much as the soles under my brogues. Though I go to Mass 'tis not with devotion, But hoping, Oh, that I might see there my thousand treasures.

O Bally-ca-reawugh, my grief, a hundred farewells to you, Many's the fine pleasant day I spent beside you ! Ever drinking wine and my desire at my hand (*i.e.*, my dear beside me). I used to be without a penny, and my mind used to be satisfied.

AN MÓDÁMUIL MÓISEAC.

'Sé mo éiríobh a' r mo mhilleadh gan mo éiríobh agus mair
 'S an spáin no a b'fao ó ár n'gaoileadh,
 I n-áruir coille coir tráig' no coinne
 'S gan neac 'ran g-cuinnne 'nn ár n'gaoir ann,
 I r olúic do éiríobhinn le plúr na g-cuinnne
 'S i r ceannra rósfainn a béilín,
 Cóiréodáinn of leabaidh a' r luibhinn 'nna h-aise
 A' r éabhairfínn-ge tamall o'á breugadh.
 Ar an módámuil móiseac i r meabhar liom labhairt
 'S ar a tréicibh b'f meabhar muinte,
 Sgriobhadh go fairsing de b'rig gur cailleadh
 Na mílte peapra b'f ag fúil lé,
 Tá ceo fear aca-ran beo o'á mairéann oíobh
 I b'péin i n'glaibh ag Cúrio,
 'S ni fear tá mairéac mo móig i n'gaoir-bhuir of
 'S i r baogal go g-cuinnne r'f 'múig' mé.
 I n'vair an ábairt réo veir an file, no b'éiríobh file eile ag
 veunadh maíobh fadó n-a boctadh fain agus é ag iarradhb cailin
 mar í.
 Súo an r'pé do g'earrfaínn oam féin leir an ainfí
 Oúicé' éile trairna, 'r Cionn-tráile
 (A) b'fúil o Shlabh go Sionnainn 'r o'á o'rian Oún gceannainn
 'S a b'fúil riar ó deir go porcláirge.
 I muinn leat r'fainn, Oúrlar do g'earrfaínn oir,
 Agus Cluain-geal-meala cum áiribh,
 'S beir' do cóiríobh ar labaidh le h-óir buirde-deirg
 'S r'f o'ga ag f'fainn go lá oir.
 I r cuinninn liom oam eile de'n tróir go do rinne file i g-conntas
 an Chláir ag rinne amac an éiríobh r'f ar a luic-muinnneair
 ámhil agus o'á m'buir áb'ac do b'f ré ag veunadh, agus an veine
 boct gan tróirge talman áige féin, ác ag veunadh maíobh fadó n-a
 earbuid maime.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 It is my destruction and spoiling, without my love, and me (to be) In Spain
 or far away from our kin, In the dwelling of a wood beside shore or wave, And
 without a person in the world in our vicinity. It is closely I would approach to
 the flower of the affection, And it is mildly I would kiss her little month. I
 would arrange for her a couch and would repose near her. And I would give a
 while to coaxing her.

THE MANNERLY HANDSOME ONE.

'Tis my pain, I'm not going through waves overflowing,
 To Spain with my love to take service,
 Or seeking a home by the sea and the foam,
 Or in woods where none could disturb us;
 It's close I would come to my beautiful one,
 I would teach her that true love a bliss is,
 I would build her a couch that would face to the south
 And steal from her mouth its kisses.

Of my beautiful fair, with whom none can compare,
 I would speak till I fairly tired,
 And long would I write of her beauty so bright
 By which youths were mightily fired;
 Of how many have died for her fairness and pride,
 And all have been tied by Cupid,
 And I am a slave on the brink of the grave,
 And my heart is hopeless and stupid.*

At the end of this song the poet says—or, perhaps, some other poet mocking at his own poverty, and him to be seeking a girl like her—

This is the fortune which I would cut out for myself with the girl,
 The estate of Éile (the O'Caroll's territory?) across, and Kinsale,
 All that is from Slieve to Shannon and two-thirds of Dungannon,
 And all that is south-west to Waterford;
 I would go into Munster with you, I would cut out Thurles for you,
 And bring Clonmel for a habitation,
 And your couches should be shining with yellow-red gold
 And young men attending on thee till day.

I remember another song of this sort which a poet in the County Clare composed, dividing out that county to his friends as though he were making a will, and the poor man without a foot of ground to himself, but mocking at his own lack of wealth.

Of the Mannerly Handsome one I desire(?) to speak And of her accomplishments that were moderate, I shall write widely (of them), because there have been lost The thousands of persons who hoped for her There are of these a hundred men (yet) alive who still survive of them (put) in pain, and in locks (fettters) by Cupid, And I am not free (either) but a bondsman in unfree bondage, And there is a danger that she shall put me astray.

So dá rann eile ar ainéir óis. ní'l fíor dgam cao é ir ciall
 oe'n ráb sup buadúis rí (i. rug buadú) ar Ríge Seumair. b'éirir
 go raib rí d'g an g-cúirt, agus "go tóaimis an rgeul éar tráig
 aníor" go raib an Ríge féin i ngráb léite.

úna péucaí.

Δ úna péucaí rug buadú ar b'éur
 Δ'í 'ofuadúis an rgeim ó múnáib an traozáil
 Δ rcaó na féile ar ínuad na g'éime
 Uo glúair gan bréig o párréar naorh.
 Δ ainéir múnice beupac uo buadúis * ar Ríge Seumair
 ír luadúte an rgeul éar tráig aníor,
 nac truaig leat mé gan ruan i o' t'éig-re
 Δ g'ruadú mar éar ír an bainne trío.

zac olaois mar an t-ór léite ríor go bróis
 leir an b'aoileán inóthar mánla mún
 maot-érob ró-glán, mar cum Criorc, oar noóis †
 'S zac ríolla o'á glór mar élarreac éoin.
 Δ éiall na róbla, Δ mán na n-óis-fer
 Sgaol an brón tá i lár mo éroide,
 mo rian tá mór muna b'ráginn acé rós
 Ó n-a g'rír-beul róir beirínn rlan arí.

Tar éir an dbráin-giáó uo "úna péucaí" tigeac ceann eile
 oe'n éineál ceuona uo "Óriúio Beupac," tarraingim é ar mo fcan
 láim-rgríbhinn féin, acé connaic mé, ní éuimnísim cía an áit, oá
 cóir eile óé.

bríúio beupac.

pórráinn-re bríúio Beupac
 gan cóta bróis ná léine,
 Δ ríóir mo éroide oá mb'féirir
 liom, uo éroirgrínn buic naoi t'rác,

* "Δ buadú" 'ran ms.

† "ar noóite" ms.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. There is double vowel rhyme in most of the uneven lines, running over into the even ones.

Literally. O Showy Una, who carried off victory from Venus, And plundered their beauty from (all) the women of the world, O arch (?) of generosity of the appearance of the sun, Who voyaged without lie from holy Paradise; O maiden, learned, mannerly, who overcame King James, The story is repeated down across

Here are two other ranns to a young maiden. I do not know what is the meaning of saying that she overcame King James. Perhaps she was at court and "the story came down across the strand" that the King himself was in love with her.

SHOWY UNA.

My Una, a queen is, more true than Venus,
 For who that seen is, can thus entice,
 You brightest arch in the white sun's march,
 You lighten hearts out of Paradise;
 You overcame King Shamus, your name it was so famous,
 The story came to us down the stream.
 You stole my rest and my soul from my breast
 O cheek like the berry when mixed with cream.

Each curl like the gold in a furling fold,
 On my girlish soaring sea-bird flung,
 Her palm so white, that Christ shaped aright,
 And the tone of her voice is a harp well strung
 O daughter of fame, is it all in vain?
 Call this flame from my deep heart's core,
 My hope is this—if I win one kiss
 From her rose-flame lip I shall sigh no more.*

After the love song to "Showy Una" another of the same sort to "Courteous Breed" may come. I extract this song from my own manuscript, but I have seen, though I do not remember where, two other copies of it.

COURTEOUS BREED.

Though shoeless, shirtless, grieving,
 Foodless, too, my Breedyeen,
 Surely I'll not leave you,
 Nine meals I'll fast for you.

shore. Do you not think it a pity me (to be) without rest after you, O countenance like the berry and the milk through it.

Every curl like the gold with her, down to her shoe, With the sea-mew courteous, gentle, smooth, Soft palm very clean, as Christ shaped it certainly, And every syllable of her voice like a gentle harp. O sense (?) of Fola (Erin), O desire of the young men, Loose this pain which is in the midst of my heart, My pain is great; If I did not get but a kiss From her ember-mouth of rose I should be whole again.

Ξαν βιαὸ ξαν θεοὸ ξαν δον εὐρο
 ἀρ οἰλεάν ἰ λοὸ εἴρνε,
 Ὑ'φονν μέ ἀ'ρ τυ βεῖτ ἰ ν-ἐμφεαὲτ
 Ξο πείξριμῖρ ἀρ γ-οάρ.
 Δ ξρυαὶὸ ἀρ ὀαὲτ να γεαορ-δον
 Δ εὐαίειν βάιρρ ἀν ερλείβε,
 Ὅο γεαλλαὸ νά θευν βρευσάε
 Δετ εἰρῖξ (ριοῖν ἀν λά)
 'S ἰ ν-αιμήθεοῖν * ὀλῖξε να κλείρε
 Ἐσ οτὰξραιιν ἐν μαρ εἴλε,
 'S Δ Ὀέ, νάρ θεαρ ἀν ργεὺλ ριν
 Θυινε ἀγ εὐλόξ' le ν-α ξράδ.

Ὤετ μο ἐριοῦε le βυαῖθρεαὸ
 ἀγυρ ργανηραιξ μέ ναοῖ ν-υαιρε
 ἀν μαιριν ὕο το εὐαλαῖδ μέ
 ναὲ ραῖβ τυ ρότμᾶν le ράξαιλ,
 'S Δ λιὰετ λά ραοῖ ρυαῖρκεαρ
 Ἐαῖτ μῖρε 'ρ τυ ἰ ν-υαῖρκεαρ
 'S ξαν νεαὲ ἀρ βιὲ ὀ'ἀρ γ-εὐμήθεαὲ
 Δετ ἀν "ιυξ" ἀ'ρ ε ἀρ ἀν γελάρ.
 Ὁά βράξαιιν ἀμαὲ το ἐταρραξ
 Ὁά θεεῖθρεά ξο bonn ερυαῖε
 Ραέφαὸ ἀν ργεὺλ ρο ἐρυαῖὸ ορμ
 no λεανραιιν το μο ξράδ,
 'S ξο μβ'φεαρρ (liom) ριντε ρυαρ λεατ
 'S ξαν ρύινν δετ ρραοὲ ἀ'ρ ἰυαέαιρ
 να (βεῖτ) 'S εἰρτεαὲτ leiρ να εὐαέαιδ
 Θιορ ἀρ ριύβαλ ἀγ εἰρῖξε λά (i.e. λαέ).

'S ε ἀδδβᾶρ μ'ορνα 'ρ μ'έαγχαοῖν
 Ξαὲ μαριν μὸε ὀ'ά ν-εἰρῖγῖν
 Δ εὐῖλ να λάβ 'ρ να βρευρλα
 ναὲ τυ βί οαμ ἰ νοάν,
 'S νἰ ιαρηραιιν-ρε δε φείρῖν
 Δετ μέ ἀ'ρ τυ βεῖτ ἰ ν-ἐμφεαὲτ
 ἰ ν-αιτ ιεῖντ† 'νν ἀρ ν-αοναρ
 Ξο λεαγραιιν ορτ μο λάμ.

* "ιυξθεοῖν" ραν ms. λαβαιρκεαρ μαρ ριν εἰ μεαθον Ὀονναέτα.
 † λαβαιρκεαρ "εἰγῖν" μαρ "ιεῖντ" ἰ ξονναέταῖβ ἀγυρ μαρ
 "εἰγῖντ" ἰ μῦμᾶν.

Upon Loch Erne's islands,
 No food, no drink beside me,
 Still hoping I may find you,
 My childeen, to be true.

O cheek, so blush-abounding,
 O berry of the mountain,
 Your promise, love, is sounding
 For ever in my ear.

And spite of cleric's frowning
 I'd take you as I found you ;
 It's I who would go bounding,
 Eloping with my dear.

I frightened in my heart, for
 It leapt nine times and started,
 That morning that you parted
 And were not to be found.

And all the happy evenings
 I spent beside my dearest,
 And no one came between us,
 And the jug was on the ground.

I'll travel through the island
 Still seeking for your tidings,
 And hard it will betide me
 If I find not my love.

I'd sooner sit beside you
 On rushes through the night time,
 Than listen to the finest
 Of the birds of the grove.

The reason of my sighing
 Each morning of my rising,
 Is you to be a-hiding
 And lost from sight of men.

Sure, I would ask beside you
 No other wealth in life,
 But only you and I to be
 Together in the glen.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 I would wed Courteous Breedyeen, Without coat, shoe, or shirt. Treasure of
 my heart! If it were possible, for me, I would fast for you nine meals.
 Without food, without drink, without any share (of anything), On an island in

Šeinnfirinn ceól ar ceudaid
 Duir, le bárr mo mheua,
 Tréigfirinn mná na h-Éireann oru,
 A' r leannfainn tu 'ran tinnáin
 'S dá mbeithinn am' ruig na tréige
 No am' þrionnra ar na ceudaid
 Do beurfainn ruar an méao rin
 Do þeurla an brollaig báin.

Dá breicfeá heult an eólaif
 'S í ceáct i mbeul an bódaif
 Déarfá go mbuð reóu uait
 Do éograb ceó a' r oraoigeáct,
 A gnuad dearg mar róraib
 'S a rúil mar orúct an fógáif
 A béilín tana ró deaif
 'S a brágaio ar dáct an doil.
 Bí a dá cíc corra cóin-éruinn
 Iliol mé í[ao] 'r ni mórf liom,
 'Nn a fearaín ag deunam lóerain
 'S iao ceapca or cóinaiif a crioibe,
 Tá mé i mbrón 'r í noógrainz *
 O rgiorr tu uaim tar ceórainn,
 Cio if faoa ó fuair mé cóinaiif
 Go ngearrfá-ra ar mo fáogal.

Toróao fíor i mbréuc-buibe
 A' r raéao go loc Éirne
 O Šligeac go bonn Céire
 Öeurfaið mé mo rgríob,
 Siúbalraið mé móin-éile
 Corcaig a' r beinn-éirif
 'S ni fearraið me i oTom-Šréine
 Go oteíð mé go tráiglige.

* "Dorann" 'ran ms.

Loch Erne, with desire for me and you to be together Till we should settle our case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berries, O little cuckoo of the top of the mountain, Do not falsify your promise, But rise up before day, And in spite of the law of the clergy Sure I would choose you for my consort, And, Oh, God, were not that a nice story, A man eloping with his love.

My heart started with trouble, and I frightened nine times, That morning that I heard That you were not to be found. And all the days with merriment I

I'd sing to you and harp you,
 I'd know to touch your heart ;
 And sure I would not part you
 For Erin's very best.
 And were I King of Greece, or
 Any king at peace,
 I'd give it all to thee, love,
 My pearl of white breast.

O had you seen her moving,
 My love who was so cruel !
 She was a star-bright jewel
 For dispersing fog and mist,
 Her cheeks, the rose shone through them.
 Her eyes like harvest dew-drops,
 Her neck like lime, and truly
 Her mouth was to be kissed.
 Her breasts so round, two diamonds,
 I praised them for their brightness,
 Raised up like lamps and shining
 Before her burning heart.
 And I am, uight and morning,
 In grievous blight and mourning,
 Though often men foretold me
 That I should feel their smart.

At Brakewee I'll arise
 And walk Loch Erne's islands,
 From Kesh I'll search to Sligo
 And hunt it all for thee ;
 And I shall try Monailly,
 And Cork and high Ben-Édir,
 And stand not in Tomgraney
 Until I reach Tralee.

and you spent in solitude, Without any one at all guarding us, but the jug and it on the table. If I would find out your tidings The story (*i.e.* case) would go very hard on me (even) if you were to go to the foot of the Reek, or I would cling to my love. And I would sooner be stretched up by you, with nothing under us but heather and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos that are stirring at the break of day, *etc.* The literal translation of the fourth verse is as follows :—
 If you were to see the star of knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that it was a jewel (at a distance) from you, Who would raise (*i.e.* disperse) fog and enchantment, Her countenance red like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, Her thin little mouth very pretty, And her

ní'l gléannnán cnoic ná fléibe
 ná baile-cuain 'ran méad rin
 nac otóiréódaib mé mál' r fétuir liom,
 'S nac n-eulódaib mé le m' mian,
 muna b'fág' mé b'pígíro 'ran méad rin
 ní'l agham le ráb léite
 áct beannáct rlan a' r ceuo oo éur
 le blát na ruí-épaob.

Tá an oipeao eile ann ran bpíora ro, áct ir cinnce mé nac leir
 an bpeap ceuona é. Tá ré lán ruar oe ainmneadaib ar na h-úg-
 oarabí gpeugada aghur Rómánada, aghur ir oúig gur ag cairbéant
 a múnabí 7 a eólaí rfein atá an ríle. Veir re gur capab Mercury
 leir aghur gur oubaire gur oúig gur b'é Pluto oo rgiob an calín
 leir, aghur cuireann an ríle noihe oul go Taptaur le n-a tabaire
 amac ar. Áct veir ré leir fein ann rin, má éiríbeann ré ann nac
 mbéib don éongnam mór aige ag troio ar ron a g'ráb-ran, óir
 nac bpuil móran] cúmaéca ag na Spánaiuib 'ná ag lué an pápa
 ann rin fíor, áct oa mbeiréab Channmer Calbín hannaaoi oo
 mánraim beó go bpuigfeab ré licir uacá cum a g-caíruaeab ann rin
 oo beupab an gnó óó.

ní mór óam * éongnam láoir
 ní bpuil mé mór mar Chapon
 b'éoir óó mé bácaó

Óá oirírin ann a líon,
 Tá a báó 'r a mairíbe-ráma
 go ríorruíbe ann rúo ar gároa
 ní éaíruíbeann oream an pápa leir
 ní gáilleann ré o'á noliúe.

Veir ré ann rin go macraib re 1 g-comne na féinne éireann, go
 otuapab fionn goil Orgar cuculaínn aghur Clann uirneac leir
 aghur go mbuirió re irfionn le n-a g-congnam-ran aghur go n-
 iomópaib ré a g'ráb ar air' airí leir paio buab. Ir corhúil gur
 peap éigin eile oo éuir na beupab rin 1 g-cionn an mheio oo éug
 mé, aghur nac mbaineann ríao ó éeap leir an g-ceuo-éuo oé.

*—"ní rulaí óam," mar veirio 1 gCúige muíhan .7. "ir mac-
 canac óam."

neck of the colour of the lime. Her two breasts were pointed and equal round,
 I praised them, and thought it not much to do so) They standing making a lamp
 And shapen over against her heart, I am in grief and in tribulation Since you
 slipped from me across the mearing, Though it was long since I was advised
 That you would shorten my life.

There's never hill nor mountain,
Nor glen nor sheltered fountain,
Nor inch nor harbour's mouth,

But I'll search it all for thee.

And if I cannot find her
My love remains behind her,
I can but blow her blindly
A blessing from me.

There is as much more in this piece, but I am certain that it is not by the same man. It is full up of names taken out of the Greek and Roman authors, and no doubt it is only showing his own learning and knowledge that the poet is. He says that Mercury met him and told him that he was certain that it was Pluto who whipped off the girl with him, and the poet sets before himself to go to Tartarus to take her back out of it. But then he says to himself that if he goes there he will have no great assistance in fighting for his love, for the Spaniards have no great power down there, nor the people of the Pope, but that if Cranmer, Calvin, Henry, or Martin were alive he would get a letter from them to their friends there, which would do the business for him.

I want a strong help ;
I am not large like Charon ;
He would be able to drown me
If I were to come into his net ;
His boat and his oars are
Everlastingly there on guard ;
The people of the Pope do not please him,
He does not submit to their law.

He says, then, that he will go for the Fenians of Ireland, until Finn, Goll, Oscar, Cuchulain and the children of Uisneach come with him, and that he will break hell with their help, and carry his love back again with him victoriously. It is likely that it was some other man who added those verses to what I gave before, and that they do not belong by right to the first part of it.

The remainder is easy and need not be translated. *Féirín*, in the third verse mean, "a present," perhaps from English "fairing." *Indán dam* means "fated for me." *Ceaptha*, in the fourth verse, means "shapen." *Dorann* is probably written for *Dóghraing*, which means anguish or misery. *Gearr air* - shorten it. *Gearr é* = cut it. I do not know where Moin-Eile, in the fifth verse is. Breuchbhuidhe, a corruption of Breuch-mhuigh, or Breuch mhagh "the Wolf's Plain," is a townland in Sligo. Céis is also in Sligo and Tomgréine a little village in Clare.

I must give here a couple more short songs, although I am not at all sure that it was Connacht men who made them. They are not the work of peasants, but of educated people. Here is the first :

UCH I O MARY.

Oh, Mary, bnt mine is the pitiful case,
In sorrow's embrace I am left this day,
The little deceiver of roguish face
Has stolen each trace of my heart away.

She swore with words of bewitching grace—
How honest her face did appear alway—
That she would not forsake me through time nor space,
And now she has hastened to shnn my way.

Let no man yield to a lovely face,
But his energy brace as best he may ;
She filled me first with her love—'twas base—
Then laughs in my face and turns away.*

This poem is in the great Ranneught metre lengthened out. Here is another poem a good deal more like true Ranneught. I found no name but "William Ruadh" to this song, but it is probable that he is a Munster man, for "pween" in the first rann is a Munster word, meaning "a good many."

HAPPY IT IS.*

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee
That thou seest not our star ;
Could'st thou see as we now see
Thou would'st be as we now are.

God! why was I not made blind
Ere my mind was set upon her ?
Oh, when I behold her eye,
How can I weigh life or honour ?

charge (?) to her a knowledge of his intentions, as I did who was filled with love for her, and now she is loath to (even) salute me.

For this unlawful extension of the Ranneught metre see the preface. The true Ranneught has only seven lines in each syllable, while these lines have eight, nine, or ten.

* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

"It is happy for thee, O blind man, who dost not see much of women. Uch, if you were to see what we see, thou would'st be sick even as I am. It is a pity, O God, that it was not blind I was before I saw her twisted cool. Her snowy body (of) race bright and free, Uch, I think my life a misery. I always thought the blind pitiable until my calamity waxed beyond the grief of all. Then, though it

Thaoinne dallla buò éiruasg liom

Sur fár mo ghuair car púðar éadó,
Cugdar mo éruasg, cuò éruasg, ar énúé,
A lúib na lúib ag lúib acaim.

Ir mairg ruidh vo donndairc í

'S ir mairg nac bpeiceann í gac lá,
Ir mairg air a bfuil ruidh vo 'á reairc,
'S ir mairg rgaolte ar aca.

Ir mairg vo éirò 'á fíor

'S ir mairg nac bfuil 'á fíor ve gíadé,
Ir mairg ouine bíoó 'nna h-aice
'S ir mairg nac 'nna h-aice cá.

Thaoinne mé anoir go leór ve fompaladuib ar an abhán-gíadé mar vo cumad é leir na thaoinib-tuaithe, fir agus mná, agus meairim gur an-beag ve na vántaib vo éug mé ann ro vo bí vóanta le thaoinib a raib eólar aca ar báruigeadé, no le thaoinib vo rgríob íar mar éadad-aimirre agus le feudaint créad v'feurad ríar vo vóanadh ag ríreabadé. Adé, rí ríurim, caítró mé trí no ceatár ve vóan-taib eile ve na rean-vántaib éadair ann ro, mar fompal ar na h-abhánuib gíadé mar bíodar amearg na n-gaéal na ceurta blíadain ó foim. Ní éis liom a ráó cía h-iar na h-úgar vo cum na vánta ro leanaí, no cía an t-am vo mair ríad, adé meairim gur camall maí ó foim vo bí ríar, agus ir rólurad go raib ríar níor mínte agus níor eólaige 'ná na thaoinne vo cum an méad abhán éug mé ceana. Fuar me íar í lán-ríuribinnib Connadadé agus beirim ann ro mar abhán Connadadé íar, adé leir an fírinne v'innirint v'feuradadair beir cuméa í n-aon éuige ve na cúigib, óir ní bfuil vóir ar bí vóir an éanadain vo bí cleadé-taighe leir na báruaib vó ceur blíadain no trí ceur blíadain ó foim í n-aon éuige ve na cúigib. Thaoinne na h-abhán leanaí, ó ceairt, vo éruuigad na bpiora rí v'fág na fíor-báir 'nna

is a pity, my pity I turned into envy, In a loop of the loops in a loop am I. It is woe for whoever saw her, And it is woe for him who sees her not each day. It is woe for him on whom the knot of her love is (tied), And it is woe for him who is loosed out of it. It is woe for him who goes to her, and it is woe for him who is not with her constantly. It is woe for a person to be near her, And it is a woe for him that is not near her.

There is a sixth verse which I do not give above as I do not understand it. It runs thus—

A hainm bhíos ag sgolta arotha
San ruadh mhuir ó sloingtear íse,
O na sear níl saor acht dallla
Ger b'faith aithl liom a feicsip

Once I pitied sightless men,
 I was then unhurt by sight,
 Now I envy those who see not,
 They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
 And then sees her not each hour,
 Woe for him her love-mesh traps,
 Woe for whom it snaps its power.

Woe for him who visits not,
 Woe his lot who does, I wis,
 Woe for him is not beside her,
 Woe besides for him who is.

I have now given enough of examples of the love song as it was composed by the peasantry, both men and women, and I think that it is very few of the love songs given here which were composed by people who had a knowledge of bardism, or by people who wrote them for pastime, and only to try what they could do in the way of poetry. But before I leave off I must give three or four more poems, of the older ones, for examples of the love songs as they were amongst the Gael some hundreds of years ago. I cannot say who are the authors who composed the following poems, or what was the time at which they lived, but I think it was a good while ago that they existed, and it is evident that they were more learned and more educated than the people who wrote the songs I have given already. I found them in Connacht MSS., and give them here as Connacht songs, but to tell the truth, they might be composed in any of the provinces, for there is no difference at all between the dialects used by the bards two or three hundred years ago in any of the five provinces. The songs which follow would by right belong to a

This verse appears to contain a cryptic allusion to the girl's name, a thing which is not unusual with the older poets. My friend Tomás O Flannaoile has suggested to me that the girl's name was probably "Muireann Ruadh," for the translation of the first line appears to be this, "Her name is (found) by dividing the waters in the Red Sea, whence she is called." Hence it is a pun upon *muir* "sea," and *rann* or *roinn*, "a division." The last two *ranns* seem to be a Gaelic extension of the Latin pentameter,

"Non possum tecum vivere nec sine te."

The meaning of the last line of the third verse is not very clear; it seems to contain a kind of pun or paronomasia on *láb*, a "curl" and *láb* a "noose." I do not well understand the force of the preposition "ag," in *ag láb*. The phrase seems to mean "snared." Perhaps a better translation would be "in the snare of all snares (i.e. woman's love) ensnared am I." Literally, a snare has me.

Although the word *puinn* is often used in Munster for "many," it seems to be here used in the sense of "jot" or "tittle," and is probably borrowed from the

ո՞ճից, ճցսր ու ո՛ճընձիս նա ո՞ճօմե-տսձիտ ճժ մե ճց տձձիտ
 ճն րձն ԼեձԲար րօ. ճժտ րք Եօրնիլ նձ Բքսլ նա րօրձի րօ
 րօ րձն, Եի, ո՛ճքսլձեձ Լձ րսօ Բեձց ճ Եսնձ Լձ, Լեյր նա
 օճօմն օօ ճձ Գցսր օօ րքրօԲ Լձ, ճր ու՛ Լ մօրձն րօձ Լ
 ո-ձօն ճեձն ճձ նձ Բքսլ ճօն րօլլեյր րօ-ճսլձե Գօյր ճցսր Բ
 րձձ ճրձն. ճցսր րն է ճն Ե-ձձԲար Բեյրն ճն րօ Լձ, ճր րք օճց
 Լօմ ցսր Եսնսլձեձ Լեյր նա օճօմն Լձ, ճցսր ցսր րքրօԲձ րօր
 ցօ օճցեձնձ Լձ, ճր ու Բքսլ րե ճժ Եձն ճձ Լ ո-ձօն րձն-
 րքրօն. ճցսր մար րք Լ րքրօնն Եօնձժժձ րձար մե Լձ ու
 ու-ճար Գր րձ է, ճտ օօ ճձձիտ օճն ճմեձրց նա ո-ձըն ճրձ րօ.
 Բրեձնօձիձ ճն Լեյցժեձր Լեյր ճն ց-Եսօ ճմար ճն օժքր ճն-
 մօր ճժ Լօր նա Խ-օնրեձիձ րօ ու մձրօ րօց Լձմժ րմսձնժեձ,
 ճցսր նա ո՞ճօմե ժրե. ճց րօ ճն Եսօ ճեձն Բեյրքար մե.

ճն ԵԵԵՐ Դձ Օ՛ճսլձձ.

մօ ճրձ, ճն Դի մօ ճրձ

ճն Բեձ րք մօ Բօր Դձ ճնձ,

Դձ ճնրձ Լ ճ մձ օճնձն ժն

նձ ճն Բեձ օօ մձ օճնձն րձն.

Դի մօ րժօր, ճն Դի մօ րժօր,

Բեձ ճն րօյրց սձժե մար ճն րօր,

Բեձ նձ ց-Եսլրձ Լձն րձ մձ Եձն

Բեձ նձ Լսլրձ Լօմ ճր ճր.

Տի մօ րձար, ճն Դի մօ րձար

ճն Բեձ նձ րձ րձց Լօնձն մար,

Բեձ նձ Լեյրձ մօ օճից օժ

Բեձ նձ ց-Եսլրձ Լից ճնձ Լեձժ.

Դի մօ րն, ճն Դի մօ րն

Բեձ նձ ո-ննրձն ձօն ուձ օնն,

Բեձ նձ Լեյրձ ճնձ օճից օժ,

Բեձ նձ ուււրձ րլե րլ.

Norman point, in imitation of the French idiom, *qui ne voit point de femme*, to which it is here exactly equivalent.

An attempt is made to retain for the first verse of the translation the inwoven vowel rhyme of the original.

Cou- ds't THOU SEE as WE NOW SEE
 THOU *would'st* BE as WE NOW are.

* This translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. *Literally.*

My love, oh! she is my love. The woman who is most for destroying me;
 Dearest is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be for making
 me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey

collection of those pieces which the true bards left after them, and not to the songs of the peasantry which I am giving in this collection. But it is likely that these pieces are not very old, though they are in a regular metre, or, if they are old, itself, they were somewhat changed since they were composed, by the people who sang them and wrote them down, for there are not many words in any of them which are not as clear and intelligible now as they ever were. And for this reason I give them here, for I am sure they were remembered by the people and lately written down by them, for I have not found any of them except one, the "Roman Earl," in an old manuscript. And as it was in Connacht manuscripts I found them, it is not altogether wrong to give a place to them here amongst these love songs. The reader will observe at the first glance the very great difference that there is between these works of the educated, thinking bards, and those of the country people. This is the first one I shall give :

MY LOVE, OH, SHE IS MY LOVE.*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell,
Which haunts me more than I can tell.
Dearer, because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she my store,
Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, oh, she my pet,
Whom I can never more forget ;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, oh, she my roon,
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon ;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

(?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh ! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh ! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (i. e., me) nothing ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears.* She is my shape, Oh ! she is my shape, † A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not

'Sī mo ēruṭ, ōn 'rī mo ēruṭ,
 beaṇ naḥ ʒ-cuimnuigeanṇ mé beic amuiḡ,
 beaṇ naḥ nʒuilead uair mo bāir*
 'Sī ērādāiḡ mo ēroiṭe ʒo lār.†

mōr mo ēār, ōn mōr mo ēār
 ir ionʒnaṭ ʒao ʒu bʒāḡaim bār,
 beaṇ naḥ uciubʒaṭ taṭb liom
 ōar mo mionn ir ī mo ʒrād.

S ī mo roʒan, ōn 'rī mo roʒan
 beaṇ naḥ nʒeapʒaṭ riar orṇ,
 an beaṇ naḥ nʒeunʒaṭ liom-ra rī
 (ā'r) cā ve ʒior lān ve ʒrāin.

ir mōr mo bʒōn, ōn 'r mōr mo bʒōn
 ʒāan orōc-mear mōr
 aʒ an mnaoi ro mo ēlaoiṭ'
 ir ī ʒlao mé ó mo beó.

S ī mo mian, ōn 'rī mo mian,
 beaṇ ir annʒa liom ʒaoi 'n nʒrēin,
 an beaṇ naḥ ʒ-cuipʒeāṭ orṇ binn
 ōā ʒuṭbʒinn le na taēb.

'Sī ro ērādāiḡ mo ēroiṭe
 ā'r o'ʒāʒbuiḡ orna am' lār.‡
 muna uṭōʒcār an t-olc ro om' ēroiṭe
 ʒi beic mé ʒo veó ʒlān.

* "uir mo bār" 'ran MS. † "ʒan lār" 'ran MS.
 ‡ "ionnam corōc" 'ran MS.

ery at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its' middle.
 Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I
 find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my
 love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not
 look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me. And who
 is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great dis-
 respect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of
 my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under
 the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side.
 It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be
 raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

She is my dear, oh, she my dear,
 Who cares not whether I be here.
 Who would not weep when I am dead,
 Who makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, oh, hard my case,
 How have I lived so long a space,
 She does not trust me any more,
 But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, oh, she my choice,
 Who never made me to rejoice ;
 Who caused my heart to ache so oft,
 Who put no softness in her voice.

Great my grief, oh, great my grief,
 Neglected, scorned beyond belief,
 By her who looks at me askance,
 By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, oh, my desire,
 More glorious than the bright sun's fire ;
 Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,
 Had I the boldness to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,
 But left a void and aching smart,
 And if she soiteu not her eye
 Then life and I shall shortly part.

* Literally, "Who would not make a pouring of eyes."

† Perhaps *срѹѹ* is for *срѹѹ* = riches or cattle. But an old meaning of *срѹѹ* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. He may have meant to say "she is my riches." The word generally means "shape" which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of "beauty." Compare a *chrothach mar cholum* in the old *Marty of Mary* in the *Leabhar Breac* = *formosa ut Columba*, beautiful as a dove.

ἵρ ἰομβὰ εἰρηάτο ἀγυρ κυρλεᾶθ ἰ μιορῦν νὰ λίντεᾶθ ρεῶ, ἀγυρ
 ἵρ κοῖμαρτὰ ἐρῖν νὰς βρυλ ρῖαο ἀγῶνν ἀνν ρο μαρ ἐάινις ρῖαο ο
 λῶνι ἀν φίλε. ἀς ρο ἀν σὰρὰ ὅιοτα.

νι βηράς μισε βᾶς σιιτ.
 νι βράς μισε βάρ σιιτ
 ἄ βεαν ὕο ἀν ἐυιρρ μαρ ῥέιρ,
 σῶοινε λεῶνις το ἡαρηδαρ ρῖαῖν
 νι ἰοηνᾶνν ἰαο ἀ'ρ μέ ρέιν.

σρέαο ρᾶτ ραῖρᾶνν σ'ευσ
 σ'ο'ν ῥοβ σερᾶρς, σ'ο'ν σευο μαρ βλάτ (?)
 ἀν σρυῦτ ἡίονλα, ἀν τ-υῖτ μαρ ῥέιρ,
 ἀν σόις ρῦδ ῥεαβᾶνν ρέιν βάρ?

νὰ σφόδα σορηα, ἀν σνεαρ ὕρ,
 νὰ ῥηυᾶθὰ σορηα, ἀν κύλ ρῖαρ,
 ὅο σειῖνν νι βρυῖρρεαο-ρὰ βάρ
 σόις ρῦο, ὅο μβυῦ ἀίλλ λε σῖα.

σὸ ἡᾶλαῖο * σᾶοῶ, σ'ῥοιτ μαρ ὅρ,
 σὸ ρῦν ῥεανμαῖρε, σὸ ῥῥορ λειρς,
 σὸ ρᾶλ ἐρῡνν, σὸ σὺλρᾶ ρείδ,
 νι ἡαρηβᾶτο ρῖαο ἀῖτ σιινε λεῶνι.

σὸ ἡέιν ἀοιῖ, σ'ᾶιςνε ραορ,
 σὸ βορ τᾶνα, σὸ ἐαοβ μαρ ἐυιρ,
 σὸ ρορς ῥορῖν, σὸ βράῥεαο βᾶν,
 νι βράς μισε βάρ σιιτ.

ἄ βεαν ὕο, ἀν ἐυιρρ μαρ ῥέιρ,
 σὸ ἡ-οῖλεᾶθ μέ ἀς σιινε ῥῥις,
 ἄ βορ ἐᾶνα, ἄ βράῖρε βᾶν
 νι βράς μισε βάρ σιιτ.

ἀς ρο ἀνοιρ ἀν ἐρῖοῖᾶθ ὅιοτα. νι'λ ρέ σὸν ρεαν λειρ ἀν σᾶ
 ῥεανν ρῖαρ, σρῖοιμ. νι'λ ἀν φίλε σὸν ρῖαῖρ-ῥῥις λειρ ἀν μβάρο
 σείῥεαννᾶς, ἀγυρ νι ἐρῖοιρεανν ρέ ἀναῥᾶθ ἀν ῥῥᾶθ ἀτᾶ 'ῥᾶ
 ῥῖαρᾶθ.

* "mailige" 'ran MS.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original, *Literally*.
 I shall not die for thee, O woman yonder, of body like a swan. Silly people
 (were they) thou hast ever slain. They and myself are not the same. Why
 should I go to die For the red lip, for the teeth like blossoms; The gentle

There is many a mistake and error in the metre of these lines, in the Irish, and that is a proof that we have not got them here just as they came from the hands of the poet. Here is the second piece :—

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,
 Woman high of fame and name ;
 Foolish men thou mayest slay
 I and they are not the same.

Why should I expire
 For the fire of any eye,
 Slender waist or swan-like limb,
 Is't for them that I should die ?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
 Cheeks crimson, hair so long and rich ;
 Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
 Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
 The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
 The rounded heel, the languid tone,
 Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
 Thy thin palm like foam of sea ;
 Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
 I shall not die for thee.

Woman, graceful as the swan,
 A wise man did nurture me,
 Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
 I shall not die for ye.

Here now is the third piece. It is not as old, I think, as the two given above. The poet is not so coldly-wise as the last bard, and does not fight against the love that is torturing him.

figure, the breast like a swan, Is it for them I myself should die. The pointed
 (?) breasts, the fresh skin ; The scarlet cheeks, the undulating cool ; Indeed, then,
 I shall not die For them, may it please God. Thy narrow brows, thy tresses
 like gold, Thy chaste secret, thy languid voice, Thy heel round, thy calf smooth.
 They shall slay none but a silly person. Thy delightful mien, thy free spirit, Thy
 thin palm, thy side like foam, Thy blue eye, thy white throat!—I shall not die
 for thee. O woman of body like a swan, I was nurtured by a cunning man,
 O thin palm, O white bosom—I shall not die for thee.

an naoiō beaz sian.

Ḫoirum tu, a naoiō biḡ ʃiar
na bʀolc ʃiar, ar ōaē an ōir,
's ḡaē ual ōiob ḡo ʃaōa ʃann
naē ḡann oō ʃin ḡo bārri an ʃeōir.

na porḡ liat, na bʀeucain mall,
na malaiō* nḡann mar ʃḡriōb ʀinn,
na nḡruaō mibān aēt corcair ʃriōēa
Oōōn ! ir ʃriōēa tām tinn.

An beul blaʃta, ar ʃnuāō caoir,
's an uouo ēailce,† ʃaor ar mēro,
an ʃʀiōn ōear, an ʀmḡ naē mōr,
's an ʃiōb bān, ʀnuāō uē'n nḡeir.

na mēur n-ūr, na nḡeal-lāin nḡlan,
na nḡeug laḡ oā n-iaōann (?) tiūin
Oo ḡaē ceōl ʀiḡ-binn ʃaor-bliāt
Oo ʃḡriōb an ʃaōileann bān ōūinn ‡

An t-uēt mar aol na ḡ-clōē ḡ-ʃuinn
Ariam ʃōr nār ōōrri aon, §
an corʀ ʃeīm ʃeang, an caōb bliāt,
ni ʃeinnim ōaōib ōāil mo ḡeir'.

ir ʃruaḡ ḡan mé aʃciḡ ʃaor ḡlar
aḡ mnaoi na mbar mēar-ḡlac-naoiē,
i ʀorclāirḡe na ʃlior nḡlan
no i liorḡamail na ʃneab ḡ-caoin.

aḡ ʀo ʃaor ōeirēaō, cōmāirle—ir ōiḡ le ʃean uūine ḡruama
ēiḡin—anaḡaō na mban, aon ʃiōra beaz aīmāin le caēaō, mar
mēaōēan ʃuaraē, ann ʃan caōib eile uē'n ʀḡāla, anōiaḡ an mēro
ʀin mōlca. ir ʃiū ā ēabairc mar ḡeall ar an iaʀraēt oō ʀinne
an bārro ʃḡeul ō'inniric. ir rompla maiē ar mōō na ʃean-bārro

* "mailiḡe" ʃan ms. † "ēailce bān" ʃan ms.

‡ "ʃionn" ʃan ms. aḡur labairʃear é i n-āiteaēaōib i ḡōūiḡe
mūmān mar "ʃiūnn" aēt i ḡonnaētaōib mar "ʃinn." ni ʃocal
coitēiōnn amearḡ na ḡ-connaētaēaō anoir ē. § "ʃear" ʃan ms.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

Little child, I call thee fair,
 Clad in hair of golden hue,
 Every lock in ringlets falling
 Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow grey eye and languid mien,
 Brows as thin as stroke of quill,
 Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
 Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
 Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
 Lovely nose and little chin,
 White neck, thin, she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
 Limbs that linger like a song ;
 Music speaks in every motion
 Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
 Like a blossom, touched of none,
 Stately form and slender waist,
 Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me ! I would I were
 With her of the soft-fingered palm,
 In Waterford to steal a kiss,
 Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I call on thee, O little baby over there,* Of the undulating tresses of the colour of gold ; And every lock of them long and languid, That almost stretch to the top of the grass ; Of the grey eyes of the slow looks, Of the brows thin like the stroke of a pen, Of the white cheeks, but scarlet through them, Ochone, it is through them I am ill. The tasteful mouth of the hue of a berry, And the chalk white teeth free from size (?) The pretty nose, the chin not large, And the white throat, appearance of the swan. Of the fresh fingers of white hands clean (cut), Of the languid limbs round which close tunes (?) Of every fairy-sweet free-blossomed music Which (she) the white fair seagull wrote. The bosom like lime, of the rounded breasts, That never yet any touched ; The gentle tender body, the blossom-like side — I sing ye not (half) an account of my swan. 'Tis pity I am not in under lock With the woman of the palms of the soft-finger touch. In Portlary (Waterford) of the clean benches (?) Or in Lisgowl of the gentle streams.

* *Literally*, "little infant, west."

é, aḡur tḁ an pioṛa ro coitḁionn ḡo leóṛ, ḁarṛainḡ mṛe e ar
rḡṛibinn aḡḁ aḡam 'o rinne 'oḁḁúṛ O 'Oonabáin an ḡḡoláṛe
móṛ ḡḁeḁeilḡe. 'O'ḁṛiaḡ mṛe liṛiuḡḁḁ na ḡṛocal.

an t-iarla bhí 'san róim.

mairḡ 'o ḡṛḁ cumann leiṛ na mnáib
ní mar rin aḡáir na rṛ,
'O buḁ óóṛ a ḡ-cuṛ i ḡ-cṛé
i n-éaḡmaṛ na mḁan ro aṛciḡ.

iarla ḡlic 'o bí 'ṛan róim
aḡ a mḁiḁeḁḁ coṛṛṛn óṛi ṛá ḡion,
ar mḁaoi an iarla mḁóṛi mḁaṛ
'O éuaḁḁ rḡeul aṛ, má b'ḡion.

lá 'o'ḁ ṛaḁaḁar aṛaon
ṛaob le ṛaob ar leaḁaṛ clúim
'O leiḡ [ré] aṛi ḡo ṛaib aḡ éaḡ
'O éum rḡeul, 'o ḡṛaṛ a ṛúim.

"Oḁ! oḁ! 'o ḁṛuiḡṛeḁ-ṛa bḁṛ
buḁ beaḡ mo éáṛ ionnam ṛéin,
ar ḁoḁṛaib 'Oé leaḁ ar leaḁ
'O ṛoinṛinn ṛá ṛeaḁ mo ṛṛṛé.

'O éuṛṛinn ṛioḁa aḡur ṛṛól
i ḡ-coim-ṛoinn ṛaiṛṛinḡ 'o'ṛi 'oearḡ
i 'oṛimḁioll 'o éuṛṛ 'ṛan uaḡḡ,"
arṛ an bean 'o ṛmuain* an éaḁḡ.

'Oéonaiḡḁear leiṛean an bḁṛ
'O ḡṛaṛ mḁá no mḁla ṛeanḡ,
'O'ḁ 'oéoin níor éumáilḡ ṛí rin
an 'oéóṛ a ṛṛ, mḁ 'o'ar' ḡeaḁl.

* aḁḁaṛḁear an ṛocal ro mar "ṛmaoin" aṛoiṛ, ann ḡḁé áic
n-éiṛinn cṛeiṛim, aḁṛ iṛ ṛollḁṛḁé ó'n ṛann ro ḡur laḁaṛeḁḁ é an
t-am rin "ṛmuain" mar ṛḡioḁḁar é, aḡ 'o'eunaiḁ cóim-ṛuaim le uaḡḡ.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.*

Pity of him who enters on affection with women, Not so are the men. They
ought to be put in clay, Without (the co-operation) of these women inside. A
wise Earl there was in Rome, Who used to have golden goblets under wine,
About the wife of the great good Earl There was heard a pleasant (or queer)
story, if true.

Here, at last, is a counsel against women, given by some morose old man, no doubt; only one little piece to throw in as a petty make-weight on the other side of the balance, after all that praise. It is worth giving on account of the attempt the bard has made to tell a story. It is a good example of the manner of the old bards, and this piece is common enough. I took it out of a manuscript which I have, made by Doctor O'Donovan, the greatest of Irish scholars. I have somewhat changed the orthography:

THE ROMAN EARL.

No man's trust let woman claim,
Not the same as men are they;
Let the wife withdraw her face
When ye place the man in clay.

Once there was in Rome an earl
Cups of pearl did hold his ale,
Of this wealthiest earl's mate
Men relate a famous tale.

So it chanced that of a day
As they lay at ease reclined,
He in jest pretends to die,
Thus to try her secret mind.

"Och! Ochone, if you should die,
Never I would be myself;
To the poor of God I'd give
All my living, lauds and pelf.

"Then in satin stiff with gold,
I would fold thy fair limbs still,
Laying thee in gorgeous tomb,"
Said the woman bent on ill.

Soon the earl, as if in death,
Yielded up his breath to try her;
Not one promise kept his spouse
Of the vows made glibly by her.

On a day that they were together, Side by side on a bed of down, He let on that he was dying. He shaped a story to spy out her secret mind. "Och! Och! if thou wert to die Little would be my regard for my own life (*literally*, small were my case in myself). On the poor of God, round about, I would divide severally my fortune. I would put silk and satin. In an equal-broad division of red gold. Round about thy body in the tomb,"—

fuair o'á málairt ar an rráio
 an trát rin—cúó 'n beas an rtor,
 Oá hann-láimh no trí de fáo
 nac páimig ar fáo a éóim.

Oo geal ríre bréio a cinn
 ar noul do'n éill leir an g-corp,
 ní éug pígin o' eaglaíe Oé
 'S ní éug véiric oo úine boct.

Tugad leiréan éiríge prap
 nuair bí a bean ag sul uaid,
 O'riarraig créao fá raib a corp
 O'á éur noct ann ran uaid.

Éug ríre leirgeul gar,
 ar nóe na mban bíor le h-alc,
 O'á raoraó ar a fear féin,
 bean nac ngeodaó géill i loct.*

"Bramélin fá éoraib gac ríe
 ní béir anoir mar oo bí riam,
 So noirín † go ríe na noul,
 Duó leat cúe ó a oéio 'ran eplaib.

Oo éomh-ling le cúe na rluaid
 ar rluib Sionn—cuaid an cáe,
 Oo éumar oute aipléine gearr
 nac páimig meall oo óá máp."

Ar na mnáib cúe móe bur noóig
 fáoa oóib ag sul le gaoit,
 gearc úine nac meallaib ríao,
 maíge leigear a rún le mnaoi.

* "Bean náe gabad géill a loct" 'ran ms. † So noirín=go
 ríeib cu, go oíe cu go.

Said the woman who thought the deceit. Death is pretended † by him, To spy
 the woman of the slender brow. Of her will she did not fulfil—After her husband
 —one thing of all she promised. He got in exchange of it on the street, That
 time—though it was small its worth—Two cubits or three of sackcloth That did
 not completely reach even his hips. She brightened the kerchief of her head On

Jerked into a coffin hard,
 With a yard of canvas coarse ;
 (To his hips it did not come) ;
 To the tomb they drove the corpse.

Bravely dressed was she that day,
 On her way to Mass and grave ;
 To God's Church and needy men,
 Not one penny piece she gave.

Up he starts, the coffined mau,
 Calls upon his wife aloud,
 " Why am I thus thrust away,
 Almost naked, with no shroud ?"

Then as women do when caught
 In a fault, with ready wit
 Answered she upon the wing—
 Not one thing would she admit :

" Winding-sheets are out of date,
 All men state it. Clad like this,
 When the judgment trump shall sound,
 You shall bound to God and bliss.

" When in shrouds they trip and stumble
 You'll be nimble then as erst,
 Hence I shaped thee this short vest,
 You'll run best and come in first."

Trust not to a woman's faith,
 'Tis a breath, a broken stem ;
 Few whom they do not deceive,
 Let him grieve that trusts to them.

bing to the grave-yard with the body. She gave not a penny to the Church of God, And she gave no alms to any poor person. A quick leap up was given by him, When his wife was going away from him. He asked her why his body was A-burying naked in the grave. She gave a ready excuse, After the manner of women (caught) in evil, Clearing herself to her own husband. A woman who would not make submission (?) in fault. "A (winding) sheet round the feet of every man, There shall not be now, as ever before, That thou mayest reach to the king of the elements, Thou shalt have the first place of all that go on the mountain.* To (let thee) race in the front of the multitudes, On the mountain of Sion—

Though full her house of linen web,
 And sheets of thread spun full and fair
 (A warning let it be to us)
 She left her husband naked there.

Spake the prudent earl—"In sooth
 Woman's truth ye here behold;
 Now let each his coffin bny,
 Ere his wife shall get his gold.

"When death wrestles for his life
 Let his wife not hear him moan;
 Great though be his pain and fear,
 Let her hear not sigh nor groan."

I have now done with the love songs. I shall give no other of them here. There is no sort of song amongst the peasantry more plentiful than they. The thirty or forty of them which I have given here, I chose out from amongst hundreds, a thing that was not very easy to do, for the most of them are so corrupt and so mixed through each other that it is difficult to get them into any right order. All that I have given up to this let them serve as examples of the way in which the Connacht peasant puts his love-thoughts into song and verse, whether it be hope or despair, grief or joy, that affect him.

† *Θεόνειξ* means to grant or consent, but here it must mean pretend, or something equivalent.

* The "Day of the Mountain" is a common phrase for "Judgment Day." She means that not being entangled in a winding-sheet he shall have first place in the running on that day.

‡ Literally, "long for them going with wind."
 || Literally, "of his will."

NOTES.

Page 2, line 2. The reader will observe throughout the first half of this book some confusion between $\Delta\pi$ and $\Delta\pi$. This must be attributed to the way in which these songs made their appearance. On the death of the *Nation* the *Weekly Freeman* patriotically seconded my efforts to preserve and popularise these songs by placing every two or three weeks a column or two at my disposal. Consequently the publication of these pieces, few as they are, necessarily extended over a long period, during which I changed my views upon the orthography of $\Delta\pi$, and insensibly fell into the way of writing, with Keating and our older authors, the simple preposition " $\Delta\pi$," "on," reserving the spelling $\Delta\pi$ for the compound preposition "on him." In speaking, however, I may observe that both are pronounced in the same way, like *errh*, or like the first syllable in the English word "error." Line 14, for $\pi\rho\rho\rho\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\Delta$, read $\pi\rho\rho\rho\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\Delta$.

Page 4, line 14, for $\Delta\pi$ read π . Line 22, $\eta\Delta$ is here confounded with $\eta\Delta$. In Connacht the best speakers and writers use $\eta\Delta$ after a negative and $\eta\Delta$ on other occasions, as $\eta\Delta$ $\mu\beta\epsilon\rho\theta\epsilon\alpha\theta$ $\beta\epsilon\alpha\eta$ $\eta\Delta$ $\kappa\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ $\Delta\gamma\alpha\mu$, but $\eta\Delta$ $\beta\epsilon\alpha\eta$ $\eta\Delta$ $\kappa\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ $\Delta\gamma\alpha\mu$. In Ulster $\eta\Delta$ seems to be often used in both cases. Mr. O'Faherty, in his capital book, " $\Sigma\iota\alpha\mu\pi\Delta$ $\Delta\eta$ $\gamma\epsilon\eta\mu\mu\pi\theta$," has printed the second verse of this song at p. 50, as belonging to a poem which he entitles $\kappa\omicron\mu\mu\Delta\pi\lambda\epsilon$, one of the sweetest in the whole book. This is the only verse in it which bears any resemblance to mine.

Page 8. The beautiful third verse of this song has found its way into different pieces recited by the people, as into the song " $\eta\Delta$ $\mu\beta\epsilon\rho\theta$ $\pi\rho\rho\epsilon$ $\Delta\gamma$ $\Delta\eta$ $\gamma\kappa\alpha\tau$ " not given here, and others, so that it is hard now to tell to which it properly belongs.

Page 12, line 23 for $\kappa\omicron\pi$ read $\kappa\omicron\pi$.

Page 14, line 1. $\pi\epsilon$ is a dialectic form of $\pi\Delta$, the Connacht $\pi\Delta\omicron$, which is also sometimes found as $\pi\omicron$. In the last line but one, read $\pi\gamma\pi\theta\beta\epsilon\Delta$ for $\pi\gamma\pi\theta\beta\epsilon\Delta$.

Page 16, line 12. η $\gamma\kappa\lambda\iota\upsilon\theta$ Δ $\kappa\epsilon\iota\lambda\epsilon$ has been mistranslated in the text as though it were $\kappa\epsilon$ $\kappa\epsilon\iota\lambda\epsilon$. The real translation is, "in one another's protection (or society)." Line 18, $\mu\omicron$ $\theta\lambda\omicron\alpha\omicron\gamma$ $\mu\alpha\pi$ $\Delta\eta\eta\eta$, i.e. my sloe-black hair. Line 21, $\pi\omicron\lambda\lambda\Delta$ means a "whiff" of wind here; in the tale of *Osgar na Súiste*, which I printed in the *Revue Celtique*, it

means a "glint" of a sunbeam, hence it seems to be applied to anything short or small. Its usual meaning, however, is "syllable," as in the song of *úna péucaé*, at p. 122, but it seems doubtful whether it is derived from the Latin *syllaba* or not. If it is, the use of the English word "jot," and, possibly, the Irish *ḡiota*, to signify something small, from the Greek *iota*, is a close parallel. Line 32. By right the *o* of *vuálaiḡ* should be aspirated, but aspiration in the case of *o* and *u* is not always rigorously observed. Cf. *ḡean ḡub an ḡleanna* not *ḡean ḡub*, etc.

Page 18, line 7, for *ḡá* read *oá*. Line 9, this line is mistranslated in the text as a correspondent has pointed out to me. It should be "like snow a-winnowing on mountains." This word *cait* has in modern Connacht usage a great many meanings, as "throw," "winnow," "smoke (tobacco)," "eat," "shoot," "wear (rings, etc.)," "spend (money)," "wear out (clothes, etc.):" in fact, it is a good Gaelic rival to Mark Twain's *Zug*, of which that humorist observes that the thing which this Tentonic monosyllable does *not* mean, when all its legitimate pendants are hung on, has not yet been discovered. By the way, when the verbal participle has a passive sense, as here, it is better to write *oá* before it, not *'ḡá*, which should be used, as Dr. Atkinson has shown, only when the participle has an active meaning: then *caí ré 'ḡá* (i.e. *ag a*) *vuálao*, *'ḡá caíao*, etc., means "he is a-beating it, a-winnowing it," etc., but *caí ré oá* (i.e. *oo a*) *vuálao*, *oá caíao*, etc. means, "it is a-beating, a-winnowing," i.e., is being beaten, being winnowed.

Page 20, line 21. This line should be translated "not long was my lying." It is translated as if *níor b'paoa* was *mór paoa*. Line 25. I think this *pánaé* should be translated "sorrowfully."

Page 22, line 30. *Slán beó leat* is wrongly translated in the text. It means "may you be well while alive," or, "farewell as long as you live."

Page 24. My friend, *Seagán O Ruairḡis* (John Rogers), a Mayo man himself, and an authority on Mayo songs, says that the first two verses of this song, *1ḡ paoa mé ag imēaéct*, belong by right to the song at p. 34, the right name of which is *máire an cúil bháin*, and that this Maurya was an O'Neill who lived at the foot of Knocknashee, (*cnoc na rḡbe*) below Tubbercurry, in the County Sligo. The man who made the song is said to have actually left the country taking Maurya with him. He also thinks that the third and last two verses of this song are an addition to *Aláire an chúil bháin*. The re-

maining four verses are to the measure and air of "πέσπια νωρ αν τρλέιβ βάν." The fourth verse of the song at p. 70 of ΣΙΑΜΡΑ αν ξεμηνιό is nearly identical with the first verse of mine, but that song appears to be made up of verses from four different ones.

Page 28, line 19. Κορρυμιο is generally Anglicized "Morrisroe." I do not know why she was called Crummey in English.

Page 30. Some say that this most celebrated song had its origin near Buninadden, in Sligo. Σεάξαν Ο Ρυαίονις thinks it came from Ballinlough, in West Roscommon. The third line often runs ρνεάτα ριοπαό 'r é o'á ρένοεαό έαρ ρλιαό τι ρλομν. When the snow is driven low and hard, it is said to á' ριοπαό or sweeping.

Page 32, line 17, for όβλιρ (the vocative masculine) read όβλεαρ (the voc. fem.) There is, however, no appreciable difference in pronunciation. Line 5, aspirate the ρ of ρεαρς. Line 6, λέιξεαρρποδοιρ is pronounced either *lice-a-deesh* or *lace-a-deesh*, indifferently. The surname Green mentioned in the last line is, I believe, properly Ο η-υαιόνε, and should be anglicized O'Hooney.

Page 34, three lines from bottom, line ought to be feminine, not masculine, as here.

Page 36. The last verse of the song called the Cíomac at p. 41, of Mr. O'Faherty's excellent "ΣΙΑΜΡΑ αν ξεμηνιό" is very like the opening verse of my Τάλλιούρην, but there is no other resemblance between the two pieces. He afterwards recovered a verse nearly identical with my second verse, and prints it on the last page of his book as belonging to the Cíomac. If this is so, my song is a fragment of it, but I think it more likely that they are different pieces altogether, for I have recovered from a Roscommon man another version of his called the Σιοβαό, which I do not give here. Both cíomac and Σιοβαό mean the "untidy" or "slatternly" person.

Page 38, line 4. Read ρé ριν for ρéριν. Line 10. Read οι-ρε for οι-ρε, for when pronouns are emphasized by a suffix the tendency is for the long vowel to become short, as μιρε (mish-a) from μέ; ειρεαν (esh-in) from έ, τυρα (thussa or thissa) from tú, etc. Line 25 would be better translated "with desire to marry you."

Page 40, line 29. This beautiful song is also printed by Mr. O'Faherty at p. 42 of the ΣΙΑΜΡΑ. According to him it was generally sung in Connemara as an addition to the song of the "Cíomac," but it is evidently, as he has observed, a completely different piece.

Page 42, line 18, this καλλαιόε is, I take it, the syllable "caul" of the word High-caul cap, or High-cauled cap (a species of headdress

once much worn) Gaelicized. The term High-caul cap itself, occurs in the song of Youghal Harbour, or, *Óul go h-Éodail*, a most popular one in Connacht, and there is a celebrated air of the same name. This headdress was in vogue during the latter end of the last century and the beginning of this, but I have been unable to discover the origin of the name. The bards disliked the cap, and, as in the case of that contemporaneous article of female attire, the Cardinel, they satirized severely those who wore it.

Page 48, line 19, for *bud* read *bud*. Line 38, for *rárgad* read *rárgad*.

Page 50, line 4, for *lier* read *leir*.

Page 56, line 6. *Seághan O Ruathriú* has since explained this word to me. He says it is the Mayo "vernacular for answer in reply to a call or shout, as distinct from an answer to a question, which is *freagair*, or, as we called it, *freagairt*." "I remember," he adds, "the episode of the ford of the river, but I never could learn where it was, and did not hear the name Donogue till seeing it in your song." I got the verse below, in which the ford of the Donogue is mentioned, from a man named *Pádraig de Bláca*, since emigrated to America, but whom I met in the island of Achill. I suppose that *ráir* must be a participle with *as* understood, but I have also heard the line run *muna scághad tu asur ráir oim*. The form *scághann* for *cigéann* is very common everywhere. Line 8, for *amán* read *amán*.

Page 58, line 12, for *ceile* read *céile*. Line 25. A northern correspondent has informed me that *cupairín* means, in parts of Ulster, a comb for the hair, and that this must be the meaning of *cupacán* here. This would make good sense, but I have never heard the word. The co-operation of everyone is obviously needed, not only to preserve, but also to explain our folk literature. Line 31, *ceileabair* must be meant for *ceileabair* "warbling;" however, I give the word as I heard it.

Page 60, line 8. The real form of this play on words is as follows, according to my friend *O Ruathriú*'s account; "Tumaús was said to have married after Una's death into the O'Rorke family, but was given to the reprehensible habit of stealing off from Castlemore (query, Edmondstown) to visit poor Una's grave in Loch Cé, and was finally found dead upon it one morning—which looks like a bardic touch. It was on the occasion of his marriage, when his father-in-law showed him the fortune in sheep, etc., he said, *b'feair liom-ra caora asur*

don uan amáin (=don una óán) 'ná an méao rin.* "The Shanachies" adds O Ruaidrí, "used to lay stress on the fact that O'Rorke, by giving Tumaus a certain amount of sheep and cattle, they, when added to his own stock, would entitle him (Tumaus) to a certain rank of chieftaincy, for which they had an Irish name which I forget; it wasn't *ridire*. There was an ordinance in the Brehon code of this nature, and it makes me think Tumaus lived at an earlier age than we usually thought." Séadán O Ruaidrí has also furnished me with the following note: "*Dualtach Caoch*, according to some, was his brother and successor, but others said nothing of their relationship except that he was the last chief, and their story of his death was much the same as that given by Prendergast in his "Irish Rapparees," except that the latter makes no mention of Ruane and the clamp of turf, which, of course, was always our version. Prendergast calls him *Sir Dudley Costello*, and says he was killed by a party led by one of the Dillons somewhere beyond Swinford. He had been a Colonel in the service of Charles II., and had served abroad. The place where Ruane is said to have shot him is a hill near Swinford, called to this day *Sithestin a' Dualtaigh*, or, in English, Seeshtheen. Did poor Shamus O'Hart not mention anything of the boyish Tumaus when asked would he try a fall with the champion, "I would if I got enough to eat," "an íorfa an capall rin?" "níl fíor dgam an íorfaínn an capall mór déit o'íorfaínn an capall beag,"† meaning the foal, and the story of the twenty grouse which he and the wrestler demolished, and which was the cause of MacDermott's prejudice against him afterwards in the love affair."

According to the best story-tellers, Tumaus lived at Castlemore, about half-a-mile west of Ballaghaderreen (bealach a'boirín), in the Co. Mayo, and Una was the daughter of MacDermott of the Rock, who lived in a castle on an island in Loch Cé, called *teac na capraíge*, or the "house of the rock," from whence sprang the present name, Rockingham. Hence the local proverb, *o'íorfaínn teac na capraíge dgam*, "I'd leave you the House of the rock," said to an unpleasant companion. Line 26, *bpeáeta* is a not uncommon superlative of *bpeág*.

* i.e. "I'd rather have a single lamb than all that," but the words also mean, "I would rather have one sheep and Fair-haired Una than all that."

† i.e. "Would you eat that horse?" "I don't know would I eat the big horse, but I'd eat the little horse." These legends about Tumaus Loidher seem to me an excellent example of how mythic and fabulous elements, the stock-in-trade of storytellers in all ages, become gradually grafted on to a real historical character.

Page 66, line 3. *ní cúbhráinn* is the usual form. The people in mid-Connacht never say *ní béadráinn*; in the last verse of the Coolun, on p. 70, we find the *inverse solecism*, *do tábdráinn* for *do béadráinn*.

Page 69, line 10. Read *filíbeaéct* for *filíbe aéct*. Read *ruaodá* for *ruaodac* in fourth line of song. *beadrada*, in line 6, is often pronounced *beadrada*, and this *é* sound of *ó* in plurals so formed is usual in Connacht. *Seághan O Ruaidrí* tells me he is almost certain that it was a man called Curneen who made this song, early in the century, and that the hero of it was one McLachlan, from Airteach, to the west of Castlereagh, who carried off a girl from somewhere near Kilmoeve, and that the song began *Tá bean ag an teampall a'g oíoláinn fí líonn*. Curneen was a regular *sporteén* and follower of the gentry, and was the author, according to O Ruaidrí, of many sporting, foxhunting, and drinking songs, but I have been unable to recover any of them.

Page 70. The song of the Coolun is generally associated with Belanagare, in Roscommon, from the first verse, which usually runs, *i mbeul-áit-na-gharr atá an rúio-bean bheágh módamail*; but my inquiries on the spot have elicited nothing to throw light upon it, nor does the song seem well known in the vicinity, so I fancy it must have originated in some other place of the same name.

Page 72, line 7. This line is mistranslated. It does not mean you squeezed a pressure on my hand, but "you pressed an embrace upon me." *beirpóg* is the common form of this word. See p. 48, four lines from bottom, where it is used in its most usual sense.

Page 74, line 14. *Táir=cá tu*. Line 23. *ní buailéad oim é*—I do not well understand this.

Page 76, line 7. Or, perhaps, it should be translated, "what the dead cat," as one would say, "what the mischief." This is now O Ruaidrí explains it. First line of last verse.—O Ruaidrí translates this line differently from me. "In our (Mayo) vernacular," he says, "this would mean 'you passed me by late in the evening without speaking!'" *Doiréa* was a localism for "cold," "distant," "making strange;" its opposite was *rubáilcead*. Even in English, "She's as black as the pot" would be heard of a cold, reserved girl without any reference to her complexion."

Page 82. This verse *a máire*, etc., is, I find, also given by Hardiman,

Page 85, line 1. The *maingaire rúgac* (pronounced like Mong-ir-ya Sooguch) means "jovial peddler," or, something analogous.

Page 86, line 28, *aliter*, *óá nveunfáinn cairléán ve éró*, i.e. if I

were to make a castle of a pigsty. I omitted a seventh verse in the text, which I recovered in the Co. Mayo :—

ní'le don épann ann ran gcoill
 nac oíonnoctóad a bonn or a bárr
 ní'le don eala ar tonn
 nac oíonnoctóad a cúl leir an truíam
 ná don tragaru 'ran bfrainc
 nac ucug cúl do aifmionn do ráo
 áct iao ag feiceam gac am
 ar péarla veag an tsléib' óáin.

Page 92. This song is supposed to be of Leitrim origin, and is said to be an especial favourite with people of that county. It is, however, well known in Munster also.

Page 94, line 20. *Read* h-áimyríob for hímíryíob.

Page 98, line 12. *Read* buó for Ruó.

Page 100, last line. móinte seems an irregular genitive of móin instead of the usual móna, unless it is for móinteab, the gen. plur., which would not make good sense.

Page 102, line 6. larann is very corrupt; it is meant for the relative larar=“which lights up.” Before this relative form of the verb a “which” (in imitation, according to Dr. Atkinson, of the English “which”) has often been placed of late years.

Page 104, line 1, for áicreac *read* áicreac.

Page 106, line 9. I do not quite know what bprob is. I have met the expression, bprob cpaíbe, as well as bprob luacra; it may be the heard of the rush. They have a proverb in Kerry, bailegeann bprob beart which, I suppose, is equivalent to the Scotch “many a little makes a mickle.” Is this the same bprob with the final b unspirated?

Page 114, line 5. *Read* épuinnuḡab for épuinnuḡab.

Page 120, line 23. Óún gceannainḡ cannot be the northern Dugannon, but a place in Waterford of nearly the same name.

Page 122. The first line of this celebrated song ought to run pórpainn bpiḡoín Óeuparó, which is the way I have always heard it, and Mr. John Fleming also, but the manuscript from which I copied wrote beupac. O Ruabpḡ, who picked up the song by ear, thought that Óeuparó was the girl's name “Vesey,” but I think beuparó is only another form of beupac “well-mannered.” My friend, Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, U.S.A. (author of the “Life of Thomas Francis Meagher,” and like John O'Mahony, whose private secretary

he once was, a fine Irish scholar), has told me that an old man named John Moloney repeated this song for him from beginning to end, including the bombastic verses stuffed with classical names which I have omitted, and assured him that the celebrated poet, Anthony Raftery, was the author of it, and that it was from Raftery's own lips he heard it. Martin P. Ward, of San Francisco, U.S.A., has also assured me that the piece is Raftery's, and added, that it was made by him one night that he came to the Priest's house in Loughrea, and found a new servant girl before him who did not know him, and was unaware that the priest had given orders that as often as he called he should have a bed and entertainment while he chose to remain. He asked where the other girl, *Brígid na Cúataraig* (Bridget Casey) was, and heard she had gone to the Protestant Minister's house at the other end of the town. It was then he made this poem on her disappearance calling the Minister Pluto, which explains the allusion in the verse, 'Sé Pluto an pmonnra clampnaé ríob uaim mo róp d' m'annraé, etc. Mr. Ward also explains the name *móin-eile* which had puzzled me, but which, he says, is the spoken pronounciation of *móin-Aille*, the Bog of Allen. This piece is not, however, in the only collected manuscript of Raftery's poems which I have seen. A very mutilated edition of it appeared in an Irish-American newspaper some fourteen years ago, the refined and sensitive Gaelic editor omitting nearly every third line as being, he said, "too broad and coarse to be submitted to the ladies and gentlemen who compose the (Irish) classes!"—A curious instance of false delicacy.

Page 128, line 22. The true reading of this line is *ní'l mé mór le Charon*, and so John Fleming told me he heard it recited, i.e. "I am not great with Charon," meaning, according to one of the commonest of Irish idioms—the despair of the merely book-learned—"I am not on good terms with him."

Page 129, note. Mr. H. S. Lloyd who has collected many Ulster and Leinster songs, tells me there is another *Bréuch-mhuigh* (or Breaky) in Meath, and thinks it is to it the song alludes.

Page 130, line 14. *beir i gcár* is an obscure expression to me. I think *i gcár* must mean, as *Tomár O'Flannnaoile* once suggested to me "in trouble," and the line would mean "who would when in trouble give her knowledge of his secret." *Cár* does often mean "trouble," or "hardship." Line 29. I do not quite understand the meaning of *plioétt seál róp*.

Page 140, line 11. I do not quite understand *róp ar méio*, nor

the words, *ṽá n-iaṽann ciúin* in the next verse. *Read* *ṽ bpoṽeláirge* in the last verse. Line 13, *read* *piob* for *piob*.

Page 142, line 12. *Διτ* which means pleasant in some places, means "queer" in mid-Connacht, just as *ḡneannaṽaṽaṽl*, which means pleasant in Connacht signifies "queer" in Cork. Can there be a psychological truth underlying this? Line 22. I think *comṽoinn* is only the dat. case of *cóṽna*, a coffin, which reading I have since found in a Meath MS. lent me by my friend, Mr. David Comyn. Line 31, *read* *ṽḡriobṽar* for *ṽḡriobṽar*.

Page 144, line 5, *read* *bṽéio* for *bṽéio*.

Page 146, line 4, *read* *níor* for *níor*. Line 22, *read* *bíor* for *bíor*. Mr. Comyn's copy, made by one *ṽeṽar O ḡealacan*, near Moynalty, in the Co. Meath, about sixty years ago, prefixes the four following verses to this poem, which I have not met in any of the other copies. I reproduce *ṽeṽar*'s orthography exactly.

*ṽr maṽḡ ṽ ṽaobṽaṽ beaṽ mo ṽiaḡ
ṽá éiaṽ ṽin 'ṽ ṽ éiaṽṽ naṽ ḡar,*
nṽ ḡnaṽ tuile ḡan tṽáḡa
ṽr ionann ṽin ṽr ḡnaṽ na mbaṽ.*

*le na ḡḡaṽ na bíoṽ ṽo ṽṽéir
ṽr bṽuṽṽeṽ ṽ méin 'ṽ ar olc ṽ ṽún
ḡnaṽ na mbaṽ éuḡaṽ ṽr uaṽ
ṽḡḡ na ṽuaḡḡ ṽr ééio aṽr ceúṽ.*

*aṽ t'aoṽ ḡnaṽ ṽr mó ṽaoí aṽ ḡḡéin
'S ṽ beṽṽ aḡḡ ṽo ṽṽnaoṽ ṽéin oṽṽ,
na cṽeio ṽin aṽ ṽ beṽṽ na bṽéiḡḡ,
'S ṽ ṽol ṽ ṽ éaḡ muṽ ṽ ééio ṽ ṽop.*

*ṽa ṽúbaṽṽaṽnn cnoic aḡuṽ ṽoṽṽṽ
ṽo ḡeṽbaṽnn ṽ nolc oṽ aṽṽo
ṽ ṽiḡ ṽo beṽṽ ṽṽeṽṽ ṽan ḡṽéin
ḡo ṽeṽaṽaṽṽ tu mé aṽr ṽ cceṽṽo.*

In this copy too, the wife is made to say :

*nṽ bṽuṽḡṽnn ḡo bṽuṽḡnn-re báṽ
bṽuaṽ ṽ'uaṽṽe, ṽo ṽáṽ aṽ beaṽ,
S nṽ beṽnn ḡan ḡṽuaṽm aṽr mo ḡnaoṽ
no ḡo cceṽṽṽnn mo ṽaob le ṽ' cṽeṽṽ.*

* I do not quite understand this line.

Accordingly, when the Earl asks her why he was put naked in the tomb, she first says it was done to leave more space for herself to be beside him.

Do cum uaignear o'ráigail nam féin
 Ann ra ccill a b'as o éadé,
 Cum vo donra, nún mo éleib
 Ir fíor a méir-ge tálam a ráib !

Her second excuse is that in the text.

críoch.